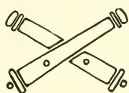


Three Hundred and Thirty-first
Field Artillery
U. S. A.

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BY WALDO M. ALLEN
for the 331st Field Artillery

331ST FIELD
ARTILLERY
UNITED STATES
ARMY



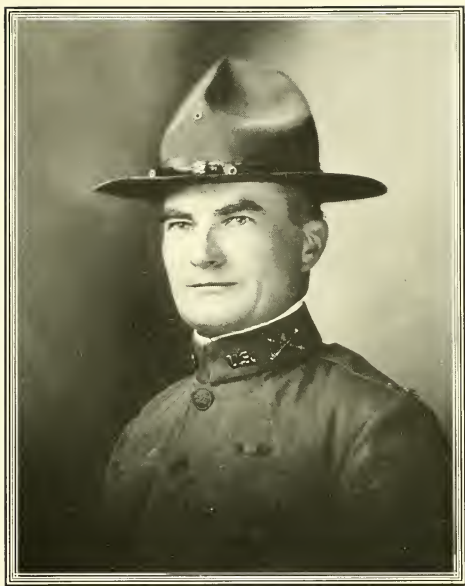
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To Our Colonel
William McK. Lambdin
This Book Is Dedicated

FEB 24 1920

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Colonel William McK. Lambdin

Born Jan. 1, 1870, at Bryan, Tex. Educated in private and public schools, Waco, Tex. Was a commission broker at Corsicana, Tex., when war declared against Spain. Joined Co. "F" 2nd Tex. Inf. U. S. Volunteers, of which organization was Captain, and was mustered into service May 12, 1898. Mustered out Nov. 9, 1898. App't'd. Capt. 40th Inf. U. S. Vol. Aug. 17, 1899. Recruited and organized Co. "C" and served with it through Philippine campaign. Mustered out June 24, 1901. App't'd. 1st Lieut. Artillery Corps, Regular Army, Sept. 23, 1901. Graduate Art. School, Ft. Monroe, Va., 1906. Promoted Capt. Jan. 25, 1907, and assigned to Field Artillery. Organized and commanded Btry. "E" 4th F. A. (Mountain), July 1907 until May 1912, serving at Fts. Sheridan and D. A. Russell. Graduate School of Fire for F. A. Ft. Sill, Okla., 1912. Detailed in Q. M. Dep't. May 1912, and assigned as Ass't Commandant Remount Depot, El Reno, Okla. Trans. to Pay Dep't. July 1912, and assigned as Ass't. to Chief Paymaster, Dep't. of the East. Assigned as District Quartermaster, Southern Coast Art. Dist. of N.Y., with station at Ft. Hamilton. Assigned to Btry. "D" 6th F.A., Nogales, Ariz., Aug. 1915. Assigned to Btry. "D" 4th F. A. Feb. 1, 1916, and went to Panama with that org. Promoted Major and assigned to 8th F. A., El Paso, Tex., Aug. 1916. In command of the 8th F. A., Sparta, Wis., May 1917. Promoted Lieut. Col. 8th F. A. May 15, 1917. Promoted Colonel F. A. N. A. Aug. 5, 1917. Reported Camp Grant, Ill., Aug. 29, 1917, and assigned to 331st F. A.

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Foreword

Thoughts of history to the members of the 331st Field Artillery had been as remote during the weeks of intensive training in France as home itself. Not until a week after the armistice, when training ceased and orders came to prepare to move westward, did anyone pause to consider that after all the regiment as a unit would not continue to exist indefinitely. The realization of this truth, however, did at that time occur to certain members of certain batteries; and with the prospect of more than a year's record of novel experience, serious work and varied pleasure passing into the ever melting haze of memory, these few determined to record as best they could the past events of their respective organizations. Thus, independently, in the evening hours, while the regiment haltingly moved from Le Courneau to Camp Genicart, was work to a large degree for some organizations, but to a small degree for the regiment as a whole, accomplished.

Not until a week before the regiment actually entrained for Marseilles, when orders to move were expected at any moment, was the desirability and possibility of a regimental record discussed. Then it was realized that leisure hours in which writing could be done were numbered. Sentiment in favor of some form of permanent record pervaded the regiment. The Adjutant accordingly assembled the organization commanders with a few other officers. At this meeting the preparation and arrangement of data was discussed and the method of organizing the work decided upon. An officer from each organization was appointed to be responsible for the effort of his unit.

Battery and company editors, historians, humorists and artists commenced at once upon work towards which they could turn their energies only after a hard day's labor in the mud and lumber of "Spike" Hennessy's "details".*

Some headway had been gained when the order came to move to Marseilles. Historians could not work in box cars. On the "Duca D' Aosta," tables in the dining salon were cleared between meals for the authors and artists, but seas which on many days necessitated racks for the dishes were not conducive to a suitable frame of mind for these or any of the other men. The few days at Camp Merritt saw much accomplished; and more was done at Camp Grant. The task was completed after the return to civil life.

One may readily see by glancing through this volume, that no attempt has been made to create an historical treatise of a serious nature. It is purely a work of the men, by the men, and for the men of the Three Hundred and Thirty-first. "Twould be well to have it branded with that single word, heard cried so many times abroad,—"Souvenir!"

If, from the pages that follow, some pleasure is gained by the men, their relatives and friends, now or in days to come, the purpose of this book will have been achieved.

* It was this labor, well done, which won from Col. Hennessy the statement that the men of the 331st were the best and most willing workers that had been at Camp Genicart. His reward was to give the regiment the privilege of traveling home by way of southern France, Marseilles and Gibraltar.

Among the organizations of the regiment the following men have contributed largely towards the accomplishment of this book:

BATTERY A—Lieut. Merritt C. Bragdon, Cpl. Julius H. Zobel, Cpl. William R. McEssy, Cpl. Clarence A. Phillips, Sgt. Nicholas E. Maney, Cpl. Ernest N. Wagley, Cpl. Edward C. Hildreth, Sgt. Wilmarth Ickes, Pvt. 1st Cl. John R. Trappe, Mech. Joe J. Liebhauser.

BATTERY B—Lieut. Franklin H. Perkins, Pvt. Milton Lewis, Cpl. Jens C. Nielsen, Sgt. Eugene S. Shadford, Cpl. Benjamin I. Scott.

BATTERY C—Lieut. Walter Z. Lyon, Sgt. Carl W. Joslyn, Sgt. Ray W. Herzog, Sgt. William C. Savage, Cpl. Carl J. Mumm.

BATTERY D—Lieut. Frederick S. Winston and committee as listed in the Battery "D" section.

BATTERY E—Lieut. Frederick C. Foltz, Cpl. John M. Baker, Sgt. Albert L. Marsh, Pvt. 1st Cl. Roy H. Davis, Sgt. Homer F. Clark, Cpl. Walter H. Ritscher, Cpl. Eugene C. Lindsay.

BATTERY F—Lieut. Robert T. Walker, Sgt. Albert M. Richardson, Sgt. Joseph H. Niemer, Cpl. Roy T. Evans, Cpl. Julius Schlotthauer, Pvt. 1st Cl. George U. Healy.

HEADQUARTERS Co.—Lieut. Carl H. Bauer, Mus. 3rd Cl. Charles A. Sughroe, Sgt. Charles H. White, Cpl. James H. Cartwright, Cpl. William R. Stokley, Pvt. Russell T. Bender, Pvt. 1st Cl. Harry W. Kahn, Lieut. George W. Miller, Capt. Raymond E. Robinson.

SUPPLY Co.—Lieut. John I. Pearce, Wagoner Vernon J. Kenney, Sgt. Philip J. Gazecki.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT—Capt. Gerald R. Allaben.

The majority of the Regimental History was written by Lieuts. Aaron Colnon and Merritt C. Bragdon; the articles on the "Advance Party," "Officer's Call," and "Officers Equitation," by Lieuts. Robert N. Golding, Frank S. Ramey and Edward Eisner respectively. Much additional Art Work has been done by Mus. 3rd Cl. Charles A. Sughroe.

To all the above named men and many others whose names are not included with them, the regiment is deeply indebted for the willing and unselfish sacrifice of time and effort which they have made that the memories of the 331st might long endure.

Waldo M. Allen

REGIMENTAL HISTORY



CHARLES
SUGHRUE
331 RA B&D

Officers

WILLIAM MCK. LAMBDIN . . . *Colonel*
Commanding Regiment

GLENN W. TISDALE . . . *Captain*
Regimental Adjutant

CARL C. VOGEL . . . *Major*
Medical Corps

WINTHROP MILLER . . . *Captain*
Personnel Adjutant

JAY M. GLEASON . . . *1st Lieutenant*
Chaplain

FIRST BATTALION

ALVIN S. PERKINS . . . *Lieutenant Colonel*
Commanding 1st Bn.

SYLVESTER M. SHERMAN, JR. *Captain*
Adjutant 1st Bn.

GERALD R. ALLABEN . . . *Captain*
Medical Corps

SECOND BATTALION

HUGH L. GADDIS . . . *Major*
Commanding 2nd Bn.

WILLIAM B. WESTON . . . *Captain*
Adjutant 2nd Bn.

DAVID C. FARQUHAR . . . *Captain*
Medical Corps

BATTERY "A"

HUBERT E. HOWARD . . . *Captain*
MERRITT C. BRAGDON . . . *1st Lieutenant*
ROBERT N. GOLDING . . . *1st Lieutenant*
HOWARD R. COPLEY . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
EDWARD C. WEIKMAN . . . *2nd Lieutenant*

BATTERY "D"

HENRY P. ISHAM . . . *Captain*
FREDERICK S. WINSTON *1st Lieutenant*
LEONARD H. WHITNEY *1st Lieutenant*
DOUGLAS P. WELLS . . . *1st Lieutenant*
THEODORE P. SWIFT . . . *2nd Lieutenant*

BATTERY "B"

EARLE F. BLISS . . . *Captain*
HOWARD E. EDMONDSON *1st Lieutenant*
AARON COLNOR . . . *1st Lieutenant*
FRANKLIN H. PERKINS *2nd Lieutenant*
JOHN C. VERSNEL . . . *2nd Lieutenant*

BATTERY "E"

CHARLES B. STUART . . . *Captain*
WALDO M. ALLEN . . . *1st Lieutenant*
FREDERICK C. FOLTZ . . . *1st Lieutenant*
CARL D. WHITNEY . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
BENJAMIN S. LUNT . . . *2nd Lieutenant*

BATTERY "C"

HARRY F. WEBSTER . . . *Captain*
CHARLES S. CRAIGMILE *1st Lieutenant*
JOHN W. SAMSEY . . . *1st Lieutenant*
WALTER Z. LYON . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
JAMES J. GARDNER . . . *2nd Lieutenant*

BATTERY "F"

HAROLD L. MYERS . . . *Captain*
JEROME B. GRIGG . . . *1st Lieutenant*
EDWARD EISNER . . . *1st Lieutenant*
ROBERT T. WALKER . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
GEORGE A. CHANDLER *2nd Lieutenant*

331st Field Artillery

HEADQUARTERS CO.

RAYMOND E. ROBINSON . . . *Captain*
STEPHEN W. COLLINS . . . *1st Lieutenant*
GEORGE W. MILLER . . . *1st Lieutenant*
WAYNE A. BAIRD . . . *1st Lieutenant*
JOHN C. HENDÉE . . . *1st Lieutenant*
JOHN B. SIMMONS . . . *1st Lieutenant*
NORMAN E. STERLING . . . *1st Lieutenant*
CARL H. BAUER . . . *1st Lieutenant*
LEON W. MITCHELL . . . *1st Lieutenant*
BRYANT J. BROOKS . . . *1st Lieutenant*
RICHARD G. VINCENT . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
WARREN PEASE, JR. . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
PAUL V. SWEARINGEN . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
GLENN M. SOOY . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
JOHN S. ADAMS . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
LUCIEN ANGELUCCI . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
DELTON A. BELANT . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
BENNIE BENDETTI . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
WADE H. DOZIER . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
EARL M. SMITH . . . *2nd Lieutenant*

SUPPLY CO.

DANIEL BECKER . . . *Captain*
WALTER RADERMACHER . . . *1st Lieutenant*
JOHN I. PEARCE . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
FRANK S. RAMEY . . . *2nd Lieutenant*
CLOYD S. BALDWIN . . . *2nd Lieutenant*

DENTAL DETACHMENT

STANLEY B. LADUE . . . *1st Lieut. D. C.*
HARVEY L. MANESS . . . *1st Lieut. D. C.*

VETERINARY DETACHMENT

CHARLES E. CROWE . . . *1st Lieut. V. C.*
ROBERT G. MOORE . . . *1st Lieut. V. C.*

BAND LEADER

WILLIAM LAURIER . . . *2nd Lieutenant*

THE REGIMENT

BEFORE THE REGIMENT

The declaration of war with Germany on April 6, 1917, was not the beginning of our preparation for a long and arduous war. Even before the Lusitania incident the War Department, foreseeing the imminent possibility of entry into the world conflict, had planned and, to a certain extent, provided for the raising, training and equipping of a vast army. Moreover with their knowledge of the mistakes and obstacles which had hindered France and Great Britain for the previous three years, our military experts were enabled to judge with far greater certainty as to the extent and expediency of measures which had been tried out by the Allies. As a consequence, the actual declaration of war was only the signal for putting these plans into execution with the greatest speed possible.

The regular army at the time numbered less than a hundred thousand. The National Guard of the various states was but little in excess of this. The combination of these two forces was in no position to cope with the monstrous armies of Germany and her Allies. It was indisputably evident that there must be created a larger military establishment, involving among many other problems, that of providing thousands of officers. One of the first moves therefore, made by the War Department, was to institute sixteen Officer's Training Camps in various parts of the country. The camp for two of these sections, comprising Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois, was located at Fort Sheridan, an old army post. Construction work on these sixteen camps was hastened so that almost within a month after the declaration of war, 40,000 students had started on their course of instruction on May 15, 1917.

During this period of training which ended on August 15th of the same year, Congress definitely framed the law which provided for a new army to consist of at least half a million men, and had set in motion the necessary machinery for the selection of these men. Likewise, during this same period, in sixteen sections of the country, construction had been commenced upon extensive cantonments, each one of which was to train a division. One of these cantonments—Camp Grant—was located at Rockford, Illinois. Its men were to be drawn from Illinois and southern Wisconsin; its officers, from the graduates of the Illinois section of the Fort Sheridan officer's training camp.

THE VANGUARD

On August 29th the officers of the 331st Regiment of Field Artillery reported for duty at Camp Grant. The sight of that camp as they saw it on that hot summer's day is one they shall long remember. Hundreds of acres of farm land, turned over in the early summer to the construction engineers had, like magic,

331st Field Artillery



COMPANY DRILL



POLICING THE STREET



3 INCH GUN CREW



CAMP ON THE RIFLE RANGE



PRACTICE TRENCHES



MORE PRACTICE FORTIFICATIONS

been covered with over a thousand various-sized glistening board buildings. Between the barracks corn was still growing. At intervals the high screeching note of the buzz saw could be heard, turning out the boards for the last buildings. Countless trucks and teams and men, working at high pressure, coursed through the area. This traffic had pulverized the soft soil which the breezes delighted to catch up in huge, blinding billows.

As the quarters assigned to the field artillery brigade were the last to be completed in the camp, the officers of the regiment were temporarily housed in one of the infantry barracks. There they reported for duty to their new regimental commander—Colonel William McK. Lambdin—and also became acquainted with their future Lieutenant Colonel—

Major Alvin S. Perkins. The following day, with the exception of a few who were later transferred, officers were assigned to the various organizations of the regiment. With this first step towards the establishment of the regiment completed a week was passed in attending lectures by Colonel Lambdin and Major Perkins and in waiting for word to move into permanent quarters. Word finally came, and the move to the new regimental area was made. With intense interest the officers investigated these buildings,



BARRACKS OF THE ARTILLERY BRIGADE



RECRUITS PASSING "D" BARRACKS

pictured fanciful scenes of the future, and speculated as to the types of men who would report for service with the 331st.

EARLY TRAINING

It was September 8th when the first quota of men arrived. The men were drawn from the State of Wisconsin, but various counties were assigned to the different organizations. Battery "A" was made up of men from Fond du Lac County; Battery "B" of men from Dodge and Outagamie Counties; Battery "C" from Columbia and Washington Counties; Battery "D" from Adams, Sauk, Wau-shara and Marquette Coun-



MORE MEN COMING IN.



The 16th F. A. Brigade Area is the group of barracks and stables shown in the upper-left corner of the picture, just beyond the straight road which runs from the left of the picture towards the river. The 33rd F. A. Regimental Area is the furthest in the foreground of the three regimental sections of the Brigade Area. The rest is the 32nd F. A. Area, and the most distant (without stables), the 33rd F. A. and Brigade Headquarters Area.

AERIAL VIEW OF CAMP GRANT, ILLINOIS
from Elevation of 1000 feet

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331st Field Artillery



Lieut.-Colonel Alvin S. Perkins

331st Field Artillery



THE FIRST "RETREAT"

recruits kept arriving, classes were subdivided according to the stages of advancement in military knowledge, and officers found their time taken up to the full in instruction of every phase of the Drill Regulations.

The training of the first recruits was the most difficult task. Being a new organization, there were no non-commissioned officers or even privates with a semblance of military knowledge to help out. Non-commissioned officers from Cavalry outfits of the Army were in many cases acting First Sergeants but were necessarily confined mostly to clerical work. The officers had to act not only as officers, but also as non-commissioned officers. The particular difficulty lay in the fact that the new men had no one among them on whom they could model themselves. Once, however, men had been taught sufficiently and had shown themselves able to act as Corporals or Sergeants, the work progressed with double rapidity.

In the months of September and October the training was mainly of a primary sort. It takes time and constant effort to turn civilians into soldiers, and so foot-drill, physical exercises, guard duty and standing gun drill comprised almost entirely the program of training. What was most noticeable and encouraging at this time was the eagerness

A SECTION OF RECRUITS



ROOKIES AT ATTENTION

ties; Battery "E" from Iowa, Crawford, Wood, Richland and Juneau Counties; and Battery "F" from Grant, Iowa and Green Counties. The two remaining organizations—Headquarters and Supply Companies—were formed by men chosen for special qualifications from the batteries. Then training began in earnest. As various groups of

and earnestness with which every man worked towards the achieving of a well-trained and disciplined regiment.

The handicaps and obstacles that confronted the regiment in those early days seem appalling in retrospect. There were constant calls for men to fill organizations destined for overseas service before the 86th Division. These continued clear up until April, 1918, and were a continual source of annoyance. A battery lost trained or part-

331st Field Artillery



Major Hugh L. Gaddis

331st Field Artillery

ly trained men whose places had to be filled by new recruits. It was necessary of course to start from the beginning again in instructing these men. A second obstacle was the great lack of equipment of all sorts. Men would enter the service bringing with them the smallest possible amount of clothing as advised by the government boards. It was sometimes necessary to drill two or three weeks in this scanty civilian attire before it was possible to secure the proper uniforms. A squad made up of two men in uniform



THE ILLINOIS N. G. LEAVES FOR FRANCE

one man in overalls, another in a blue sweater and derby, and the rest in various non-descript costumes was no uncommon sight.



MEN OF THE 86th LEAVE FOR FRANCE

For training in equitation the regiment was obliged to build wooden horses. With this substitute the essentials of harnessing were taught and the soldier instructed in mounting, dismounting, and the proper seat for a rider. In artillery instruction, recourse was had to wooden guns and even to boxes and boards. With such crude apparatus the men were trained in standing gun drill, the movement



THE "REGIMENTAL STREET."

331st Field Artillery



Captain Glenn W. Tisdale, Adjutant

331st Field Artillery



WHERE EQUITATION BEGAN

to a battalion, the men, after looking them over in reverence and awe, commenced drilling with them and found themselves far more advanced than they had imagined. Whatever else may be written of this war, there is subject matter for an epic in the seriousness and enthusiasm evidenced by both officers and men in their heroic labors with those caricatures of war material.

WINTER AT CAMP GRANT

Winter soon set in and a very long and severe winter it proved to be. There was an unprecedented fall of snow and the thermometer held below zero for weeks at a time. The weather was so bad that on several occasions railroad traffic was hopelessly tied up and as may be imagined, such conditions were anything but propitious for intensive training. But training had to go on. It was truly remarkable



THE FIRST GUNS OF THE REGIMENT



BUILDING ADDITIONS TO THE REGIMENTAL BARRACKS

of carriages unlimbered, action front, rear, right and left, and even to prepare for action. For signalling the men had to make flags of any material available. For buzzer exercise the organizations purchased the ordinary domestic variety of buzzer.

In spite of the handicaps, training did go on apace and the men actually did learn. It proved the American to be an imaginative man. When in the early part of November, the regiment finally was issued horses, and one 3 inch gun

how much was accomplished in this respect, and the vigorous weather was of decided benefit in hardening everyone physically. Foot-drill still continued to a limited extent, equitation classes were but slightly hindered, and physical exercise combined with tobogganing, snow-shoeing, skiing and skating, was only aided by the vigorous winter. In artillery work proper there were theoretical and practical courses in gunnery; and as the two field pieces of which the regiment boasted had been

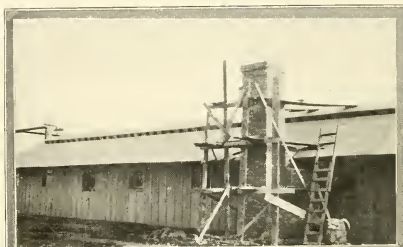
331st Field Artillery



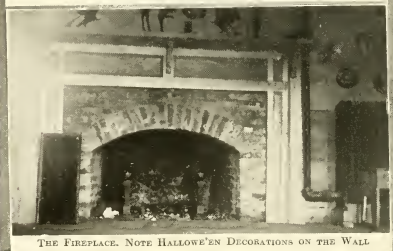
Chaplain Jay M. Gleason

dragged—one inside of Battery "A's" barracks and the other inside of Battery "E's"—gun drill in each battalion went on the same as during the mild fall weather.

During this period schools for officers and non-commissioned officers took up on an average three nights a week. In addition, certain officers were detailed to attend divisional schools. These divisional schools covered all manner of infantry and artillery specialties, their value being enhanced by the instruction of French and British officers. The regiment shared with the rest of the brigade



THE CHIMNEY UNDER CONSTRUCTION



THE FIREPLACE. NOTE HALLOWE'EN DECORATIONS ON THE WALL

FIREPLACE IN THE OFFICERS MESS

Planned by Lieut. Foltz and built by men of the Regiment.

the undivided services of a Captain and Chief of Section of Artillery from the French Army.

The school of Fire for Field Artillery at Fort Sill, Okla., which had been established in the Fall of 1917, offered to the field officers, battery commanders and several first lieutenants of the regiment, the privileges of its excellent instruction before the orders came for overseas.

The monotony of the long winter months was lessened somewhat by the introduction of gas training for the entire regiment, a class in equitation for officers, and smoke bomb practice. The gas training was an enormous task but each organization in a month's time had graduated all of its men, and each man had been in the poison gas chamber to test for himself the efficacy of his mask. The

331st Field Artillery

CAPTAIN SYLVESTER M. SHERMAN
Adjutant of the First Battalion



CAPTAIN WINTHROP MILLER
Personnel Adjutant



CAPTAIN WILLIAM B. WESTON
Adjutant of the Second Battalion

331st Field Artillery



CASEMATE BUILT BY 332ND F. A.



CAMOUFLAGED ROOF AND ENTRANCE TO TELEPHONE DUGOUT, 331ST F. A.



ENTRANCE TO GUN PIT DUGOUT, 331ST F. A.

PRACTICE FORTIFICATIONS, CAMP GRANT, FALL OF 1917.

331st Field Artillery



CAPTAIN ROBERT A. ALTON
Formerly in Command of Headquarters Co.



CAPTAIN RONALD WEBSTER
Formerly in Command of Battery "D"



CAPTAIN C. DURAND ALLEN
Formerly Adjutant of the Second Battalion



FIRST LIEUTENANT NEWTON O. HOLT
Formerly Executive Officer Battery "A"

FORMER OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT RETAINED AS INSTRUCTORS AT THE SCHOOL OF FIRE FOR
FIELD ARTILLERY, FORT SILL, OKLA.

331st Field Artillery



OFFICERS' QUARTERS



COL. LAMBDIN



READ THE SIGN



LT. COL. PERKINS



OFFICERS ASSEMBLING AT HEADQUARTERS



THE COLONEL'S CAR

331st Field Artillery



A BATTERY CORRAL



A REMOUNT RANGER



ISSUING HORSES



VIEW OF THE REMOUNT STATION



FEEDING TIME AT THE REMOUNT

THE HORSES

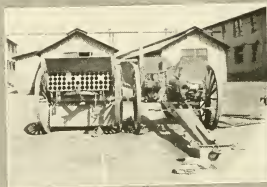
331st Field Artillery



STABLES UNDER CONSTRUCTION



READY FOR MOUNTED DRILL



THE 2ND BATTALION 3 INCH GUN



SUPPLY CO. STANDBYS



FORAGE DETAIL

331st Field Artillery



DRILL OF BATTERY MOUNTED



ASSEMBLING FOR REVIEW



THE BARRACKS, SPRING 1918



MORE SPRING



CAMOUFLAGED GUN PITS



INFANTRY ADVANCING

331st Field Artillery

officer's equitation class was admirably conducted by Major Perkins, formerly of the Cavalry. Important principles of fire were visualized on the smoke bomb range under the direction of the field officers of the regiment.

On December 15th, 1917, the graduates of the Second Officer's Training Camp who had been attached to the regiment, reported for duty. Many of these officers were transferred late in the winter and aided in forming new regiments in the South. On December

31st the first promotions for the original officers were made. These filled three fourths of the existing vacancies, and officers from the second training camp were assigned to fill the other fourth.

It did not seem so very much longer before the winter wore off and the snow and ice and cold were replaced by mild spring breezes, floods of rain and vast areas of unfathomable mud. The corrals and stables were particularly beset by this foe.

Most enjoyable and instructive of the spring training was the drill of the battery mounted. The shortage of carriages made it possible for an organization to spend one morning or one afternoon at this exercise every third day only. The battery having the drill used its own two carriages and teams, while each of the other batteries supplied two teams and carriages for the drilling battery to use. (Two more 3 inch pieces arrived in the early spring, so that it was possible to drill with four complete gun sections and two caisson sections.) The drivers and cannoneers all came from the battery whose turn it was to drill, unless there were not men enough to fill all the posts, and, unfortunately, such was usually the case. Assembling on the drill ground in rear of the officers quarters, the battery would proceed west to the large fields beyond the 333rd and there would undertake every possible mounted movement both walking and at a trot.

One of the pleasant memories the regiment had of Camp Grant was the presentation to them on April 14th by the Wisconsin Society of Chicago of a magnificent set of regimental colors. The whole regiment together with the 331st Machine Gun Battalion formed on the parade ground, and passed in review before Colonel Lambdin and Brigadier General Kennon (then division commander) and



SOME OF THE SNOW



MOVING OUT FOR THE 3RD LIBERTY LOAN PARADE

representatives of the Wisconsin Society. The colors were then presented to Colonel Lambdin who accepted them with fitting words in behalf of the regiment.

THE SPARTA HIKE

It was 8 o'clock on the morning of May 14th, 1918 when the regiment, after several disappointments, finally left Camp Grant for the memorable hike to the Artillery range at Sparta, Wis. Preparation for this march had been going on for weeks before. A number of problems confronted the brigade. In the first place there had been some question as to whether the brigade should march as a unit, since two of the regiments—the 331st and 332nd—were mounted and the 333rd was dismounted. It was finally decided that all should travel together with the dismounted regiment in the lead—the two mounted regiments following at a walk. Then, because of transfers made by the War Department, the enlisted men in each organization numbered only about half its strength; there were only eighteen carriages to the regiment; and each organization possessed its full complement of horses. The result was that each individually mounted man, besides the horse he rode, was obliged to lead one or two other not always too gentle horses for the period of the hike.

The start was auspicious. But this did not last long. The column was hardly in motion before horses were breaking loose, bolting all over the camp and galloping to Rockford. Round-up parties were organized and kept busy throughout the entire day. After this first day the horses gave no more trouble, thus dispersing the dread of having the hike turn into a nightmare of runaways. Nothing else of moment took place that day. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon after traveling sixteen miles, the first camp was made at Lovejoy Farm.

The making of this first camp was rather a time consuming proceeding. The men were new at that sort of game and a certain clumsiness was evident in the establishment of picket lines, the parking of carriages, the setting up of pup tents, the collection of wood and water, the feeding of horses and all the other minute operations necessary for establishing a proper military camp in the field. But this inexperience soon passed, and the major purpose of the hike was accomplished.



COMING INTO PORTAGE

331st Field Artillery



COL. WARD LEADING THE COLUMN



ON THE ROAD



6 INCH HOWITZER OF THE 333RD F. A.

ON THE WAY TO SPARTA

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CAMP AT PORTAGE



FIELD KITCHEN IN ACTION



A BATTERY STREET



WAITING FOR THE START

PAUSES ON THE HIKE

During the hike the order for each day was practically the same. Reveille was at half past five. The horses were then ridden from half a mile to two miles to water and on their return given their morning feed. Breakfast was usually served about 6:15 and immediately thereafter tents were struck, rolls made up and horses groomed and saddled. The regiment took to the road at 8 o'clock. A halt of ten minutes was made every hour for rest, and at noon a halt of an hour, when men and horses were fed. At one o'clock the march was resumed and at 3 o'clock or half-past three the regiment arrived at its new camping area. The horses were then unharnessed, groomed and ridden to water; picket lines, kitchens and tents established; and everyone enjoyed a short rest until supper at 6 o'clock. After supper, with the exception of the guards, everyone was at liberty within the limits of the camp until taps was blown at 10 o'clock.

On Saturday afternoon, May 18th, the regiment encamped on the fair grounds at Madison, Wisconsin, resting there all day Sunday. Everyone had a most enjoyable time as the whole city turned out with its generous hospitality.

On the night of May 21st at 9 o'clock while the regiment was in camp at Poyette a severe tornado arose which blew every tent flat in an instant. A deluge of rain followed which lasted most of the night and effectually drenched everyone and everything. Most of the regiment with the exception of those who found refuge in nearby farm houses and barns, went sleepless. There were no casualties, but a large amount of property was blown away or destroyed. Nevertheless, the march was resumed as usual next morning and nothing unusual happened until the night of May 25th when the regiment was in camp at Kilbourn. At 11 o'clock a night march was suddenly ordered. Two hours later the regiment took to the road. Every man



THE PICKET LINES

was dead tired and it took continued, terrible effort to stay awake in the saddle and not roll off under the horses' feet.

From this time on the march was a succession of muddy roads and swampy camps until, finally, the regiment arrived at Camp Robinson on the afternoon of May 28th. The great hike of fourteen days and of 225 miles had passed into history. Throughout the entire period the health of every man and the condition of every horse was excellent. The benefit of that march was incalculable. It was one of the greatest means of establishing a wonderful esprit de corps and of giving to everyone that independence of living conditions so necessary to a soldier.

TRAINING AT SPARTA

That summer which the regiment spent at Camp Robinson will live in the memory of everyone as perhaps his most enjoyable experience in the Army. It was one succession of warm, sunny days and cool, pleasant nights. The days were spent entirely in the field either firing on the range or riding through the woods. The whole time was taken up in some activity. One could not but feel that great progress was being made towards turning out a highly trained and organized field artillery regiment.

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The two days following the arrival at Sparta were busily spent in getting things in order. Barracks, mess-halls and kitchens were cleaned and the stables and corrals repaired and policed. On May 30th Battery "E" went out on the range and fired the first problem of the regiment. The sound of roaring guns floating back over the hills reached the ears of the cannoners of the other batteries on the drill ground. It seemed too good to be true that after seven months of training with soap boxes, wooden guns and theoretical work with blackboard and chalk, it was only a question of a day or so before they would be actually firing a full fledged gun.

Sparta is an ideal spot for range firing and field exercises. The reservation consists of about fifteen square miles, made up equally of hilly and level ground. The soil is sandy and thickly wooded with scrub oaks. The terrain affords excellent opportunities for instruction in taking up position by concealed routes, reconnaissance and topographical work.

Firing on the range went by rotation through the batteries of the regiment. On the days that a battery was not firing the time would be spent in drills to perfect themselves for their next turn on the range. There was strong competition among the rival batteries, the best battery holding its place only because of superiority in some small detail.

On the afternoon before a battery was to fire, a Headquarters Company detail under instructions from one of the regimental field officers would ride out on the range and set targets at specified points.

The next morning at 7 o'clock the range guards would leave camp to take up their posts. They would be followed shortly by the section of Headquarters Company with a reel cart

containing several miles of wire. This detail had to establish communication between the range officer, his assistants and the post of the officer supervising fire. At 8 o'clock the battery that was to fire would be drawn up in column in the regimental street, the officer to fire would be given his problem, and the battery at his command move out. Then would follow a long ride through the narrow wood roads, with the dewy leaves brushing the faces of the drivers, the clanking of harness and creak of wheels as the battery went through some particularly rough section of the reservation. On the flanks of the column would hover a flock of officially appointed critics from other batteries, watching hawk-eyed for mistakes to report. Soon a messenger from the Special Detail would ride back to the executive officer with instructions from the battery commander for bringing the battery into position. The chosen place being reached, the guns would be unlimbered, the horses, ammunition train and medical detachment driven to the rear, the guns prepared for action and camouflaged, gun pits dug, telephone communication established between the battery and the post of the battery commander, and then everyone tensely await orders to fire. Soon these would come, and for the next two hours the hills would echo with the constant booming of guns. All officers, other than those on duty with the battery firing or on duty training the men of batteries not firing, observed fire from a point near the Battery Commander's station. A few of these officers in turn would be



OFF TO THE RANGE

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given problems to conduct after the Battery Commander had finished his. At the close a criticism would be held. Then the return to camp at 12 or 1 o'clock. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in further training of gun crews, drivers and the Special Detail.

This program went on day after day, but never monotonously, until August 5th when Major General Martin, the division commander, came up to inspect his artillery brigade. Battery "B" fired a barrage problem during his visit to the range. Upon his departure he threw the camp into a fever of excitement by announcing that the brigade would soon be ordered overseas.

The announcement was rapidly followed by orders to turn in guns, equipment of various sorts, and, most regrettable of all—the horses. This was followed by weeks of strenuous work in outfitting the men in new uniforms and in getting the organization records into perfect shape.

Hopes of getting away rose even higher when, on August 13th, the Advance Party, consisting of sixteen officers and twenty-five enlisted men pulled out of the Sparta station. Major Gaddis and Lieutenant Pearce were to provide for billeting. The rest were to receive special schooling in France. This fortunate party, after joining other similar parties of the Division at Camp Mills,

Long Island, sailed from New York September 9th on the British Steamer "Walmer Castle," arriving in Glasgow at midnight September 20th. Thence they went by train south. Only one group of American soldiers had come in through Glasgow before. The unaccustomed sight of American troop trains aroused an enthusiasm from Glasgow south, the equal of which the party had never seen. They reached the rest camp Romsey at 3:00 a. m. September 22nd. On the 24th they entrained for Southampton, sailing for Le Havre the same evening on the "Antrim." The party left Havre on the 27th on a special train which reached La Courtine the 30th. Here, from the 1st to the 8th of October, three weeks work of a six weeks course was crowded into one, specialization being made by certain members on materiel, reconnaissance, or telephone and radio, while all took the course in firing. The rest of the regiment, having in the meantime arrived in France, it was necessary on the 9th for the school party to cease work at La Courtine and rejoin the regiment at Le Courneau. They reached Le Courneau on the 11th of October.

On September 4th the order came for the regiment, to entrain the following day for Camp Mills, N. Y. On receipt of this news all knew with great rejoicing that days of initial preparation were over and that after a brief period of training in France the regiment would be able to measure its mettle with the Hun.

ON THE WAY

Thursday, September 5, 1918, the regiment following the 333rd and 332nd Field Artillery, finally left Camp Robinson with a strength of 41 officers and 1467 men present, under command of Colonel Lambdin and started for the front. Thereafter, in the words of Major General Martin, "it was in the presence of



GUARD MOUNT

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the enemy." Four long trains of Pullmans were required on the trip to New York, Colonel Lambdin with the Headquarters Company and Supply Company leading on the first train, while each succeeding one carried two batteries. The route followed was via the Chicago & Northwestern Railway or the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. to Chicago, thence through Indiana, Michigan, and Canada over the Grand Trunk to Niagara Falls, where an hour's stop permitted all those who so desired, to have a view of the Falls. At frequent stops along the way the Red Cross gave refreshments, magazines, and postal cards, while the opportunity was seized to take short hikes several times each day.

From Niagara Falls the regiment was taken by the Lehigh Valley Railroad through the mountains of Pennsylvania, down the beautiful winding course of the Lehigh river, and across the flat New Jersey plains to Jersey City, where the first two trains arrived late Saturday afternoon. Boarding a ferry (one man thought it was the transport which would take him to Europe!) the regiment was paddled around Manhattan Island to Long Island City, whence the Long Island R. R., after considerable delay, conveyed it to Camp Mills, Long Island, the embarkation camp. Here, after a further delay, the organization was conducted to pyramidal tents on the far edge of the camp, arriving shortly before midnight. Total distance travelled by rail 1200 miles.

The next morning, Sunday, September 8th, the regiment was assigned a new area near the center of the camp, and before noon the last four batteries had arrived. The treat was enjoyed, of seeing the Advance Party which had left Camp Robinson August 13th, start on their way to the docks to embark.

The much-dreaded inspections, of which so much had been heard, began the same afternoon, but proved to be comparatively mild, and the regiment came through them all with flying colors, thanks to earnest efforts in preparation at

Camp Robinson. The medical inspection was followed by the inspection of records, and Monday morning came an inspection of equipment, followed by the submission of new requisitions. The next two days were busy ones, supply sergeants working from morn to night issuing overseas equipment and replacing un-serviceable clothing with new. One problem which had to be met, was how to make size 6 C shoes fit a man who required 7 EE, the desired sizes being in many cases apparently unobtainable.



THE BAND AT GUARD MOUNT

Thus far the regiment had been closely confined to camp, though so near the "Gay White Way" that it could almost hear the corks pop; and it can boast of the proud record that not a single man went A W O L during its stay at Camp Mills. By Wednesday noon the organization was pronounced fully equipped, and was put on a pass basis. This meant that a portion of the regiment could leave camp each day on a twenty-four hour pass, and gave every man an opportunity to visit New York City. At the same time the campaign hat was superseded by the overseas cap, and for at least a day each man was wondering if he looked as foolish as he felt.

One sight at Camp Mills which never grew monotonous was the maneuvering of the squadrons of airplanes from the neighboring aviation field at Mineola.

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The halt at the embarkation camp was not of long duration, and on Monday morning September 16th, having given the Advance Party a handicap of eight days, the regiment marched out of camp, under full pack. The organization returned on the Long Island Railroad to Long Island City, again boarded a ferry, and enjoyed a second ride around New York City to the docks of the International Mercantile Marine Company in the Hudson. Six or eight large ocean liners, all decked out in their grotesque camouflage paint, were lying at the docks, some of them already loaded with troops. While the ferry drifted in the river for three hours, waiting for a detachment of marines to clear the dock, speculation was rife as to which ship the regiment was destined for. The ferry finally landed at the dock, the men filed off, and about five o'clock the gang-plank drill was again performed in boarding the "S. S. Lapland" of the White Star Line, a British ship of about 22,000 tons. At last it seemed true that the regiment was actually on its way to take in the "biggest show on earth."

The theory that there is always room for one more was followed in loading the "Lapland," and as a result the organization formed a part of the largest number that she had ever carried at one time—over 3,000. The regiment was scattered through the ship, from the Headquarters Company, down in the forward third-class accommodations, where part of the men slung their hammocks over the mess tables, to the Supply Company in the second-class staterooms, and Battery "B" outside on the after deck, not to forget Battery "F" on the "Red Deck." The captains lived on the upper deck, four in each small stateroom; while rooms twice their size on the deck below were enjoyed by second lieutenants. In addition to the 331st F. A. there were a large number of casual troops on board, and a big detachment of marines occupied the promenade decks. Major General Howze assumed command of all the troops. Brigadier General Spaulding of the 161st F. A. Brigade, of which the 331st was a part, was also on the ship.



THE MEDICINE BLUFFS, FORT SILL

The passenger list further contained the names of a great number of casual officers of all branches of the service—engineers, aviators, ordnance, chemical warfare service, and artillery—as well as a group of Y.M.C.A. workers, and a number of civilian passengers.

Of the pleasures of that first night on the ship, tied to the dock with no ventilation, nothing need be said. There reigned the inevitable confusion of the first few hours on shipboard before any one could possibly acquaint himself with the voluminous standing orders regulating ship life.

THE TRIP ACROSS

The next morning, Tuesday the seventeenth, the cables were cast off, and the ship steamed down the Hudson, passing the Statue of Liberty about 9:00 a. m. and on out to sea. Other ships started at the same time or were waiting in the lower bay, and the Lapland became one of a convoy of twelve transports and freighters. Among them were the "Empress of Russia" of the Canadian Pacific Line, and the "Cretic," of the White Star Line. The measures which the navy

was taking to combat the submarine, were at once observed in operation, for one or more of the undersea monsters had recently claimed some victims a short distance outside New York harbor, and it was not intended that any of this convoy should suffer a like fate. No possible precaution was omitted. A number of warships accompanied the transports as they came out of the harbor, and an observation balloon from Long Island was on the look out. A cruiser and a destroyer stayed with the convoy most of the way across, hovering about its flanks, front and rear, but the other warships turned back when the open sea had been gained.

Throughout the voyage the course was changed about every ten minutes. At one time the whole convoy swung about and headed southwest for a short while. It is impossible to say just where the route led, except that for the first five days the ships were in the gulf stream, and the weather was almost oppressively warm. No lights were permitted on deck after dark, and heavy curtains were hung before all doors which led outside. The port-holes had all been blackened so that no light could pass through them, and they were required to be kept closed at all times, day and night. All matches and flashlights had been taken up before leaving New York. The sight of the darkened ships stealing ahead through the moonlight nights without a light showing and with scarcely a sound, like some ghost fleet, was one which will be long remembered.

Every man made the acquaintance of a life preserver before he had been aboard many hours, and soon that life preserver became as much a part of him as his skin. The only time when it was removed was while sleeping, and then it was kept at arm's reach. Twice each day, morning and afternoon, boat drills were held. Upon the call "To arms" being sounded by the bugles, every man except the sentinels on post repaired without delay to his life-boat station, taking his life preserver and full canteen. Whether he had anything else on or not was of slight importance. Then for an hour, while Major General Howze or Brigadier General Spaulding with their staffs were making a minute inspection of the ship, the men were given physical exercise on deck as well as the crowded conditions allowed, and those who were assigned to the bottom life-raft of a pile of four would speculate as to what the chances were that they would have time to launch their raft in case the ship were torpedoed and sunk. A surprise boat drill at 8:30 one night brought men to their boats out of the shower baths and bunks, with the garment that came first to hand hastily thrown about them.

During one afternoon boat drill, it almost became necessary to carry it through and actually abandon ship. A heavy fog had come up, and suddenly another ship of the convoy loomed up a short distance away on the port side, headed across the Lapland's bows. A collision seemed inevitable. But as 5000 men held their breath and waited for the crash, the ships were quickly turned apart, and the stern of the other vessel, swinging around sixty feet away from the Lapland, disappeared again into the fog. The fog continued all that night, and caused the crew, at least, to feel great uneasiness, but no other incident occurred, and in the morning it was gone.

Those officers who had rashly hired steamer chairs the first day out and had anticipated spending many happy hours therein, lived to repent of their folly. In addition to the boat drills, a regimental officer's school was held for an hour every afternoon, where part IV of F. A. D. R. was taken up for discussion, and the benefit of comments by Brigadier General Spaulding was received. One officer was also required to be on duty in the men's quarters continually throughout the voyage, day and night, which meant that eight hours out of every twenty-four was so spent.

An elaborate guard system had been instituted. The main guard of forty posts was supplemented by a group of military police under Captain Weston, who wandered about the ship watching for infractions of orders. In addition, permanent guards were placed over the naval anti-submarine guns, one in the stern and two in the bow.

Of the food served on the ship, the less said the better. No one who did not see and taste the meals given the enlisted men can picture them, they were so extremely poor; while in the first-class dining-saloon the change from "Long Island duckling" to "Philadelphia capon" and back again became more than monotonous.

The convoy was fortunate in having smooth weather the first part of the voyage, and as a result practically no one became sea sick; for, when the sea roughened up a bit the last few days, all had become acclimated to the ship, and no annoyance was caused. The latter half of the trip, however, the Lapland suffered an epidemic of what proved much worse than sea-sickness, when the Spanish influenza, which just at this time became prevalent throughout Europe and America, appeared on board and rapidly spread, aided by the crowded living conditions and poor food of the men. Troops were moved out of the "Island" and out of the second-class smoking room, which had been in use as orderly room for the batteries, to provide room for a hospital, but this was filled as fast as it could be enlarged. Only the more serious cases were sent there, the others being kept in their bunks and given all the care possible under the circumstances.

The approach to the "danger zone" was heralded on the second Friday afternoon after sailing, when a squadron of lean, gray British destroyers encircled the convoy, to escort it into port, and keep the Hun subs at a safe distance. Thenceforth clothes were not removed at night, and an extra submarine lookout of causal officers was kept posted. All men from the lower decks came up at night and slept in the passageways and companionways above. The following day Scotland and the north of Ireland were sighted. One half the convoy turned to Glasgow. The other half including the Lapland, turned south, and passed between Scotland and Ireland into the Irish Sea. During the night the Lapland entered the Mersey and at dawn on Sunday, September 20th, it anchored in the river at Liverpool. Not a submarine had been seen on the whole trip.

REST CAMPS

Leaving on the Lapland about one hundred men who were too sick with influenza to walk, the regiment disembarked upon a tender in the afternoon and marched five miles with full packs through the cobble-stone streets of Liverpool to the first "rest camp" at Knotty Ash. The English people who thronged to see the "Yanks" along the route seemed hardly able to express sufficiently their gratitude for American aid, and the march was made through a lane of waving American and British flags. But the camp was calculated to quench the spirits of the most ardent soldier. The regiment was conducted to tents located in ankle deep mud, and the weather was cold, damp, and disagreeable. The regiment's recollection of Knotty Ash is anything but a pleasant one. It was here that acquaintance was first made with the "modified British ration," and the organization was unanimous in preferring the American.

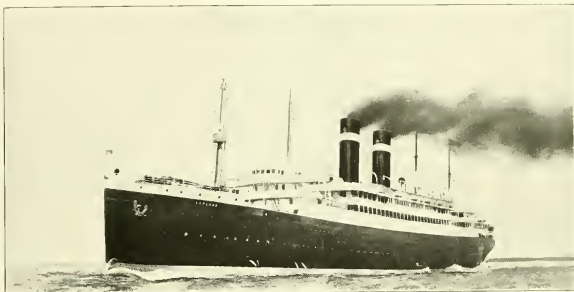
Tuesday morning the first battalion, with the Headquarters Company, leaving behind still more influenza victims, including Lieut. Grabbe and Lieut. Maness, marched with full pack four miles to the railroad and boarded a train of English passenger coaches, which took them for 210 miles through some of the prettiest parts of "Merrie England", including Warwick and Oxford, where the spires of the University could be seen from the train. Romsey was reached in the early evening, and a march was made to another "rest camp" two miles out of the town. Here the regiment again occupied the English tents, to enter which it was necessary to bend double. The weather was cold and damp, but the camp was located in a hard, grassy meadow and thus was a big improvement over Knotty Ash. The remainder of the regiment arrived here Wednesday evening.

During the stay at Romsey, the greater part of the regiment took advantage of the opportunity to march into the quaint old English town and view the Norman

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Church, built in the twelfth century, which contained in its visitor's book the signature of Kaiser Bill himself.

On Friday morning leaving Camp at eight o'clock, the regiment marched under full pack to Southampton, and after covering ten good miles, halted at noon for lunch in an English camp on the outskirts of that city. The sandwiches which each man had brought were helped out by coffee and buns provided by the Red Cross. After a two hour rest the organization again shouldered the white man's burden and continued the march two miles further through the heart of Southampton to the docks. Here the regiment was rejoined by one hundred of its



THE LAPLAND

convalescents, who had made the trip from Romsey by rail under Captain Weston. Fifteen men had been left in hospitals at Romsey. At dusk the regiment boarded the British "S. S. Antrim," a fleet cross-channel steamer, and filled her from keel to bridge. That night hardly a square foot of her decks and passage-ways could be found that was not covered with a living form. An officer's call was held and an officer placed in command of each life-boat and raft, but the problem of how they would reach their stations in case of an alarm it fortunately did not become necessary to solve. The "Antrim" steamed out as soon as it became dark, and on reaching the channel she picked up her skirts and scooted across to Cherbourg in the twinkling of an eye. Many a brave man, however, who had defied the Atlantic successfully, succumbed to the ripples of the channel, and tasted all the joys of mal de mer.

At Southampton another schism in the regiment had occurred, when Battery "B" and the Supply Company were placed on a different steamer. They set out across the channel the same night, but for some mysterious reason turned and put back to Southampton. Nothing was heard or seen of these two organizations until they rejoined the regiment at Camp Hunt a week later. Captain Farquhar of our Medical Staff was kidnapped at Southampton by some other regiment, and the prodigal son only returned to us at Le Courneau after a visit to Paris.

Disembarking on French soil early Saturday morning, October 5th, one month after leaving Camp Robinson, the regiment marched four miles to another British "rest camp," up in the hills back of Cherbourg, just beyond a camp of Portuguese troops. This camp was probably the least restful of all—a different duty being provided for every hour of the day. The officers were assigned to wooden barracks, while the men were placed ten in each small tent. The following rainy morning the men were required to move to a different group of tents. At five

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in the afternoon the regiments marched back to the railroad station in Cherbourg, and boarded a train of the famous "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8" French box cars. From 36 to 38 men occupied each car, but three-fourths of that number would have furnished good ground for hanging out the "complet" sign. An old first-class passenger coach was provided for the officers.

ON A FRENCH TROOP TRAIN

At 10:00 p. m. the train moved out, and the regiment was started on what proved a memorable ride. During the next two days and more the train executed a snake-like crawl down the western part of France, rarely touching a speed of twenty miles an hour, and halting a half hour at least at every town of any size. It was eleven o'clock Monday morning before a stop was made long enough to allow the detail from each car to fetch the first day's rations of "corned willey," beans, tomatoes, jam, and round French loaves from the ration car at the rear. While the rations were being issued the next day, during a stop at Parthenay, the train suddenly moved out without the slightest warning, leaving a dozen men walking up the station platforms both arms full of rations. The men, having to choose suddenly between missing the train and dropping that day's dinner, naturally chose to do the former, and bade the organization an involuntary farewell; but they caught up again at the next stop.

The route followed went through the larger cities of Caen, Argentan, Le Mans, Angers, Parthenay, Niort, and Saintes. Tuesday afternoon, at St. André de Cubzac, where the headquarters of the 86th Division was located, the regiment was rejoined by Major Gaddis. It was also there that it was learned that most of the infantry of the division had already been sent to the front in the character of replacement troops. The train passed through Bordeaux the same evening. At ten the next morning, October 9th, it finally arrived at Le Courneau, southwest of Bordeaux, having come 325 miles in the sixty hours since leaving Cherbourg. The brigade was now once more united. The regiment was assigned to Adrian barracks in Camp Hunt; and soon hammers were resounding, and every one was busily occupied in making his quarters as homelike as possible, in preparation for a protracted stay. The camp was pleasantly situated on flat, sandy soil in the midst of a pine grove. The weather was warm, the sun was shining brightly, and life as a whole took on a much more attractive hue than it had worn for many days. Perhaps this was partly due to the fact that the battery cooks were once more in action, for the first time since leaving Camp Mills.

LE COURNEAU

The remainder of the week was spent in resting, washing clothes, and writing letters. The stains of travel were removed by a dip in the old canal. The Advance Party arrived and rejoined the regiment on Saturday morning, October 12th. That afternoon a big change was made in the assignment of officers to organizations. The new assignments were as follows: Capt. Sherman, to be Adjutant of the 1st Battalion; Capt. Weston to be Adjutant of the 2nd Battalion; Capt. Webster, to command Battery "C"; Capt. Isham, to command Battery "D"; 1st Lieuts. Collins, Miller, Sterling and Simmons and 2nd Lieut. Mitchell, to Headquarters Company; 1st Lieut. Golding to Battery "A"; 1st Lieut. Edmondson, to Battery "B"; 1st Lieut. Craigmile, to Battery "C"; 1st Lieut. Winston, to Battery "D"; 1st Lieut. Grigg, to Battery "F"; 1st Lieut. Radermacher, to Supply Company. At the same time thirteen lieutenants from the Saumur Artillery School were attached to the regiment to fill vacancies.

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TRAINING IN FRANCE

On the following Monday, October 14th, work in the Field Artillery School of Instruction, at Camp Hunt, began in earnest for the whole brigade. The report that after six or seven weeks of training the brigade would move up to the front, spurred every man to devote his best efforts to the work. During the first two weeks, general courses for all officers, in firing, telephony, reconnaissance, radio, and materiel, were conducted by American lieutenants who had seen action at the front. They also drilled the officers in the service of the famous French 75 m.m. gun; and the officers, in turn, began instructing their men. At first the instruction was greatly hampered by a lack of materiel, the only guns available for use being those of the replacement regiment, which were turned over to the



BRIGADIER GENERAL OLIVER S. SPAULDING AND STAFF

Left to Right: 2nd Lt. John D. Warfield, Jr., 1st Lts. Edward R. Adams and Edwin S. Keeler, Capt. James W. Marshall, Brig. Gen. Oliver S. Spaulding, Maj. Charles G. Cushing, Jr., 1st Lt. Walter S. Sterne, 2nd Lt. Rodman T. Hambleton.

brigade for several hours a day. One officer remained with each battery every day, to keep the men in condition with dismounted drill, physical exercises, hikes and "O'Grady exercises."

With the third week, courses for specialists were started. The executives and mechanics received special instruction in materiel, and performed all the dismountings of the gun; the reconnaissance officers with their instrument sergeants learned how to read a battle map in the dark, and were inducted into all the mysteries of Y-lining; one officer from each battery with the telephone detail was instructed in the use of the telephone and switch-board; and the officers in charge of horses with their stable sergeants attended lectures concerning their care. Still others, both officers and men, were instructed in the handling of our Hotchkiss machine guns. Other enlisted men learned the art of camouflage, or were instructed in radio.

The course in "Firing", for all officers, still continued, and there they learned to compute the corrections of the moment, and the intricacies of Ko and V-Vo, or saw the principles of percussion precision adjustment demonstrated on the miniature terrain. In addition French officers gave lectures on gas defense, camouflage, and battery emplacements.

The regiment's own guns arrived the middle of the third week, and now for the first time the organization had its full equipment of 24 pieces. On Monday, November 4th, firing was begun on the range with the "soixante-quinze," one battery of each battalion firing every day, under the direction of its battalion commander and an instructor from the school. Though it had been issued its full equipment of harness, the regiment never received any horses, so it was neces-

sary to haul the guns out to the range on Sunday with trucks and leave them in position throughout the week. From one to five every afternoon, or until the evening mists blotted out the targets, the firing continued, and the commands rang out. "Base Line, right 60. H. E. Shell, normal charge, white fuze." American and French shrapnel, and H. E. shell with normal and reduced charges, were fired with both axial and lateral observation. Toward the last the firing data was prepared with the aid of the plotting board, and the corrections of the moment were applied. Those batteries which were not on the range were occupied in training "three complete sets of gun squads, including chiefs of section and gunners."

Two most interesting afternoons were spent with various batteries in turn firing on a moving target, designed to represent an enemy tank. Its progress across the range was extremely halting, because of the fact that the cable was frequently shot in two; and the tank came out of the fray mutilated beyond recognition.



PREPARATORY BUGLE CALL OF THE REGIMENT ADOPTED AT CAMP HUNT

From time to time brigade problems were given out, based on a battle map of battery emplacements, observation posts and posts of command; for the fulfillment of a certain mission, the drawing of visibility and dead space charts, and the computation of barrage tables.

One of the first articles issued at Camp Hunt was the gas mask, and gas drill became an important part of the schedule. Every one carried his mask at all times, and was ordered to wear it for one hour every day. Later a regimental system of gas alarm was established. When the alarm was sounded, all endeavored to don their masks within the conventional six seconds, and the masks were not removed until the attack was supposed to have passed. During the last week of training steel helmets were issued and had to be worn at every gun drill.

But life at Camp Hunt was not all work. Vin blanc and vin rouge were easily obtainable in the French wine shops along the "western front". Week-ends passed at La Teste, and at the beautiful resort of Arcachon, will leave many pleasant memories. At Cazaux, near by, was located a flying field, and many members of the regiment were fortunate enough to enjoy a ride through the clouds in an airplane.

THE ARMISTICE AND ORDER HOME

The signing of the armistice by Austria on November 5th, leaving Germany alone against the Allies, made it increasingly doubtful whether the regiment would ever get into action. On November 7th came the unofficial report that Germany had likewise surrendered, causing great rejoicing among the French, but the next day showed that rumor to be false. Upon returning from the range the afternoon of November 11th, however, the official report had already been received, that Germany had signed an Armistice, and that all fighting had ceased at 11:00 a. m. that day. Although this definitely ended all hopes of reaching the front, training was continued as earnestly as ever, in preparation for any eventuality that might occur, until November 21st. On that day the brigade received the order to pre-

331st Field Artillery



THE "WESTERN FRONT"



THE REGIMENTAL STREET



BARRACKS

331st Field Artillery

pare at once to return to the United States. Instruction ceased immediately, and in three days the regiment had turned in everything except personal equipment.

The next month was spent waiting for the order to move, which was expected every day, but never came. The time was partly occupied with dismounted drill, hikes with and without packs, and courses of lectures given by various officers on history, finance, and civics. A series of football games between teams representing each organization was played, and much friendly rivalry was thus developed. In the final game for the regimental championship, Battery "D" representing the 2nd Battalion defeated Headquarters Company, representing the 1st Battalion, by the score of 7 to 6.



AFTER THE SMASH

During this period the regiment regretfully bade farewell to Brigadier General Spaulding, Lieutenant Colonel Perkins, Major Gaddis, Captain Becker, Chaplain Gleason and Lieutenants Pearce, Crowe, Moore, La Due, Maness and Angelucci, who were all ordered away to other organizations for duty.

Eventually the awaited order arrived, and on December 20th the regiment boarded a train of box cars at Camp Hunt. The homeward trip had begun. The train started at noon, and consumed ten and a half hours in reaching its destination fifty miles away. At the end of the journey the regiment found itself at Camp de Souge, another large training camp for artillery.

This was the pleasantest camp that the regiment saw in Europe; but as luck would have it, the stay there was short.



FAVORITE PASTIME, CAZAUX

On Tuesday, December 24, the regiment made the longest days march of its career. It left Camp de Souge at nine o'clock, carrying light packs. Much of the baggage had been sent ahead on trucks the night before. Through showers the march was continued all day into Bordeaux, down one of its main shopping streets, past the opera house, to the river, then across the long bridge, and out into the country again. And almost at the last came the long steep hill, which

seemed as though it would never end. At 5:30 p. m. the regiment reached Bordeaux Embarkation Camp, Genicart No. 2, and completed a march of 23.7 miles. A hot meal was waiting, prepared by the battery cooks, and the men were further cheered by the report that they would embark for the United States in three or four days.

331st Field Artillery



THE CANAL



FIELD ARTILLERY TRACTORS AND GUNS IN PARK



THE ROAD TO THE RANGE

VIEWS OF CAMP HUNT



IN A LIBERTY N. C. PLANE OVER ARCACHON BAY

Christmas day was spent in camp prosaically enough, nearly every one being glad of a chance to rest after the long hike. Part of the regiment was sent out to work on details, for Christmas and New Year's were treated like any other day at this camp. On Friday the regiment went through the "mill", a performance required of all organizations before sailing for home. All the equipment of the enlisted men was turned in, each man was given a bath and a medical inspection, and was then issued a complete new outfit. The officers likewise had to appear before the medical inspector. The next afternoon an inspector examined the equipment to make sure that nothing was lacking. Meanwhile the passenger lists, fourteen copies, had been typed, and the regiment was ready to sail.

Now began a new series of unexpected delays, while the regiment awaited sailing orders. The camp headquarters called on a large part of the regiment for working details nearly every day, including Sundays, and the men worked in the continuous rain and mud of a French winter for three weeks. Some details went to the remount station at Carbon Blanc and cleaned stables; others worked for the camp engineer, digging ditches and grading roads; while others moved the wood at the Entrance Camp or passed out clothing at the "mill." Meanwhile

"Spike" Hennessey's inspectors came through the camp at half hour intervals, inspecting everything that existed. The only recreation was the band concerts and movies at the Y. M. C. A., and the Saturday night dances for officers at the Entrance Camp, over which "Spike" presided.

During this time Captain Weston, 1st Lieut. Baird and 2nd Lieuts. Swearingen, Baldwin and Bendetti, chose to remain in France, and were transferred from the regiment to permanent duty in the camp.

All things come to an end, however, and at length, on January 18, 1919, the regiment marched back to Bordeaux, and boarded another train of box cars for its third and last ride on French railways. All the regiment except Batteries "A" and "C" and part of the Headquarters Company left Bordeaux at 2:00 p. m. The latter organizations followed on a second train about five hours later. Some beautiful scenery was seen during a trip across southern France, and Mar-



OFFICERS' QUARTERS, CAMP DE SOUGE



ARCACHON BY THE SEA



EARLY MORNING—LA TESTE



AVENUE LEADING INTO ARCACHON

WEEK-END SCENES



PEASANT FAMILY



A TYPICAL VINEYARD



AN ANCIENT WELL

331st Field Artillery



THE GARONNE



ROAD TO BORDEAUX



LEAVING LE COURNEAU

NEAR BORDEAUX



THE 331ST AREA TOWARDS THE "Y" AND CHATEAU GENICART

At 10:00 p. m. the same evening, January 20th, the ship cast off, and headed for Gibraltar. During the second day the steamer skirted the picturesque, mountainous coast of southern Spain. On some of the mountains was the first snow that the regiment had seen during the winter. At seven o'clock in the morning of January 23rd, a warm sunny day, the ship cast anchor in the shadow of Gibraltar, and remained there all day, coaling. In the afternoon many of the officers were given shore leave for two hours. At six in the evening, just after darkness had set in, and all the lights had come out along the base of the giant rock, the ship sailed out of the bay again and turned its face towards the United States.

Of the homeward voyage there is little to record. A half hour physical drill in the morning, boat drill in the afternoon for the first few days, and the morning and afternoon band concerts when the weather permitted were the only events of the day. Open portholes at least were a welcome

seilles was reached at 1:00 a. m. the second night. The regiment remained on the train until morning, when it marched a short distance to the docks. By noon it was all on board the "S. S. Duca D'Aosta" of the Navigazione Generale Italiana. The 331st Field Artillery shared the ship with two batteries of the 339th Field Artillery, and a large number of casual officers. Colonel Lambdin assumed command of all the troops.



CASTLE OF THE BLACK PRINCE



THE GIPONDE FROM THE CHATEAU DU PRINCE NOIR

contrast to the stuffy conditions of the "Lapland;" but the ship was in rough seas during most of the trip, "squalls," as the ship's crew termed them following close on one another's heels. Racks on the dining-tables were a familiar sight.

Early in the morning of February 5th, after a night spent in quarantine, the liner glided past the famous statue, up the river where stevedores and a few sleepy ferry-boats were the sole welcomers of this happy lot. At seven o'clock the ship was moored at 59th



GENICART No. 2



AN ARCACHON STREET



ENTRANCE TO GENICART No 2



MESS HALL AND BARRACKS



Y M C A No. 8



CHATEAU GENICART



THE CHATEAU AGAIN



OFFICERS QUARTERS



KILLING TIME

331st Field Artillery



LOOKING FORWARD ON THE "DUCA"



TRUNK LOCKERS, MARSEILLES



THE "DUCA" AT MARSEILLES



HOMMES 40; CHEVALS 20



THE BORDEAUX-MARSEILLES TRAIN



THE TRAIN STOPS AGAIN

EN ROUTE, BORDEAUX-MARSEILLES

Street, and soon appeared Mayor Hylan's tug with newspapers and a band. Reporters and photographers of New York and Chicago papers were on hand to learn and snap what they could as the troops passed onto the Ferries. At Weehawken trains were waiting to carry the regiment to Camp Merritt. This camp seemed like Paradise and its food was plentiful and superb. Men from Minnesota and Iowa left the regiment here to be mustered out at Camp Dodge.



ON THE WAY TO MARSEILLES



DETRAINING AT DAWN, MARSEILLES

Loop. A regimental dinner at the LaSalle Hotel was enjoyed by all.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the trains were off again for Camp Grant, reaching there at 9:00 p. m. Leaving the train, the regiment marched to the barracks of the 4th Battalion Discharge Unit—its final army quarters. The following morning the machinery of mustering out commenced its grind. During those days which were exceedingly strenuous for clerks and their assistants, the rest of the regiment had little to

On February 11th the regiment left on through trains via the New York Central for Chicago, again stopping a few hours for a glimpse of Niagara Falls. On the 13th the men filed off in the Polk Street Station and marched to the First Illinois National Guard Armory. The stay was not long enough to permit of seeing the throng of relatives waiting there. Organizations were quickly reformed and started in a pouring rain to be reviewed by Major General Wood and parade through the

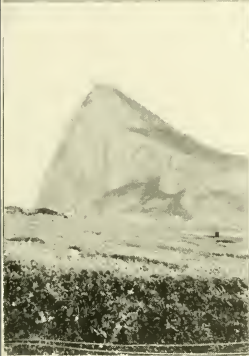


THE DUCA D' AOSTA COALING AT GIBRALTAR

331st Field Artillery



MARSEILLES HARBOR



THE "ROCK" FROM SPANISH HARBOR



AMERICAN SHIP, GIBRALTAR BAY



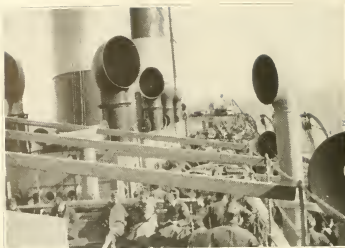
THE "ROCK" FROM THE "DUCA"

HOME VIA THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

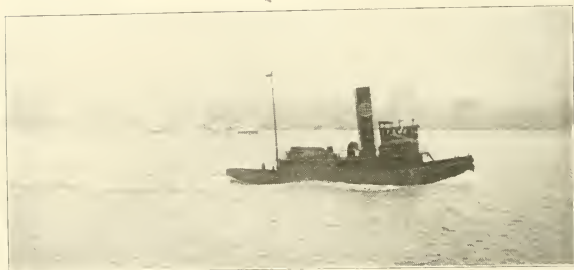
331st Field Artillery

do but wait. Some evenings were taken advantage of by certain organizations by having thoroughly enjoyable farewell banquets where officers and men met together probably for the last time.

On the 21st of February the last organization filed red-chevroned to draw its final pay and passage home. Washington's birthday, 1919, found the 331st Field Artillery a dream of the past, but a spirit that will live forever.



THOSE WHO ARE ABLE ATTEND PHYSICAL DRILL



THE GOOD OLD HUDSON AGAIN

331st Field Artillery



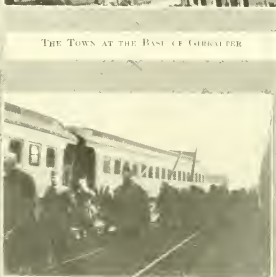
SCENERY SUPERR



THE TOWN AT THE BASE OF GIBRALTAR



DETRAINING AT CAMP MERRITT



FROM FERRY TO TRAIN-WECHAWKEN



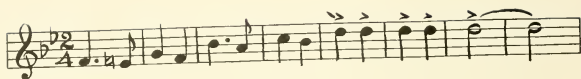
OFFICERS' CLUB CAMP MERRITT



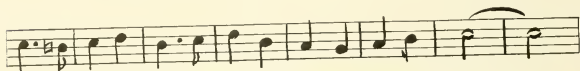
BARRACKS, CAMP MERRITT

HOME AGAIN

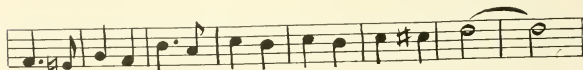
On Wisconsin



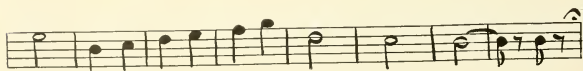
On, Wis-con-sin! On, Wis-con-sin! Plunge right through that line!



Run the ball clear round Chi-ca-go, touch-down sure this time!



On, Wis-con-sin!, On, Wis-con-sin! Fight on for her fame.



Fight, fel-lows, fight! And we will win this game!

The Advance School and other Parties



On a bright and delightful day in June, 1918, "Our Tis" announced with great secrecy that the "Advance Party" was about to sail for parts unknown. At this joyful news, believed as usual, the young men rushed from all parts of the earth to rejoin the clan at Sparta. Even "Roundtrip Charlie" Craigmile contented himself with one day's attendance at Fort Sill.

For about a month after the above day in June, we exemplified our regimental motto—"They also serve who merely stand around and wait for orders." Having nothing much to do, we had lots of inspections to see if all the officers had the required number of folding spoons, etc., and to find out how many pairs of socks each of the men had worn out since the last inspection, a couple of hours previous.

Finally, on the propitious day of August 13th, the Advance Party, the pick of the regiment, boarded the train. Really the spirit of the boys was magnificent. One would think they were merely going on a pleasure trip, or to school, instead of being off for war!

We rolled along peacefully, every town dashing to the tracks to cheer and wave things at "The Fighting Blackhawks," and at length reached Milwaukee, where every voice and every whistle in the place screamed a welcome. Here we stopped a few minutes, and when the train left it was shy four lieutenants—Hendee, Foltz, Golding, and Allen. Overcome by the hospitality, they simply could not tear themselves away. Alone in the cruel world, they were the center of interest—all sorts of secretaries and society ladies hopping about trying to do something for them and sympathizing with them because they just knew

NOTE—It was the plan of the War Department to send ahead of each division a group of officers and men known as the Advance Party. This party was made up of two sections,—a billeting party and a school party. The former consisted of a few French speaking officers whose duty it was to make arrangements for the housing of the coming troops. The latter consisted of officers and men who were selected to take a six weeks course in a training school in France. Each officer and man was to specialize in one certain subject so that when he rejoined his organization he would be able to assist in the training of the troops.

Due to unforeseen circumstances the Advance Party of the 86th Division was seriously delayed in leaving New York. The school party of the Artillery had received merely eight days of training at La Courtine when the order came to leave at once and join the brigade which was due to arrive in Le Courneau. This was early in October during that critical period when time and men were the crying need, and training—for the Artillery at least—a matter of six short weeks.

The purpose of the school party of the 161st Artillery Brigade being thus in the main defeated, those who were so fortunate as to have been part of its make up are wont to look back upon it—the approach and retreat at least—as not so much an experience of serious duty, as a tour of the greatest pleasure.

these horrid Colonels would put them in jail and everything, and they *did* look like such nice boys! Two men almost got into a fight over which one should take the culprits in his machine and chase the train all the way to Chicago. Of course, all they did was wait half an hour for the express, so when the organization arrived at Chicago, there was "The Prisoners Club" to greet it. They were immediately confined to the train and set to guarding each other the rest of the trip. That guard duty was a poor idea, because it gave them an inside track at each town—whichever one was on guard told the nearest beautiful girl that he was watching some prisoners who needed cheering up, and she immediately brought the whole town to view the exhibit, each patron contributing fruit, candy, or cigarettes, (one of the prizes drawn was a "Literary Digest," 1912 model).

At Chicago, the train was met by a delegation of beautiful Red Cross girls who gave us cigarettes and chocolates, and postal cards on which we wrote everyone we ever knew that after long years of waiting, we were finally off. This, of course, violated all sorts of orders about secrecy, but then, in the words of one of the high command. "A military order is something written by people who have nothing else to do, and to which *nobody* pays any attention."

To become once more historical, we arrived at Jersey City, August 15th, and were ferried to Brooklyn amid no excitement whatever, except that caused by the man who breathed a prayer to heaven when several of his heartless comrades convinced him that he was about to cross the Atlantic in the ferry-boat.

We arrived at Camp Mills at midnight and were put in tents—five or six men, eight cots, and no blankets to a tent. But the night was spent somehow or other, and we arose bright, but not very early, the next morning, for were we not to embark for France and all that sort of thing at noon? Yes, we were, but noon three weeks later.

Ignorant of the fact that our departure was to be delayed as usual, we rushed madly about outfitting our twenty-five men, and vainly trying to find the one person in camp who, everyone said, was the only one who knew *anything* about whatever it was that we wanted to know.

We were at length all set to go, when General Pershing issued his famous statement, the one that ranks after "Lafayette, we are here." He said, "I don't want any more fighting men—I want laborers." We think they were kidding us, but anyhow, we and the other fighting men had to wait awhile.

Then began two weeks of hardship seldom surpassed in any campaign. One by one, the young men laid aside the precious money belts as seven farewell parties a week in New York rendered them mere incumbrances. Howard and Isham, not to be bothered with details, purchased the Garden City Hotel outright and installed their wives there. The lieutenants, being less pretentious and having no wives to install anywhere, contented themselves with purchasing whole taxis, buying mortgages on restaurants and other kindred businesses. It is said that before the time of departure, two prominent members of "The Prisoners Club" had completed payments on one taxicab, several wine cellars, and numerous miscellaneous assets. Nobody ever found out where Wally Allen and Fred Winston spent their time, but each used to stagger in just before reveille and totter forth at noon on another round of carousals with old college chums, families, and things. Pease, of course, was the first to discover the beautiful canteen girls, and took them to all the dances. How it used to blight the rest of us to see him surrounded with girls and food while we starved at neglected tables!

The mornings were spent in defeating the 333rd F. A. in baseball. This we did so consistently that it soon became a bore. General Martin arrived just in time to relieve the monotony. He decided that we had had time to see all the shows, and must be worn out with dancing, so he issued lots of orders about hikes and study. Each detachment commander had the job of finding work for

his officers. After the first day, Capt. Howard had aged twenty years. (This is worthy of note, as Bragdon maintains that this was the last work Howard ever did in the army.) In the morning we had athletics—a ball game in which everyone reeled about and fell helplessly on the ball, and then threw it at no one in particular. The game always lasted until 10:30, no matter how many innings we had to play. Then we were always allowed a few minutes for a soda, of course we *all* crowded into one place, so it took a long time to serve us. Then we ambled back to camp—but then it was so near recall (11:30) that there was no use doing anything.

After lunch we had classes and individual study. In the classes, everyone went to sleep, except the one who was reading, and when he thought he simply couldn't stay awake any longer, he woke up the next man. In individual study, everyone went to his bunk, got a book, and went to sleep. If Capt. Howard had to enter a tent, he always made a lot of noise so we all had a chance to wake up. As a great treat we were given French lessons by one of the French officers, and here we also slumbered. But some brother officers who really knew the language said it was just as well, because everything was all wrong anyhow.

Up to the time General Martin arrived all our movements had been under a veil of secrecy—we could tell no one who we were, whence we came, and we didn't know ourselves what we were doing there. But the General spoiled everything by planting in full view of the population a large flag labelled "86 Div." To celebrate the official breaking of secrecy orders, we went on a hike to Long Beach. The infantry school party had been attached to us for safety, and judging from their remarks, these young fellows had no respect for our pedestrian abilities. But we proceeded to show them. Under the leadership of our gallant commander, we covered ourselves with glory, our feet with blisters, and the twelve miles in three hours flat. We were a triumphant, but ruined, lot of artillerymen.

At Long Beach, we were again confronted with the horrors of war, for a submarine had sunk an oil ship *all* over the beach and absolutely ruined it for decent bathing.

We also took a trip to the Sandy Hook Proving Grounds where we saw lots of guns and things, and should have been horribly interested and professional and all that, but weren't, being anxious to return to New York for another farewell party.

The troops survived these battles remarkably well, John Hendee being the only casualty. He was sent to the hospital, tagged diphtheria. It was really only bronchitis, but the medics had probably discovered that to make their books come out right, they simply had to have one more case of diphtheria, so poor John was elected. But the reader, gentle as ever, may judge how this group of sun-tanned warriors had succumbed to the enervating effects of luxurious civilization by the following anecdote. Fred Foltz, slumbering in bed at high noon, opened one eye and blandly surveyed, with absolutely no interest, the entrance of Lieut. Col. Perkins. The colonel gazed on the reclining one in despair (that is, the colonel was in despair) and said, "Mr. Foltz, I called you half an hour ago. Now will you *please* get up!"

At last the order to pack up came, and with it permission to leave camp as soon as all the baggage was ready. No sooner said than done, except Capt. Robinson, who in the midst of packing, suddenly dashed off to buy a Sam Browne belt. He was immediately dragged to earth by a flock of frantic pursuers and convinced that he could buy the belt after he packed. It took a long time but he finally saw it. Then off for the ultimate in farewell parties. The next morning, no one was quite sure what anything was about, several were wandering around muttering to themselves, "Why, oh why do they make them so wonderful!" Hope springs eternal, etc., but we wondered how they looked in Europe.

The afternoon of Sept. 8th found the party on board H. M. S. "Walmer Castle," which, in due course, set sail for Europe. As the disappearance of the justly famous Statue of Liberty, and the human emotions attendant thereon, have been adequately chronicled in every article ever written about trips to Europe, Bermuda, Coney Island, and other foreign parts, let it be merely noted that the Statue disappeared as usual, and we emoted as usual, except that most of us were calmly eating lunch at that particular moment.

To the party had been added a regiment of field artillery,—which is of no importance,—and one hundred nurses, which is rather interesting. But after surveying the whole situation from all angles, the whole party determined to be true to the innumerable girls each had left behind in various parts of the country. That is, all but Major Gaddis. Clanking his spurs and spurning the deck, he leaped into the midst of a lot of infantry people and things and carried off the fairest nurse. Thus was the honor of the regiment saved once more.

The most interesting thing, of course, was the precaution taken against submarines, and now that the veil of secrecy has been lifted, we could tell a lot about them, if we only knew ourselves what they were all about. But anyhow, we sailed out of the harbor attended by a flock of airplanes, which left us when land disappeared, just when it seemed to us we really needed them. Then we were each given a life-preserver. We were all for that, as they made wonderful cushions for reclining on deck. Next we were all assigned to life-boats and rafts. Men forward were assigned to boats aft, and vice versa, supposedly to cause so much confusion that no boat could be launched until the sailors had had time to repair the leak and make such an absurdity unnecessary. Then we were informed that the alarm signal was to be lots of toots on the whistle. About the second day out, the whistle tooted, and everyone's face immediately assumed that nonchalant look of detached and impersonal interest so often seen in a theatre mob when somebody hollers "Fire!" Someone saved the day by announcing, "Oh, they're just signalling." Then the alarm signal was changed to a bugle call (Assembly), but we soon found that they blew that for everything anyhow, and then we lost interest in their foolish precautions. What was the use anyhow, when, assuming that your favorite life-boat did get launched in safety, just as you were going to get in it, someone would be sure to heave down a raft and break it in two, and then as you swam about, looking for a home, and finally spotted the only boat afloat and paddled up, expecting to be pulled aboard with a hearty welcome like they do in novels, some ill-mannered brute would say, "G'wan, this boat's full," plant an oar in your face and shove you under, everyone in the neighborhood trying to remember "The Star Spangled Banner" so they could sing it for your benefit.

We passed the time with the usual shipboard routine, three meals and tea a day, with a dance every afternoon. Dancing on board a ship is something to be passed over with a shudder. We also had guard duty, which meant that you stayed up all hours of the day and night and peered intently into the water, looking for submarines. That also soon became a bore, because whenever you did report any suspicious-looking beer bottle or banana peel, you were told that it had been seen hours ago from the bridge, and really wasn't dangerous, very. Col. Perkins entertained us a couple of times by reading a lot of A. E. F. orders which related to the only two subjects that A. E. F. orders were ever about. One was uniform regulations, which are consistently violated wherever possible.

On Sept. 20th we sighted land and were met by a swarm of British destroyers which escorted us up the Firth of Clyde. Next morning found us safely docked at Glasgow. Hubert Howard immediately dashed off, like a hound on the scent, to a warehouse where a friendly Scot ladled out great quantities of government rum for him and his friends. Soon he returned with Henry Isham, who said that the land seemed to be rolling like the ship—he simply couldn't understand it.

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Collecting Isham and the other imbibers together, the party marched off to the train which, soon, as is the habit of trains, started for its destination, Romsey. The country through which we passed was quite picturesque, as any reader of Scott knows. But what struck our attention most was the entire absence of the large painted cows, female forms reclining on moons, flying liver pills and other works of art which beautify our landscapes. Having fallen asleep in contemplating nature unadorned, we were tumbled out at three the next morning and told we had arrived. We soon reached the camp, but a few minutes walk from the station. We found that the great O. D. mind had, as usual, carefully noted the fact of our arrival, and had as carefully assigned us to tents already occupied by some one else. So we stood around in the rain for an hour or so until the usurpers could be persuaded to get up and out. We spent the night wishing the tent would keep out just a little of the rain.

The next morning, we were given leave, and departed immediately lest they recall the permission. Some visited Southampton, and others, Winchester, where they saw lots of cathedrals, castles and things, and dined at places like "Ye God-Begot Inn." In Winchester could also be seen King Arthur's Round Table. Of course nobody knows whether or not there ever was such a person as that noble Briton, but it's interesting to note that if there was, he at least had a table, though in rather poor taste—all covered over with lurid paintings of one thing and another.

On Sept. 24th we entrained for Southampton where we boarded the "Antrim," a tiny boat which could navigate the Chicago River without any difficulty. Whatever the number of men the boat would hold, she was enthusiastically loaded to twice her capacity, until she looked like a bit of bread or something with ants all over it. Men were stacked up in the halls, all over the deck, in the wash-basins, and not a few had to hang over the rail all night. Disembarking at Le Havre next morning, we marched to the rest camp, situated on top of a high hill. Like all other rest camps—no matter where you come from, by the time you get there, you certainly do need a rest. Here we rested, defeated the 333rd F. A. at baseball, drank wine in the Y. M. C. A. (O tempora! O Methodists!), and a few visited town. At first it was announced that only field officers had leave, but after our mighty complaints, the rule was relaxed and everyone could go. Whereupon, with true human consistency, most of us decided we didn't want to go anyhow.

Two days later we marched to the train. A French train in war times is a wonderful creation. The formula seems to be—take a large quantity of piano boxes, orange crates, old wheels (preferably flat), throw in a heap and mix well; take in large gulps, murmuring "C'est la guerre." On such a concoction "The Fighting Tourists" started for La Courtine. Of course, you understand, we were supposed to go to Le Cœurneau, but someone was not conversant with the niceties of the French language, or had decided that it didn't matter a lot where we went anyhow, so the next four days were spent in going to the wrong place, tied on to the end of a freight train or anything else that came along.

Just outside of Le Havre, the train stopped for half an hour and Col. Perkins announced that we could go and forage for lunch, but simply had to be back at one o'clock sharp. The French interpreter, who was our guide, said he could lead us to some food and started out, followed by a throng of officers, our regiment being represented by Howard and Golding. After walking for miles, the party entered a French café. The interpreter immediately let fly a volley of words, which caused cooks and waitresses to assemble, wave arms, jump up and down, and scream at the top of their voices, which is the way with this calm race when food must be prepared in a hurry. At length a marvelous dinner appeared and was soon absorbed. By this time it was one o'clock, the station miles away, the interpreter still eating and refusing to commit himself further than to exclaim "Ah non! Ze train, eet weel not go wizout me. Ah non!" In the course of

human events, the interpreter finished his dinner, and the party left. Rounding a corner, they sighted the train pulling out. The Frenchman immediately exclaimed "Ah non! Ze train,—," but Hubert and "Shrapnel" tore after their departing home, hurdling donkey carts, wagons, and several houses, everyone cheering them on. Safe on board, they still heard the interpreter assuring Majors Miller and Winston, "Ah non! Ze train—". For this escapade, Golding was immediately elected president of "The Prisoners Club." The interpreter didn't catch up with us for days, which left us voiceless where speech is quite the thing. We all took a shot at interpreting, even Harry Webster, who can get along beautifully so long as they let him do all the talking. But it wasn't any use, for none paid any attention to us, though we said all the best things at the proper times.

Every night we used to stop over at some town or other and wait for the morning train. Catching a room was quite a problem, especially in a place like Tours, where all the S. O. S. people seem to have about four rooms apiece. At one of these stops, Harry Webster and John Simmons had to get up at five in the morning because they didn't know how to say "quarter of six." It is also said that one of them, at a lunch stop, dashed into the buffet, collared a waitress, and holding his left hand dramatically in front of him, pointing to it with his right, uttered the words "Du Pain." Then placing his right hand carefully on his left, he said "Ham." Then he removed the left hand from under the heap and placed it on top, once more labelling it "Pain." To this performance, the waitress sweetly answered "Oh! You want a ham sandwich!"

After several days of travel we arrived at La Courtille. Here at the station, the second lieuts. were herded together and marched off by themselves, nobody knows why, except maybe the authorities thought the officers didn't want to be seen with them in a new town. Though it really wasn't a town, just a lot of cafés and the school. Here we spent the week following in studying the same old subjects for the fourth or fifth time. It really was a good school though, and quite unique in that the instructors tried to teach us what was new, instead of insisting that we "learn" what we'd known for years. As a result, we completed three weeks of the course in the week we were there.

On October 9th, we once more entrained, and this time, by some mistake, were headed for our proper station. We stopped at Bordeaux next evening, and disappeared in search of food and rooms. As it was very late, the food counter had rung and everything was closed. One youth grabbed the best looking girl he could find and into her always sympathetic ears, poured a heart-rending tale of starvation at the front, weeks without food. She immediately dashed off and returned with mother, who kept a hotel. Standing in the middle of the street, talking in large quantities, they discussed the approaching violation of all the food regulations the French Government had ever invented. They took turns talking—one talking while the other screamed "Sh!" at her. Lots of people passing by and nobody paying the slightest attention.

The next morning we left Bordeaux and bumped along all day, taking nine hours to go the thirty miles to Le Courneau. Finally, we pulled into the station, and the first thing that met our sight was a long row of wine shops. We knew we were home! The regiment welcomed the return of its elite in a manner befitting their high position. Thus closes this tale of one thousand and one nights, more or less, spent in trains and bar rooms, inebriated and sober, in everything but war. Many were called, few chosen, and half of them never got to the front.

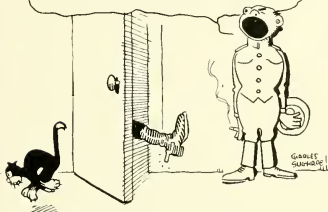
Officers' Call



BLA! BLAH-H!
(THE COLONEL
WANTS YOU!)



ATTEN-SHUN!



SANG OUT CARL BAUER

The mad scramble for mail ceased and Lieutenant Hubbel was halted in the middle of the Austin Hike. The good Adjutant accompanied by Colonel Lambdin had entered the room. The Lieutenants and a few of the Captains stood up and removed their Stetsons. The Adjutant called the roll of the Batteries and in a gruff voice growled "Where's Meyers;" whereupon Lieutenant Eisner spoke up and offered one of his stock alibis.

"Tis" then yielded the floor to the Colonel who gave a short talk on driving, criticizing in particular the way the body-breeching on "A" Battery's teams had been adjusted that morning. He directed that hereafter Battery Commanders personally inspect the harnessing of their teams before they leave the corrals. Then he again brought up the subject that the whip, not the reins, should be used in driving the off horse. Also that Doc Hunse had reported several cases of thrush in the Regiment and that Battery Commanders should inspect each horse's feet daily. (This tickled Rumpsey and Ron). After the Colonel got this off his chest he retired to the Mess Hall to avoid being knocked over by the 2nd lieutenants in the mad scramble for groceries.

The Adjutant then took the floor and read a number of orders one of the most important being as follows:

Headquarters 86th Division
Camp Grant, Illinois.

To: Commanders of all Brigades, Regiments, Battalions, Detachments and Independent Units for their information, guidance and strict compliance.

1. The Officers of the 86th Division will be present, for a group picture, at the natural amphitheater back of the Base Hospital at three o'clock this p. m.

1st. Ind.

Headquarters 331st Field Artillery, Camp Grant, Illinois.

1. The Officers of this Regiment will assemble at 12:15 in front of these Headquarters and will move out at 12:20.



CAPTAIN MYERS ENTERED THE ROOM

irate Captain whose hay-fever had gotten the best of him. After a heated discussion, Danny "sawed himself off" by saying, "Captain Myers, I can't talk to you."

Athletic Director, C. D. Whitney then made an announcement. He said, "there is going to be some boxing at the "Y" tonight and in case anyone cares to see some boxing there is going to be some very good boxing at the "Y" tonight."

Lieutenant Pease, doing a Major's work as Chief Mustering Officer, gave a short talk on service records and ordered all Assistant Mustering Officers to report at his quarters at 7:00 p. m.

The Adjutant then inquired if anyone else wished to cast a few pearls. At this opening Captain Miller came to a Parade Rest, thrust his right hand between the second and third buttons of his blouse (custom Francaise), cleared his throat and delivered his heart rendering "Oration on Liberty Bonds."

There being no further business, "Tis" declared the meeting adjourned, but as we started for Mess we were halted by Major Perkins shouting "TIME!" The Regimental Wireless Officer and Official Timekeeper Pease stated that owing to the prevailing atmospheric conditions he had been unable to get Arlington but he had made a special trip to Brigade Headquarters to get the Correct time from the Sergeant Major and Vic gave it to him straight from his wrist watch. "When I say 'Zip' it will be about noon." "Zip!" and we beat it for chow.

Another very important order was to the effect that inasmuch as another General had died, Organization Commanders would appoint one 2nd lieutenant to attend the funeral the next afternoon, whereupon Captain Campbell informed Mr. Grigg to make it his duty to find Mr. Ramey.

At this moment Captain Myers entered the room, elbowing his way through the crowd, experiencing no little difficulty getting by Dick Vincent and Steve Collins, stood in front of the Adjutant and demanded to know why "E" Battery, as usual, was issued 200 identification tags while "F" received only 195. "Tis" called upon Danny Becker for assistance in soothing the

Officers' Equitation



"Hey Gloomy, what does that old black skate out there remind you of?" The speaker was seated in a large, comfortable chair in front of a window in the XXXX club overlooking the busy street. He referred to a large, black, ewe-necked horse that was hitched to a coal wagon. The horse looked as if he had seen better days. His head was between his knees and he stood with one hip down. He had a peculiar, short, stubby tail, which hung down at an angle of about 800 mils and looked like a long used feather duster. The man addressed as Gloomy, turned from the Club bar, where he had been standing with one foot on the third rail, sipping what appeared to be a chocolate malted milk out of a tall slender glass. He gazed out the window at the horse and exclaimed



"WHAT DOES THAT OLD BLACK SKATE OUT THERE REMIND YOU OF?"

"Well I'll be —, I believe it's the old cow that Fernand used to equitate on, way back in the good old days at Campa Grant." "Say C.D.," he said, "do you remember that first day we went out for equitation lessons under Major Perkins, down in the Headquarters Company corral? Colder than the devil, as I remember, and we were riding the gentlest horses we could find and using those old black, commercial McClellans, the black of which came off on our breeches." C.D. (for it was none other than our old hero Carl Seedy, who dusted the Long Island suburban train in that never to be forgotten Marathon to Camp Mills, but that's another story,) beckoned to a passing waiter and ordered two nut sundaes, while Gloomy pulled up a chair to the window and *Leaned Back*. "I sure don't remember nuthin' else", replied C. D. "Gee! It certainly was cold that morning." "Sure was", agreed Gloomy, as he continued, "that was the time that Cappy Ron Webster got just the L-E-A-S-T bit frost bitten, wasn't it?" "I think so", answered C. D. "Ron had lots of hard luck equitating. I guess he never did find a horse that exactly suited his style of riding." "I remember one time he chased down to see Danny Becker about having a horse surveyed and condemned because it had kicked him, but Danny couldn't figure that it was enough to condemn the animal on!"

While Gloomy and C. D. were reminiscing, three others joined them at the window. They were greeted by the names of "Hard Robbie," "Charlie Alidade" and "General" Weikman. Another round of drinks was ordered and, while they

were consuming them, a large touring car passed swiftly down the street. In the back seat of the car lolled a fat-faced, extremely prosperous looking man. The one known as "Hard Robbie" exclaimed, "there goes 'Stony' Warren, the boy artillerist! Say so you remember how he and Dick Vincent used to try and crowd themselves into 'bout a 'leven inch saddle?'"



"THERE GOES 'STONY' WARREN."

was he, after he had to walk home a couple of times from way out southwest of the 333rd, where we had that first riding circle," asked "Gen." "Yes and how 'bout John Hendee, that day the Regiment was reviewed by Gen. Martin and John was Adjuting for Maj. Perkins. He'd have sold his horse for a dime, when it threw him, and the saddle slipped around under its belly and was kicked to pieces," said C. D. "Those are the only exceptions" replied Charlie, "the rest of the outfit was always arguing about having the best mounts." "Them sure wuz the days", spoke up Gloomy, who was beginning to thaw out under the influence of the drinks. "Boys the next round is on me. Waiter bring us some Coke." "We sure had some fun down on that riding circle," he continued, "Do you remember how Charlie Messkits Goll used to enjoy mounting and dismounting without stirrups? And how Rumsey and old man Stiles used to enjoy turning their reins over to the man riding alongside, folding arms and taking the feet out of the stirrups, while the good Major introduced us to the tortures of the *Slow Trot?*" "Getting shook down in the saddle probably looks funny to you from here Gloomy," said Gen., "but I can't remember you calling it that, when you were bouncing around on that old wind-broken bay of yours, hitting him all the way from his tail to his ears. It's a good thing we shipped you up to the Base Hospital when we did, as I figure that appendicitis is the only thing that kept the Major and his *Slow Trot* from splitting you in two." "Is *That So*", replied Gloomy, again winning an argument.

"I never liked nuthin' better'n to follow the Major on one of his cross country rambles", spoke Charlie Alidade, "jumping the ditches and fallen trees, climbing up and down the steep embankments and galluping across the open spaces was sure my dish." "Swiftly held the record for galluping", said Gen as he glanced around to see if anyone was going to order another drink. "That old nag of his could gallup longer in one spot than any horse in the world." "Talking about galluping", said Hard Robbie, "always reminds me of the time Cappy Myers gal-luped madly passed Col. Lambdin in the Lower Pass. The Cappy was on old Sam and he tore past the Col., going like H—I,



"WE SURE HAD SOME FUN ON THAT RIDING CIRCLE"



"I NEVER LIKED NUTHIN' BETTER'N TO FOLLOW THE MAJOR ON ONE OF HIS CROSS COUNTRY RAMBLES."

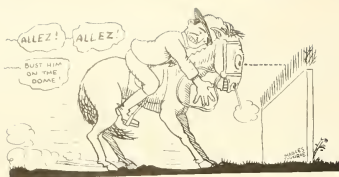
C. D. could get a good start he was throttled by the others, whose patience had long since been exhausted by his Iowa narratives. "Jumping was good sport", continued Charlie Alidade, "altho it's a wonder we weren't hurt going over the jumps with arms folded and no stirrups. I guess that outside the spills that Wally Allen and Major and some of the rest of us took, that our only casualty was the time Brown broke his leg, when his horse rolled and fell on him, going up a steep embankment back of the Supply Company corral." "Some of the boys had hard work teaching their nags to jump," said Charlie. "Do you remember the trouble John Pearce used to have with that speckled horse of his?" "I can remember how the Major used to sing out, *'Use Your Legs! Drive That Horse! Bat Him! Don't Let Him Ride You!'* when Stony or Vince or Vern Welsh or some of the others would get their horses right up to the hurdles and then let them stop and turn around." At this time Hard Robbie managed to get the waiter's eye and turning to the boys he asked, "What'll you have?" "Wish I had you birds down at Foulon's or even in good old La Testee de Buch and I'd buy you a couple of quarts of Chateau Y Quem, but I suppose you've forgotten that stuff now tho." "It's only a memory with me", said Gen, "but I could stand another Coke. Waiter, put in just a dash of lemon." "It's about time it's gotten to only be a memory with you Gen", said C. D., "seeing as you're the guy that got Arcachon put on 'off limits' for Camp Hunt." Gloomy came to the rescue, before the fight became general, by asking Charlie if he remembered the Saturday noon that Rumsey Campbell, who was all dolled up for a week-end in Chi, had gone down to the stables to inspect the feet of the Headquarters Company horses. His Chicago trip was indefinitely postponed. Charlie answered that he'd never forget it and he then went on to relate of the experience that Wally Lyon had in teaching his men how to pick up their horse's feet. Ordinarily in "C" Battery that end of the work fell to Honest John Samsey, but for some reason on this day Wally had to do it and he

and as he passes he turns out what he considers a snappy salute, but he doesn't slacken his pace a bit. That ended galluping for the whole Regiment for the rest of our stay at Camp Robinson, just like Roddy put the 'funny' on Guinness's Stout at Cherbourg for the rest of the whole U. S. Army."

"Jumping was the real sport," said C. D. "Do you remember how we used to assemble on the riding circle back of the 1st Bu. Barracks and Hubbell would call the roll! That was a great hurdle that Hub built us to jump over!" "The Major certainly complimented him on its construction", said Gen. "Did you say complimented?" asked C. D. "Why out in Mt. Pleasant whenever anyone gets complimented that way, they have to call the coroner. I remember one time when Billy Moog——" Before



"JUMPING WAS THE REAL SPORT."



"USE YOUR LEGS! DRIVE THAT HORSE!
BAT HIM! DON'T LET HIM RIDE YOU!"

the parade ground?" "I'll say I do", replied Hard Robbie, "and I can recall how Washburn and Cap Farquhar used to ease over the hurdle, and I'll never forget Doc Farquhar's famous command to the medical detachment, when he had them out for mounted drill one day. Doc calls the detachment to attention, (he must have had at least ten men out to drill,) and he gave his commands in a tone that wasn't any louder than one would need in telling a division to do right by squads. You know, 'bout like Robbie Robinson would use in conversing with a captive balloon that wasn't over five or ten kilometers distant. Old Doc sings out 'Prepare to Mount! Yo H-O—O-O-O-O-O!!!"

"Blamed if that aint good enuf for the lemon phosphates", said Charlie, pushing the button for the handsome waiter, and continuing, "that lifeless old yellow cow, that Tiz used to ride, when he first came back from Sill, was a Darb, and the stifled up, old, foundered nag that Danny Becker wished off on Major Gaddis was certainly what Gus Stuart would call a 'daisy'. Neither one of those two horses had pep enuf to step over a string, even if there had been a peck of oats un the other side." "Speaking of Tiz's yellow cow reminds me of Cappy Howards horse," said Gen. "Hubie must sure have had on the smoked glasses the day he purchased him." "F" Btry, had the good mounts," said Hard Robbie. "The horse that King Cole used to ride was a peach." "Yes, he was a good one", said C. D., "but he was the only decent animal you had. Look at that old surrey horse Pedro that Percussion Precision John Simmons used to think so much of, and the old cow-hocked Sam that Butts thought was so much, and those ponies that Ed Eisner and Ralph Frew always rode!" Before C. D. could go further Hard Robbie interrupted, "you can't say I didn't have a good mount, why he was the fastest walking horse in the regiment." "Was that your own individual mount?" inquired C. D. sarcastically. "Why I always thought that that plug was a wheeler off one of your caisson teams that you were riding until Becker issued your outfit some regular horses, and as for walking fast, say, that little black pony that I loaned you the time your horses were being tested for glands, could walk faster backwards." Gloomy and Charlie stepped in between the two before anything could happen, as C. D. had touched Bob on his tenderest spot, when he slandered old Pushfoot and, then again, when he recalled the time he played a practical joke on Bob by loaning him a bucking horse. However, Bob only laughed, remarking, "anytime anyone from 'E' Btry. could kid him about horses, after the kind of skates they had!" "Say C. D.," he went on, "that was something pretty nifty in horses you loaned 'Little Frank' Ramey to ride in the Liberty Loan Parade in Rockford. He wasn't much more than 18 hands high and not much thinner than a dime, and outside of being too old and stiff to step over his shadow, he was perhaps as good as any you had. And the way your Black Horse Troop jiggered in that parade was only exceeded by 'D' Btry. Of course you couldn't hope to beat 'D' when Norm Sterling holds the record for teaching more horses to jig than any other ten officers in the U. S. Army." "That sorrel of Mitch's was a peach", said Gloomy, trying to change the subject. "He had lots of style and speed." "Mitch used to have hard work holding him in

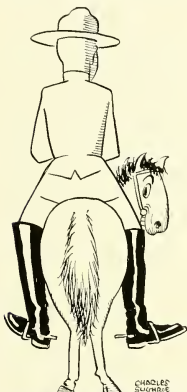
started well, but—. Evidently a snake had been tied on the picket line where the gentle horses should have been and Wally got his.

"I'll tell you who enjoyed equitating," said Gloomy—"old Major Vogel and his Medicos. Do you remember the rocking-horse black that Kincaid used to ride and the big roan that old fox Crowe and Dad Melcherson used to herd around

at cavalry drill", said Gen. "They'd get way out in front of the Major when we'd gallup, but at that he wasn't as hard-mouthed as that bay of George Miller's. I don't believe George ever did hold him in, and when the Major would lead us in those serpentine twists, George would have an awful time, riding into everybody and getting out of line."

"Who would you say was the best rider in the outfit, that is of course, excepting Col. Lambdin, the Major and Danny Becker or Marks?" asked Gen as he drained the last drop in his glass. "Well", began C. D., "it's admitted that Aaron Colnon is the best rider in the Brigade and that ought to entitle him to honorable mention for the best in the regiment." "Depends on who does the admitting", said Gen. "Do you remember the time Major Perkins heard Aaron

cluck at his horse when we were out at equitation? The Major sounded off about like this, *'Mister Colnon Stop Clucking at that Horse! You're Not Driving A Hen!!!'*" "Patrician Bob Golding always looked well on a horse and so did Hubbeil," said Gloomy. "I cant say about Hub", said Hard Robert, "but Golding always looked on a horse about like a wooden clothespin on a line, with his long legs and highwater boots." "Boys," said C. D., "you've all overlooked the prize winner. Who was it that was so irresistible when mounted upon horse or piano stool? Whose picture is on the postal cards, that the fair co-eds of Madison are still purchasing by the gross? Who was the dashing rider that posed for the said picture, leaning picturesquely, cowboy fashion from his steed and accepting the tributes of Camel cigarettes and Juicy Fruit gum from Wisconsin's fairest damsels?" There was no need for him to ask further. All agreed that the medal be awarded the Peerless Stony.

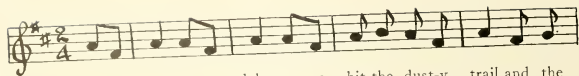


"PATRICIAN BOB GOLDING ALWAYS
LOOKED WELL ON A HORSE."

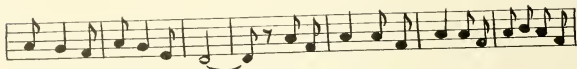
rest also remembered that they had other things to attend to and started on their way. That is, all left excepting Gloomy, who remained seated before the window. "What'll you do when you get somewhere's else?" he asked. "And then what?"

During this discussion Gen managed to slip away. The fact that it was his turn to buy the drinks did not hold him back when he had business to attend to, and he had just remembered an important engagement. The

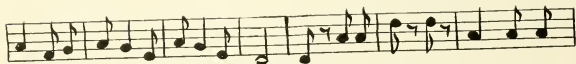
Caisson Song



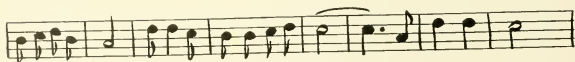
1. Ov-er hill, ov-er dale, as we hit the dust-y trail and the
2. In the storm in the night, act-ion left or act-ion right, see the



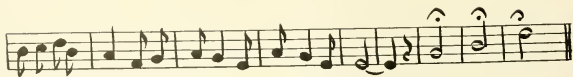
Cais-sons go roll-ing a long, in and out, hear them
 shout, count-er march and right a-
 Cais-sons go roll-ing a long, limb-er front, limb-er
 rear, prepare to mount your can-non-



bout and the Cais-sons go roll-ing a long, Then its Hi! Hi! Hee! in the
 eer, and the Cais-sons go roll-ing a long.

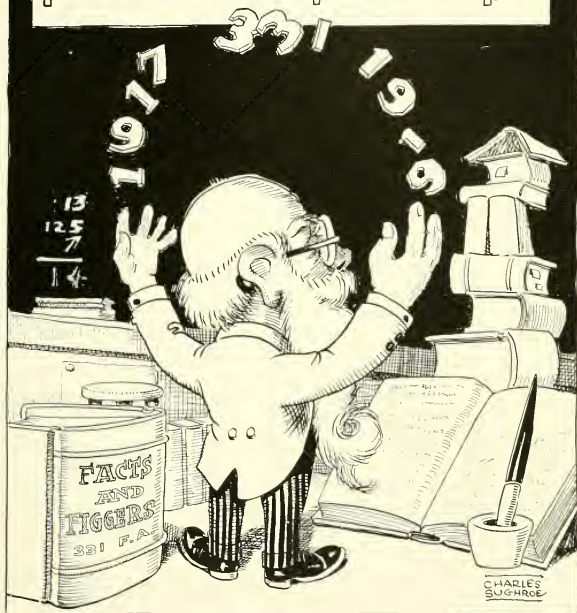


Field ar-till-er-y, shout out your numb-ers loud and strong, where e'er you go



You will al-ways know that the Cais-sons go roll-ing a-long. Batter-y! Halt!
 (Keep them rolling)

STATISTICS



Officers' Statistics

Number of Officers in the Regiment 71

Occupation previous to the Present War

Student	9	Physical Director and	Mining Engineer	1
Army	7	Teacher	Minister	1
Lawyer	5	Printing & Publishing	Railroad Construction	1
Manufacturing	4	Veterinarian	Real estate	1
Civil Engineer	3	Wholesale Grocer	Retail business	1
Physician & Surgeon	3	Advertising	Sales correspondence	1
Architect	2	Banking	Salesman of:	
Bonds and Invest-		Contractor	Automobiles	1
ments	2	Credit man	Creamery Goods	1
Cost accounting	2	Efficiency Expert	Dry Goods	1
Dentist	2	Farming	Furniture	1
Electrical Engineer	2	Grain Dealer	Leather	1
Mechanical Engineer	2	Insurance	Pig Iron	1

Average age, 1918.

Captains 31 yrs. 1st Lieutenants 27 yrs. 2nd Lieutenants 25 yrs.

Military experience previous to the present war.

19 years	2	4 years	2	1 year	9
10 years	2	3 years	2	6 mos.	2
6 years	1	2 years	12		
5 years	1	1 yr. 6 mos.	3	Total	36

Married 27
(8 of these married during war)

College Graduates 47

Colleges and Universities represented (Graduates and Undergraduates)

Illinois	9	Minnesota	2	Mo. School of Mines	1
Yale	7	Ohio State	2	New York	1
Williams	4	Brown	1	Park	1
Iowa State	3	California	1	Parsons	1
Northwestern	3	Dartmouth	1	Princeton	1
Wisconsin	3	Harvard	1	Purdue	1
Chicago	2	Iowa Wesleyan	1	Rensselaer Poly Inst.	1
Michigan	2	Miami	1	Rochester	1

Graduate Schools represented:

Harvard Law	2	Bennett Medical	1	U. of Illinois Medical	1
Northwestern Law	2	Rush Medical	1		

Home State:

Illinois	31	Minnesota	3	Kansas	1
Iowa	7	Pennsylvania	3	Michigan	1
New York	5	Missouri	2	New Jersey	1
Ohio	4	Rhode Island	2	Texas	1
California	3	Wisconsin	2	Utah	1
Massachusetts	3	Arkansas	1		

Number carrying insurance, and amount carried.
\$10,000—71. Value of insurance \$710,000

Regimental Statistics

(EXCLUSIVE OF OFFICERS)

The following statistics were compiled from the records of 1299 names, the records of twelve of the members of the regiment who remained in France, being unavailable.

Total number of men in the regiment on November 11, 1918..... 1311

Average Age 1918—26 years.

Youngest Man—16 years, 11 mos.

Francis R. Gray, Med. Det.

Oldest Man—44 years, 8 mos.

George H. Given, Hqrs. Co.

Average Height—5 ft. 7.57 inches.

Shortest Man—4 ft. 11 inches.

Arthur W. Keller, Hqrs. Co.

Tallest Man—6 ft. 5. ³/₄ inches.

Harold D. Parker, Btry. A.

Average Weight—152.21 lbs.

Lightest Man—100 lbs.

Clarence M. Hada, Btry. B.

Heaviest Man—218 lbs.

Chas. R. Rickleff, Sup. Co.

Married..... 158

(57 of these married during the War.)

Military Experience Previous to War:

18 years	1	3 years	9	6 months	8
7 years	1	2 years 6 mos.	1	Less than 6 mos.	9
6 years	1	2 years	6		
5 years	1	1 year 6 mos.	1	Total	58
4 years	11	1 year	9		

Number carrying Insurance, and amount carried:

\$10,000	1216
7,000	1
5,000	73
3,000	3
2,000	1
None	5

Value of Insurance \$12,543,000

Value (including Officers) \$13,253,000

RELIGION

Adventist	1	Christian Science	1	No Preference	150
Catholic	310	Jewish	7	Protestant	830

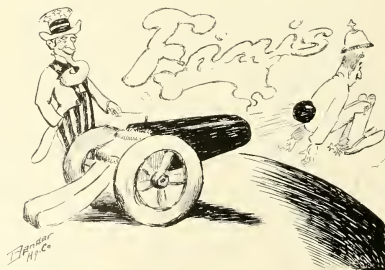
HOME STATE

Arkansas	2	Kansas	1	North Dakota	2
Canada	1	Kentucky	2	Ohio	5
Colorado	4	Michigan	6	Oklahoma	1
Connecticut	1	Minnesota	245	Pennsylvania	3
Florida	1	Missouri	5	South Dakota	3
Georgia	1	Mississippi	1	Tennessee	1
Illinois	227	Nebraska	1	Texas	1
Indiana	13	New York	7	Wisconsin	753
Iowa	12				

331st Field Artillery

Occupation Previous to the War

Accountant	4	Leather Worker	4	Sailor	1
Army	1	Lineman	4	Salesman	23
Artist	2	Liveryman	1	Saloon Keeper	1
Auto trimmer	1	Lumberman	8	Secretary (Private)	1
Baker	4	Machinist	27	Section Boss	1
Banker	2	Machinists Helper	2	Section Hand	1
Barber	11	Mail Carrier	2	Sheet Metal Worker	4
Blacksmith	8	Mail Clerk	3	Shoemaker	7
Bookkeeper	18	Marble Cutter	1	Showman	1
Brakeman	7	Masseur	1	Stationary Engineer	7
Brewer	1	Meat Packer	1	Steel Foundry Worker	2
Brick layer	1	Mechanic	26	Steel Inspector	1
Business Man	12	Merchant	5	Stenographer	3
Butcher	10	Milk Tester	1	Stevedore	1
Butter Maker	3	Miller	1	Stock Keeper	1
Carpenter	37	Miner	2	Stonecutter	2
Chauffeur	31	Moulder	2	Stone Mason	1
Cheese Buyer	1	Moving pict. operator	1	Structural steel worker	1
Cheese Maker	5	Musician	15	Student	37
Cigar Maker	2	Newspaper Reporter	1	Switchboard Operator	1
Civil Engineer	3	Painter	10	Switchman	1
Clerk	71	Paper Maker	1	Tailor	1
Concert Singer	1	Paymaster	1	Teacher	15
Concrete Worker	2	Photographer	2	Teamster	23
Conductor R. R.	1	Physical Director	1	Technical Engineer	1
Conductor Street Car	1	Pipe Fitter	6	Telegrapher	5
Construction foreman	2	Plasterer	2	Theatrical Man	1
Cook	3	Plumber	5	Tinsmith	1
Coremaker	1	Policeman	1	Toolmaker	1
Die Fitter	1	Printer	12	Traffic Manager	1
District Manager	1	Railroad Agent	2	Undertaker	1
Dredgeman	1	R.R. Fireman	9	Upholsterer	1
Druggist	4	Railroad Man	6	Waiter	1
Editor	1	Road Maker	1	Watchmaker	2
Electrician	22				
Elevator Operator	1				
Expressman	1				
Factory Worker	30				
Farmer	555				
Florist	2				
Foreman's Assistant	1				
Foundryman	3				
Freight Handler	1				
Fruit Dealer	2				
Garageman	2				
Grain Buyer	1				
Grocer	2				
Horseman	2				
Hotel Keeper	1				
Iceman	1				
Janitor	1				
Jeweler	2				
Journalist	1				
Laborer	93				
Lawyer	2				





BATTERY



In Memoriam

George N. Beber
Laurence C. Fisher
Reinhard W. Kollé
Otto Lange
Andy Westhuis

They Died for Their Country



Captain Hubert E. Howard

331st Field Artillery



1ST LIEUT. MERRITT C. BRAGDON



1ST LIEUT. ROBERT N. GOLDING

CAPTAIN HUBERT E. HOWARD

Born at Fairfield, Iowa, June 19, 1889. Ph. B. Parsons College, 1909. LL.B., Harvard Law School, 1912. Lawyer. Corporal. Battery C, 1st Illinois F.A. 1915 to 1917; served on Mexican border, summer of 1916. First Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Commissioned Captain F.A., August 15, 1917. Assigned to Battery A, 331st Field Artillery Aug. 30, 1917. On detached service as student, School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., Dec. 5, 1917 to Feb. 18, 1918. On detached service as instructor at Fourth Officers' Training Camp, Camp Grant, Ill., May 6 to July 3, 1918. On detached service with Advance Party, August 13 to Oct. 12, 1918.

FIRST LIEUTENANT NEWTON O. HOLT

Mechanical engineer. Served on Mexican border summer of 1916, as Private, Battery D, 1st Illinois F.A. First Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill. Commissioned 1st. Lieutenant F.A. Aug. 15, 1917. Assigned to Battery A, 331st F.A., Aug. 30, 1917. In command of Battery from Dec. 5, 1917 to Feb. 18, 1918. On detached service at School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., April 9 to June 21, 1918. Assigned to School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla. as instructor, June 21, 1918. Battery executive.

FIRST LIEUTENANT MERRITT C. BRAGDON, JR.

Born at Evanston, Illinois, Nov. 19, 1892. A.B. Northwestern University, 1913. LL.B. Harvard Law School, 1916. Lawyer. First Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. F.A. Aug. 15, 1917. Assigned to Battery A, 331st F.A. Aug. 30, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt. F.A. Dec. 31, 1917. On detached service as student at School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., April 24 to June 28th, 1918. In command of Battery from Aug. 13 to Oct. 12, 1918. Battery reconnaissance officer.

331st Field Artillery



2nd LIEUT. EDWARD C. WEIKMAN



2nd LIEUT. HOWARD R. COPLEY

FIRST LIEUTENANT ROBERT N. GOLDING

Born at New York City, Oct. 9, 1892. A.B., Williams College, 1915. Student at Northwestern Law School 1915 to 1917. Served on Mexican border, summer of 1916, as Private, Battery C, 1st Illinois F.A. First Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Commissioned as 2nd Lieut. F.A. Aug. 15, 1917. Attached for instruction to Cooks' and Bakers' School, Camp Grant, Illinois, Aug. 19 to Aug. 29, 1917. Attached to 332nd F.A. as Regimental Mess Officer, Aug. 29, 1917. Assigned to 331st F.A. Sept. 14, 1917. Assigned to Headquarters Co. Oct. 6, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt. F.A. Dec. 31, 1917. On detached service as student at School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., May 7 to June 28, 1918. On detached service with Advance Party Aug. 13 to Oct. 12, 1918. Assigned to Battery A Oct. 12, 1918. Battery executive.

SECOND LIEUTENANT EDWARD C. WEIKMAN

Born at Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 7, 1888. Salesman. Served on Mexican border, summer of 1916 as Private, Bat. C., 1st Illinois F.A. First Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. F.A. Aug. 15, 1917. Assigned to Battery A, 331st F.A., Aug. 30, 1917. Battery officer in charge of horses.

SECOND LIEUTENANT HOWARD R. COPLEY

Born at Joliet, Ill., Jan. 4, 1895. Ph. B., University of Chicago, 1917. First Reserve Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. F.A., Aug. 15, 1917. Assigned to Battery A, 331st F.A., Aug. 30, 1917. Battery property officer, telephone officer, assistant executive.

Officers Attached To Battery

1ST. LIEUT. STEPHEN W. COLLINS
In Command of Battery, May 22 to July 3, 1918

1ST. LIEUT. GENE F. GRAHAM
December 1917 to May 1918.
In Command of Battery, May 6 to May 22, 1918.

1ST. LIEUT. JAMES W. BROOKS
December 1917 to May 1918.

2ND. LIEUT. HOMER W. DAHRINGER
Fall and Winter 1917—1918.

2ND. LIEUT. RICHARD C. BARLER
Fall and Winter 1917—1918.

2ND. LIEUT. LESLIE T. BARE
December 1917 to May 1918.

2ND. LIEUT. D. BIGH GRASSETT
Fall 1917.

2ND. LIEUT. MELVERNE C. COLE
Fall 1917

Battery Roster

FIRST SERGEANT	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	PROMOTIONS
Boelke, Carl A.	9-18-17	Corp. Oct. 1, '17. Sgt. Nov. 15, '17. 1st Sgt. Aug. 18, '18.
MESS SERGEANT		
Greffenius, Albert F.	9-7-17	Sgt. Oct. 1, '17. Mess Sgt. Oct. 1, '17
SUPPLY SERGEANT		
DeVoe, John M.	9-18-17	Sgt. Oct. 1, '17. Supply Sgt. Oct. 1, '17
STABLE SERGEANT		
Mechelke, William F.	1-14-14	Sgt. Oct. 18, '17. Stable Sgt. Feb. 21, '18.
SERGEANTS		
Oldenburg, Walter F.	9-7-17	Sgt. Oct. 1, '17.
Swan, Bernard R.	9-7-17	Corp. Oct. 1, '17. Sgt. Nov. 15, '17.
Fitzpatrick, Christopher E.	9-7-17	Corp. Oct. 1, '17. Sgt. July 11, '18.
Maney, Nicholas E.	9-18-17	Corp. Nov. 15, '17. Sgt. July 11, '18.
Thiel, Arthur H.	9-18-17	Corp. Nov. 15, '17. Sgt. July 11, '18.
Rice, Harry J.	1-7-18	Corp. Apr. 8, '18. Sgt. Oct. 15, '18.
Neely, Laurence C.	11-20-17	Corp. Apr. 8, '18. Sgt. Oct. 15, '18.
Ickes, Wilmarth	4-18-18	Corp. Oct. 15, '18. Sgt. Nov. 1, '18.
Lucia, Fred J.	9-18-17	Corp. Oct. 1, '17. Sgt. Dec. 1, '18.
Reschke, John H.	9-18-17	Corp. Nov. 15, '17. Sgt. Dec. 1, '18.
CORPORALS.		
Hubler, Donald S.	9-7-17	Corp. Oct. 1, '17.
Zobel, Julius H.	10-2-17	Corp. Nov. 15, '17.
Carrier, Myron J.	9-7-17	Corp. Nov. 15, '17.
Chafaris, John M.	9-18-17	Pvt. 1st. Cl. Feb. 12, '18. Corp. July 11, '18.
Koehn, August W.	9-18-17	Pvt. 1st. Cl. Feb. 12, '18. Corp. July 11, '18.
Pfeiffer, Arthur J.	10-2-17	Corp. July 11, '18.
Shafer, Erwin L.	10-2-17	Corp. July 11, '18.
McEssy, William R.	9-18-17	Corp. Oct. 15, '18.
Walmer, Delmar E.	6-24-18	Corp. Oct. 15, '18.
Williams, John A.	6-24-18	Corp. Oct. 15, '18.
Parker, Harold D.	6-24-18	Corp. Oct. 15, '18.
Mahoney, Thomas P.	4-2-18	Corp. Oct. 15, '18.
Tollefsrud, Merwin B.	5-7-18	Corp. Oct. 15, '18.
Phillips, Clarence A.	5-25-18	Corp. Oct. 15, '18.
Quant, Elmer E.	5-25-18	Corp. Oct. 15, '18.
Burke, Leo E.	4-25-18	Corp. Oct. 15, '18.
Fearon, Frank J.	2-23-18	Corp. Oct. 15, '18.
Kendig, William B.	12-20-17	Corp. Nov. 1, '18.
Rohrer, Herbert A.	4-29-18	Corp. Nov. 1, '18.
Wagley, Ernest N.	4-29-18	Pvt. 1st. Cl. Nov. 1, '18. Corp. Dec. 1, '18.
Hildreth, Edward C.	4-29-18	Pvt. 1st. Cl. Nov. 1, '18. Corp. Dec. 1, '18.

331st Field Artillery

CORPORALS	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	PROMOTIONS.
Fitzgerald, William C.	9-18-17	Pvt. 1st. Cl. Nov. 1, '18. Corp. Dec. 1, '18.
Ohlin, Phillip B.	6-24-18	Pvt. 1st. Cl. Nov. 1, '18. Corp. Dec. 1, '18.
Selvig, James J.	6-27-18	Pvt. 1st. Cl. Nov. 1, '18. Corp. Dec. 1, '18.
Lundgren, Joseph	6-24-18	Pvt. 1st. Cl. Nov. 1, '18. Corp. Dec. 1, '18.

COOKS.

Dorn, Herbert J.	4-29-18	Cook Nov. 1, '18.
Frost, Anton F.	9-7-17	Cook Apr. 1, '18.
Norman, Leon E.	9-7-17	Cook Oct. 1, '17.

HORSESHOERS

Kind, Edward E.	9-18-17	Horseshoer July 10, '18
Scheller, Arthur H.	9-18-17	Horseshoer Dec. 1, '17.

MECHANICS.

Braun, Martin P.	9-18-17	Mechanic Nov. 1, '18.
Kent, Sheldon E.	3-2-18	Mechanic Nov. 1, '18.
Liebhauser, Joe J.	9-18-17	Pvt. 1st. Cl. Feb. 12, '18. Mechanic Apr. 8, '18.
Zelenski, Ben J.	9-18-17	Mechanic Dec. 24, '17.

SADDLER

Schwantz, Albert F.	9-18-17	Saddler Apr. 8, '18.
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BUGLERS

Keuler, Henry J.	9-18-17	Bugler Feb. 12, '18.
Klinke, Wilbur J.	9-18-17	Bugler Feb. 12, '18.
Mc Grail, Verne	6-24-18	Bugler Aug. 20, '18.

PRIVATES

FIRST CLASS

	DATE OF ENLISTMENT
Anderson, John C.	4-25-18
Bahr, Emil O. P.	9-18-17
Bohan, Francis	10-2-17
Broadway, Arthur	1-30-18
Bunch, Russell	6-27-18
Debbins, Jonas H.	6-27-18
Duzinski, Frank H.	10-2-17
Gentry, Hobart F.	6-24-18
Gratton, William	9-18-17
Hess, Lyle E.	9-18-17
Hooley, Matt C.	6-25-18
Johnson, Reuben C.	10-2-17
Jones, William R.	9-18-17
Kilmer, Charles J.	9-18-17
Klix, Frank H.	9-18-17
Kratzke, Adin J.	4-25-18
Le Verty, Frederick A.	2-19-18
Lowry, Charles E.	7-28-17

PRIVATES

FIRST CLASS

	DATE OF ENLISTMENT
Magden, Grant E.	7-26-18
Meyer, George C.	5-29-18
Oelke, Benjamin H.	9-7-17
Palmer, Alvin D.	10-2-17
Petropulos, John A.	9-18-17
Phillips, Leonard	9-18-17
Pufahl, Edward G.	9-18-17
Quinn, Joseph J.	6-24-18
Rohde, Fred A.	5-29-18
Smith, Alfred G.	9-18-17
Towne, Elton R.	12-5-17
Towne, Floyd F.	10-2-17
Trappe, John R.	4-25-18
Van Keuren, Harry E.	4-29-18
Weishoff, Harry W.	9-18-17
Westerveld, Charlie G.	9-18-17
Zeliath, Gunnar	6-24-18
Ziesemer, Frank A.	9-18-17

331st Field Artillery

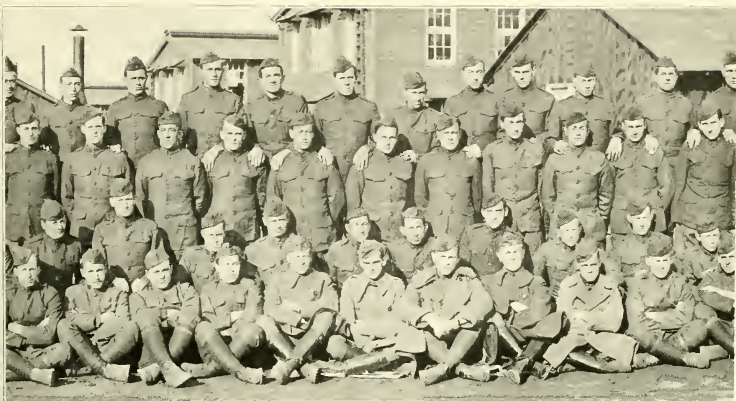
PRIVATES	DATE OF ENLISTMENT	PRIVATES	DATE OF ENLISTMENT
Abendroth, Allen E.	7-24-18	Groskopf, Paul O.	6-20-18
Allen, Leroy G.	4-29-18	Hallstrom, Leonard G.	6-27-18
Anderson, Eskil A.	6-25-18	Halpap, Herman C.	7-21-18
Anderson, Julius J.	6-25-18	Hansen, Lorens	6-23-18
Andrefeski, Thomas	4-25-18	Head, Frank	6-27-18
Bacon, George C.	6-27-18	Jannusch, Edward	5-25-18
Bartels, Henry W.	7-22-18	Janyja, Wojcieh	6-27-18
Baummann, Arthur W.	6-26-18	Jones, Robert M.	7-24-18
Berkey, Claude E.	6-24-18	Kapraun, Louis A.	6-27-18
Bianchini, Angelo	5-24-18	Keller, George H.	1-30-18
Bishop, Carl	6-24-18	Knauss, Harvey H.	6-25-18
Blom, Elmer N.	4-29-18	Knoll, Earl M.	6-27-18
Bober, Louis E.	4-26-18	Kramer, Ernest A.	9-7-17
Bockin, Walter F.	9-18-17	Kublank, Carl A.	6-26-18
Braje, Joseph Z.	9-20-17	Lackus, Peter J.	4-29-18
Brandt, Raymond F.	7-22-18	Lada, Ladislav	5-27-18
Broughton, Ermine C.	6-28-18	Lenz, Fred	1-30-18
Brown, Lloyd M.	8-10-18	Lindstadt, John H.	5-28-18
Cannon, Lester	6-27-18	Mc Inerney, John W.	6-24-18
Carlson, Charley G.	6-24-18	Millar, John W.	7-25-18
Chaffin, Ellis J.	6-27-18	Morong, Andrew	4-27-18
Clemins, John	9-18-17	Nelson, Alvin G.	5-25-18
Cobb, Charles O.	6-25-18	Peterson, Peter S.	5-27-18
Collins, William L.	6-26-18	Petraszak, John S.	9-18-17
Corey, Vern	6-28-18	Raminger, Henry A.	4-29-18
Crass, Walter A.	5-27-18	Saue, John P.	5-25-18
Crouch, Ernest	6-24-18	Shoemaker, Ernest A.	4-29-18
Crowner, Warren R.	5-25-18	Smith, Clyde L.	6-25-18
Cunningham, Francis C.	6-25-18	Smith, William	5-25-18
Day, Clark E.	6-26-18	Steinbach, Christian J.	7-24-18
Dillon, Joseph C.	5-27-18	Sullivan, George R.	7-22-18
Dwyer, Cornelius W.	6-26-18	Sveom, Austin	6-27-18
Engstrom, Otto W.	6-26-18	Thompson, Alvin T.	5-25-18
Erdman, William J.	6-26-18	Thompson, Henry	4-29-18
Erickson, William F.	6-27-18	Thoms, Robert A.	6-26-18
Gillespie, Joseph J.	7-25-18	Urbanski, Steven	6-28-18
Gonnering, Peter J.	6-27-18	Volk, John	5-27-18
Gorski, Charles	6-28-18	Vrany, Frank	5-27-18
Grafelman, Theodore A.	6-27-18	Wagner, Nick	5-27-18
Grebner, Albert	6-27-18	Wallen, Sigurd B.	4-29-18



Top Row—Lucia, Rice, W. Smith, Greffenius, Maney, DeVoe, Engstrom, Dwyer, Quinn, Rohde
Second Row—Shoemaker, Hess, Ohlin, Quant, Carrier, Bober, Hubler, Magden, Lenz, Reschke, Thoms
Third Row—Frost, Ickes, McEssy, Lindstadt, Wallen, Johnson, Berkey, Gillespie, McGrail, Shafer, Gorski
Bottom Row—Mechelke, Fitzgerald, Kendig, Bahr, Millar, Walmer, Gratton, Klix, Pufahl, Halpap



Top Row—Meyer, Gony, Jr. Anderson, Groskopf, Andrefeski, Williams, Fitzpatrick, Hooley, Schwantz, Bunch, Bartels, Clemins
Second Row—Gonnering, Kratzke, Erickson, Trappe, Head, Allen, Day, Oelke, Zobel, Saue
Third Row—R. Jones, Westerveld, Lowry, Cunningham, Erdman, Selvig, Vraney, F. Towne, Dorn, Dobbins
Bottom Row—Grebner, Petropulos, Lunderen, H. Thompson, Knoll, LeVert, Dillon, Broughton, Raminger



Top Row—Koehn, Thiel, Sveom, J. J. Anderson, McInerney, Duzinski, Kramer, Kilmer, Tollefsrud, Kind, Petraszak, Baumann
Second Row—Pfeiffer, J. C. Anderson, Braun, Blom, Lackus, Palmer, Bockin, Swan, Peterson, Burke, Collins
Third Row—Chaffin, Morong, Klinke, Crouch, Abendroth, Weishoff, Volk, Rohrer, Bohan, L. Phillips
Bottom Row—Norman, Knauss, Liebhauser, Kent, Lt. Weikman, Lt. Golding, Capt. Howard, Lt. Bragdon, Lt. Copley, Janyja, A.G. Smith



Top Row—Wagley, Keller, Sullivan, Brown, Crouner, Jannusch, Nelson, Parker, Oldenburg, Boelke
Second Row—Hallstrom, Kapraun, Cannon, Ziesemer, Carlson, Mahoney, A. Thompson, Urbanski, Zeliath, Broadway, Chafaris
Third Row—Gentry, Brandt, C. Phillips, Hansen, E. Towne, Keuler, Braje, Kublank, Steinbach, W. Jones
Bottom Row—Hildreth, Scheller, C. Smith, Lada, Bianckini, Wagner, Bishop, Bacon, Cobb, Fearon, Neely

Former Members of Battery A

Peter G. Amacher
 Henry C. Anderson
 Norman Anderson
 Nils Anderson
 Peter A. Apostolopoulos
 August Axcelson
 Frank Bailey
 Leo Baldwin
 Sam M. Bashour
 Elmer F. Becker
 Soren A. Benson
 Lawrence L. Berg
 George N. Bever
 Richard A. Billings
 George A. Birschbach
 Wilbur G. Blackbird
 *John F. Blair
 Henry P. Blank
 Edward W. Bloodow
 Victor W. Boers
 Edward W. Boom
 Sam B. Bosley
 Phillip J. Braun
 Walter E. Braeutigam
 Lincoln W. Breese
 Charles C. Brunhoefer
 Henry A. Busse
 Leonard R. Butenhoff
 James J. Carr
 Jesse M. Carrell
 Frank Clough
 James J. Correy
 Herman E. Corrigan
 *Frank W. Cosgrove
 Otto L. Cyrtmus
 William G. Dauman
 Gerald G. Deering
 George Deitte
 Joseph J. DeGroot
 Lawrence C. Ditsworth
 William A. Doms
 Robert A. Easley
 Joseph Einberger
 Jacob L. Eiteuner
 Earl M. Evans
 George Evans
 Emil A. Feldt
 Lawrence C. Fisher
 Frank E. Fleming
 Lee W. Foote
 Dwight W. Fowler
 Thomas M. Freuen
 Leo A. Francisco

Frank T. Fraser
 Louis M. Froiseth
 James J. Gavagan
 Phillip J. Gazecki
 *Thomas T. Gentles
 Edward J. Gilgenbach
 Edward F. Gilson
 William F. Graeske
 Leon E. Greely
 *John A. Groenert
 Clarence A. Gruenawald
 Edward Grunderman
 Hubert T. Haase
 George W. E. Hamilton
 Theodore Hanisch
 Einar E. Hansen
 John E. Hansen
 John P. Hansen
 Anton J. Hilbert
 Oscar A. Hornburg
 Louis A. Huhn
 Wallace Jewson
 Tom Jim
 Jorgen Johnson
 Otto M. Johnson
 William Johnson
 John M. Kalmimios
 Joseph Kankovski
 George A. Kapas
 *Cyrus W. Kastorff
 John Kathan
 William F. Keuther
 Edwin F. Klugo
 George W. Kohls
 Reinhard W. Kolle
 Robert C. Konow
 Herman Kops
 Ernest Koshnick
 Herman H. Koshnick
 Paul G. Koshnick
 Milton J. Kottke
 Otto M. Krecklow
 William Kulow
 Fred G. Kunkel
 Irving R. Kunstlich
 Arthur W. Lange
 Otto Lange
 William Langenburg
 Raymond A. Larson
 Alfred W. Lawrence
 Robert F. Lessard
 William Liebman
 Herman L. Loomans

*Later Commissioned.

331st Field Artillery

Stanley S. Lubienetzke
Robert N. Maibuchner
Louis A. Malinowski
Abe Masnek
Paul Mayer
Ray G. McEntee
Walter C. McLean
Joseph Meidl, Jr.
Anton Meier
Robert J. Melville
Arthur T. Mertes
Frank Mertes
Fred H. Michaels
Anthony Mielenz
Michael Mies
Edwin A. Mischke
Carl F. Moderow
Eugene J. Moran
James J. Moran
James T. Moreland
Arthur E. Niles
Earl J. O'Toole
Fred C. Pahlow
Walter Parrish
Emil H. Plagenz
Oswald B. Pederson
Edward A. Petersen
Bernard C. Peterson
Fred Peterson
John Peterson
Oscar D. Peterson
John A. Pitas
*Thomas B. Pope
James A. Powers
Edward Puddy
Gustave O. Quade
Erwin Retzleff
*Leo E. Reuder
Dee A. Ridgeway
Leo C. Riedeman
Frank Robl
Ambrose J. Ryan
Jacob N. Sabel
Edwin C. Schaumberg

Alex T. Scheffler
Charles Schilling
Herman F. Schultz
William Schultz
Casper C. Schaefer
Lee Shupe
Jay W. Slyter
Walter J. Smith
Wesley Smith
Nick B. Sowinski
Arthur F. Stolfus
Celo L. Snyder
Henry Stange
Thomas Spicic
Frank Styad
Per V. Swanson
Joseph Szep
Stanley Stoloski
Leon H. Tew
Edward J. Thompson
Joseph Tobolski
Roy S. Towne
Adolph E. Ullrich
Albert F. Wagner
Roman O. Weber
Louis Weber
Andy Westhuis
Arthur H. Wendt
Delmar L. Weenink
Fred H. Wilsnack
Vincent L. Whaelon
Bernard Winarski
Richard Wiersema
Joseph F. Wlk
Michael F. Whooley
James Whooley
Andrew T. White
John J. Wuest
Nick B. Zagoras
Paul Zeto
Fred A. Zilke
Walter C. Zimmerman
Emil A. Zimmerman

*Later Commissioned

331st Field Artillery





History of the Battery at Camp Grant

BY SERGT. N. E. MANSY AND CORP. WILLIAM R. McESSY.

It all happened this way. Capt. Hubert E. Howard, 1st Lt. Newton O. Holt, 2nd Lts. Merritt C. Bragdon, Edward C. Weikman, and Howard R. Copley, all received their commissions at the first R.O.T.C. August 15, 1917, at Ft. Sheridan. They reported at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., and were assigned to Battery "A", 331st Field Artillery on August 30, 1917. From then on they were ready and fit to take on all comers, and knew they could make soldiers out of all men that came into Battery "A". The first increment of drafted men to arrive came from Fond du Lac County on September 8, 1917, and they were transported from the depot in Rockford on army trucks. Among this increment were fat, lean, tall and short species of men; also one bald-headed, tall, lean, lanky, strong fellow whose name was Oldenburg, from Ripon, Wisconsin. The boys asked why the vacant space on the dome; and his reply was that he was at the end of the line when the hair was passed around and saw nothing but red and blonde hair left, so he decided he would keep what he had and maybe some day he would receive his regular allotment. I have seen a common oat straw driven through steel by a cyclone, but I imagine it would be a much harder task to push hair through solid ivory. From the appearance of all the men it was quite evident that they were willing and eager to commence their army career. The first increment included such men as Oldenburg, Cosgrove, Fitzpatrick, Boom, Carrier, Meidl, Fowler, Swan, Hubler, Reuder, Powers, Norman, Blackbird, Foote, Oelke, Kramer, Greffenius and Kastorff.

Upon their arrival at camp they were issued bed sacks, and then marched for about one mile through mud ankle deep to a straw pile and told to fill their sacks if they wanted to be sure of a comfortable night's rest. This task completed they were taken to the supply room, where they received mess kits; then to the mess hall, where they partook of their first army meal under the jurisdiction of Uncle Sam. The meal consisted of Mulligan stew, Karo sirup, bread and coffee. One big fellow who always did have a sweet tooth, namely, Frank Cosgrove, decided his coffee needed more sweetening before he could drink it. From a large, white bowl similar to the ones used at home, which was placed on the table, he proceeded to help himself to the supposed sugar; but much to his sorrow as well as surprise, he soon discovered the contents of the bowl to be salt. From then on he took no chances. The first meal was hard to take after being dined and banquetted for a couple of weeks prior to the departure of the men from home, but they all gritted their teeth and said nothing. They knew the rules of the army were to do what you were told to do, and to eat what you had to eat, and say nothing; but from all indications it was quite evident that it was going to be some time before Kastorff would be able to train his stomach to like and relish army rations. After a day or so you could see his mind was wandering back to mother's table all covered with frosted cakes and juicy pies. The rest of the men immediately made up their minds that it would be quite necessary to eat in order to become masters in their new profession.

All the men were greatly peeved when the lights were turned out at 9 p. m., "Tattoo," and naturally the main topic of discussion was, "I wonder what is going on back home about this time," or "Do you remember, Powers, where

we were a week ago to-night!" Soon everybody was in slumberland, dreaming of the terrible things he was going to do to the Huns when he got "over there". At dawn their dreams were shattered by several sharp blasts from the army bugler, and everybody jumped out of his downy bunk, hurriedly dressed and went down stairs so surprised that many of them thought, or were under the impression that peace had been declared. They were informed by their officers that reveille had blown and that they were to get in formation; also that this formation would take place every morning as long as they were in the army. They were also informed what they were to do that day and what was expected of each man. After breakfast Capt. Howard called them into the mess hall, gave them a formal introduction to all his lieutenants, and told the men that they were to be transformed from farmers, clerks, students, and business men to soldiers of the new National Army.

The following day Cook Mechelke, Sergeants Slyter and Tobolski of the Regular Army arrived to assist the officers with the training of the new men. The day's work started early in the morning and lasted until sundown. The men were drilled and given instructions pertaining to the "School of the Squad and Soldier." While it was an exceedingly odd sight to see men drilling in civilian clothes, they soon acquired a fair knowledge of their new work before uniforms were issued. When the army breeches and blouses were given out, all the men were seen strutting around the regimental area in the height of their glory, each thinking that he made a better looking soldier than the other fellow. Very often you would find Kastorff standing in front of a looking glass admiring himself, and putting on little dabs of face powder.

From then on all men commenced writing home, telling the folks all about their uniforms and work, and how well they were going to like their new jobs. They toiled faithfully and earnestly until the day before the second increment arrived, which found them busily engaged filling bed sacks and carrying bunks and arranging everything for the new men who were scheduled to arrive the following day.

On September 19th, 144 men arrived from Fond du Lac, Green Lake and Winnebago Counties at 6:00 p. m. They were marched from the depot in camp escorted by officers, and were accorded a rousing reception by the men of the first increment, with remarks such as, "You will like it," "Wait till you get a dish of beans," and many others. Upon their arrival at the barracks, Capt. Howard called the roll and found everybody present. They were marched by the door of the supply room, and were given mess kits for future use and convenience. Then they went up stairs. Cosgrove and Blackbird stood at the top of the stairs, and picked off the fellows they knew and wanted in their end of the barracks. There being so many men in line, the supply officer, Lt. Copley, and his assistants were about as busy as a band of cranberry merchants. This task being over with, we were told that supper was being served in the mess hall. We were introduced to a sumptuous spread of the much condemned army hash, Karo sirup, bread and coffee. Blackbird was doing his regular turn of K.P. duty, and entertained all the boys by a steady flow of wit and humor. Then the boys returned up stairs to make their new beds and get ready for slumberland. Every one did this in jig time, but McEssy had several heated arguments with Fitzgerald about how it should be made. Finally they both got tired of talking and fell asleep. Some of the fellows insisted on talking after nine o'clock, but they were soon informed by "Hard Boiled" Sergt. Slyter that they were in the army now and not milking cows.

At this time the battery consisted of five officers and approximately 175 men. The next complicated problem was to issue complete uniforms to the men. Some were only issued trousers and hats; others, shoes and blouses. For several days you could see men without leggings; some with civilian hats, etc. One tall fellow from Berlin, Wis., took first prize. He came to camp with a straw hat big enough to keep the sun off the entire battery, and his name was John Petraszak. He

soon mastered the art of doing the different drills, and was about as handy doing an about face as an elephant would be trying to turn around on a peanut. Most of the men were more fortunate, and therefore able to present a soldierly appearance.

Gloom made its first appearance when the men received their first inoculation and were vaccinated. For several nights all were unable to get proper rest due to sore backs and lame arms. Many harsh words were spoken to the man that slapped his friend on the back during the next few days. Soon the men received the third and last shot, and work commenced in earnest. A regular training schedule was followed, it being understood that after sixteen weeks of strenuous training in the states we would be sent across the deep blue sea to battle the terrible Hun.

Everything worked fine. All men were eager to become real soldiers, though many were tired out nights, and several found blisters on their feet the first week.

The next step in training was to learn how to mount and dismount wooden horses, which were erected and proved to be a source of worry to both officers and men for several days. Visitors could distinctly hear the commands of Lt. Weikman while he tried his best to teach the men the way to mount and dismount a horse correctly. Many a hard fall was taken by the men, because the task was harder than it looked; but they soon became masters of it, and then the real horses were issued. Trouble started at once. Each man was issued a curry comb and brush, and told to clean a certain horse, watched by the much idolized acting non-com and Lt. Weikman. Some of the horses seemed to enjoy being taken care of, while others insisted on being left alone. Several of the men were kicked for trying to do what they were told. In a short time, however, most of the horses became accustomed to the men, and acted as if they enjoyed a good brushing up every day. From then on you would hear Lt. Weikman's gentle voice shout every morning: "Outside with surcingle and blankets." Soon the men found out that blisters were raised on other parts of the body besides the feet.

Then guns were made out of old wagon wheels and timbers, and the men were instructed by Lts. Copley and Holt on the posts of the cannoneers and their duties. The men were watched closely by the officers, and those whom they thought could be made into cannoneers were then picked for that position, while the rest of the men were assigned to the driver's section. We were then issued one set of harness, and the drivers under Lt. Weikman were taught how to harness the horses and to memorize the different parts of the harness. Soon they were seen out on the field with six horses all harnessed and learning to drive them.

Rumors started coming in about where we were going to go. One was that we were going to finish training at Havana, Cuba. Another fellow would come in and say we were going to go to France in 30 days. Another fellow heard that we were going to the Hawaiian Islands. But our hopes were all shattered when in November an order came to send 37 men to Camp Pike, Arkansas. From then on every week orders would come in to send men to a certain camp. Soon we had only about 75 men left. The battery remained at this strength all through the winter, and the men were kept busy on detail, unloading coal or shoveling snow. The extra time was spent grooming horses. Finally the grand and glorious order came in about May 1, 1918, that we were going to hike to Sparta, Wisconsin. We got busy making preparations for the trip and left Camp Grant on the morning of May 14, 1918, on our first lap of the journey to get the Hun.

The Hike to Sparta

By CORPORAL ERNEST N. WAGLEY

"Listen! Here's the latest. The One Hundred and Sixty-first Field Artillery Brigade is going to move. Yep, going to start next week and hike it to Sparta," said Barney Swan, as he sallied into the barracks with an ice cream cone in his hand.

"Some more of your old line I suppose, Barney," said one. "Which way was the wind blowing this evening?" said another. "I think old Camp Grant has adopted us. We will move there the same way we went overseas, to the Philippines, and almost every place on God's green earth where they could ship troops," said still another.

No one believed it. However, the next two or three days the rumors floated in every time the door was opened. We were to leave Tuesday next sure. Then the trip was postponed. Finally after two or three similar postponements, Monday evening May the thirteenth found every one busy. That evening saw the last barracks bag loaded in the car and the kitchen wagons filled to the top. One fellow with a slippery hand managed to ease in a pair of garrison shoes in one corner under the stove, in spite of "Grif's" eagle eye. Everything was to be ready for an early morning start.

Early it surely was. The bugler's "Big Ben" was evidently on the job. Promptly at four he sounded. Out we piled after a hard night's rest on the springs, gulped our last breakfast at Camp Grant; finished rolling our packs, gave the barracks a good once over, and off to the stables with our packs over our arms we went. With the assistance of the officers everyone was saddled up in some sort of fashion by seven. Most of the fellows were favored with one extra horse, and some were even lucky enough to get two. No reason why we should ever have to walk. If the horse we were riding should get weak under the load he was carrying, our two leaders including "131" and others could soon fix it so that we could perhaps bum a ride in the ambulance; at least on the caisson. Not every Artillery man is that lucky. At seven thirty the bugler sounded, "Attention,—Forward,—March"—Battery A fell into line with Lieut. Graham in command and the big hike was on.

After a couple of duly appreciated halts and an hour or so of traveling, we reached Rockford. The girls especially were all out to bid the fellows good-by. It is even said that John Petraszak, sitting as erect in his saddle as possible, spoke to one as he went by.

By noon the column was about three miles out of Rockford. Along the interurban track we stopped, dismounted, and stretched our already sore and stiff muscles. "Unsaddle and Feed," was the order. With some difficulty, it being the first time, we managed to get that heavy saddle and pack loose, and on the ground. Almost had a nose bag on, when along came the Interurban and queered

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the whole thing. Finally, in spite of orders, after some love taps on the nose, we managed to get those nose bag straps buckled. Horses sure are dumb animals. There are mighty few of us who won't admit that, after our experience in trying to teach them at every meal during the entire trip, that there was not room enough in one nose bag for two noses. Beaucoup religion was lost in the attempt. In vain, however, for they were just as bad at the end of the trip as they were at the first.

"When do we eat?" was the universal cry. Nothing was in sight, and "Grif" said that he had no instructions. We had eaten breakfast at four-thirty. A few of the thoughtful had purchased chocolate bars the previous evening. These were devoured eagerly. The most of us, though, had to fill up with cussing the horses, and a survey of the landscape in general.

The hour allotted for our noon-day meal (to-day conspicuous by its absence) was soon up. After some confusion in getting saddled, we were off again.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when "Bunny" Jones was sent ahead to mark Battery A's camping spot. That, we soon learned, was the sign that we were nearing camp. It indeed was a great relief, when, after a hard day's ride, wondering how much longer we would have to sit in that saddle, our arms almost paralyzed from trying to keep our lead horses away from the heels of the ones ahead, we saw "Bunny" go galloping ahead with the guidon.

When we reached camp that evening, we found it a green pasture, which soon became a city. Soldiers everywhere. Pup tents, horses upon horses tied to picket lines, wagons loaded with provisions, and smoking field kitchens seemed to be just literally jammed into one little spot. Hungry! Well I guess we were! However, not until we had watered (riding bareback, on razorbacks), fed and groomed the horses, did we fall in line for chow. From four-thirty in the morning until eight at night we went without eats, so we sure did eat what there was. No one wasted much time after supper before rolling in. Right on the ground with three blankets, we slept good and sound.

Thus passed the first day of the hike, the general routine of which, with a few varying circumstances, we were to follow every day until we reached Camp Robinson.

At four-thirty in the morning the bugler was again on the job. Out into the semi-darkness we went a little stiff, otherwise not much worse off from our first day. After watering and a breakfast of corn flakes, bacon, bread and coffee, we broke camp. Without much confusion except a little trouble in getting horses off the picket line, we moved out and were on the road again for the second day.

At ten-thirty we passed through Beloit. Many familiar faces were seen among the crowd. Blackbird especially was unusually busy exchanging greetings. Noon to-day found us a little more fortunate than on the first. Thanks to someone we had two bacon sandwiches a piece. This was to be our lunch every day; that is, it consisted of two sandwiches; one day, jam; one day, salmon; and the third day,

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bacon. Quite some variety! That day we lunched alongside a Fairbanks Morse factory, whose girls were on hand to fill all empty canteens and supply any desired conversation.

We reached the Town line bridge, six miles north of Beloit, in the afternoon. Here we camped the second night. Many friends and visitors were out to see us in the evening.

The next morning again found us on the march on schedule time. The city of Janesville, which we passed through in the morning, welcomed us in fine shape. The streets were jammed with people who had gathered to see us pass by.

That evening found us camped at a little place called Leyden. The only features of the place were the one and only store, where "Grif" managed to scare up a crate of eggs, which he really and truly fed us in the morning; and the large crowd of spectators who had come from miles to see the Big Show, Ringling Bros. had nothing on us that night. Our only regret is that we could not charge admission. The proceeds surely would have supplied us liberally with cones and Hershey bars for the trip.

The next day and night were uneventful. We were now getting over most of our soreness and had somewhat acclimated ourselves to conditions. "Smithy" claimed that number ten bareback did not phase him any more.

About three p. m. on the fourth day we pulled into the fair grounds at Madison. Truly a dandy place to camp. Hardly had we been there an hour before the Red Cross ladies were on the job. Cookies, candy, cigarettes, and gum were passed out in great order by the fair ones. A little horse hair mixed in made no difference. Just added a little spicing. That evening found several of the fellows in town introducing their hobnails to the cement. Staying out late made no difference; for the next day was Sunday and we were not to hike, but to rest.

The day came bright and sunshiny. Thousands of visitors took advantage of the weather, and were on hand to watch us perform our camp duties. Even the few who braved the icy waters of Lake Monona for a bath could not escape unnoticed, although Carl Boelke claims that a tree will hide more of him than most of us think. A most miserable hail storm, which almost caused a couple of the men to cash in, wound up the otherwise pleasant day. The horses, frightened by the hail, which came just as we were watering, almost stampeded. Horses without riders went in all directions. Luckily in a few minutes all the runaways found their way back to the picket line, and all was well again with the exception of two or three fellows who were bruised and scratched up a bit.

Monday morning saw us resume the march again. Straight through town, past the University and its co-eds we paraded, reaching Token Creek in the afternoon. The place offered no excitement except "the usual camp duties."

Poynette was our next stop, where lot's of fun was in store for us. First, the watering place was deucedly far away from the camp. It seemed we rode for

ages before we hit the place. Then, second, we had the experience of going through a cyclone.

It was in the evening about eight o'clock and just getting dusk. Some of the fellows had already turned in, others were wandering around camp, and others had gone up town on the pretense of procuring a cake of soap or some such other essential. The sky became dark. A wind arose and,—zip, it was raining, blowing, thundering and lightening for further orders. Thank fortune it only lasted ten minutes. Practically all our pup tents were down, equipment all wet and some blown away. Part of it was recovered the next morning on the fence. Our sandwiches for our noon day meal the next day were soaked and scattered all over. Everything was a mess. We ourselves were soaked to the skin, and as many as possible huddled up to what was left of the kitchen stove in an effort to dry off a bit. In spite of all this everyone was game and on the job, when a farmer called on us for help. His barn had blown down on top of his cattle. After wading in mud and water, we administered the proper aid, Oldenburg and Reschke featuring with their ability at swinging the axe. At any rate we freed a cow, a sheep, and a colt. Tired and wet, we spent the night in various ways. Some went up town, woke the inhabitants and were lucky enough to get a bed or at least space on the floor. Others sat by the kitchen fire, and others in a barn nearby on some hay and stones with cows as companion sleepers. Boelke and DeVoe preferred their wet pup tent and blankets. A little water was of no consequence now.

The next morning was bright and sunshiny. We pulled ourselves together and rolled our wet stuff; some we found and some we didn't. Along the road trees, wires, barns and buildings were blown down. It had been a real cyclone all right, and we were lucky devils not to have been hurt. In the afternoon we reached Portage. Our camp was about two miles out of town. All will agree that it was the best one that we hit, and from all indications Portage is some town. We had no sooner gotten set up than the Red Cross girls were out to see us, strong in every sense of the word. Ice cream, cake, cookies, candy, and cigarettes galore were passed out from a regular stand. Seconds, thirds and even fourths were in order. In the evening Oldenburg and number twenty-seven put on a show for the visitors. At mess in the evening "Grif" and Blackbird mixed tongues a bit, but were soon properly silenced by Lieut. Weikman. Also a very good time was reported by the fellows who managed to get out of camp to attend the dance in town. It was here that we bid adieu to Lieut. Graham, who had been in command of the Battery, and Lieuts. Brooks and Bare, all of whom were ordered to return to Camp Grant to report for other duties. The next day Lieut. Collins took command.

Thursday night found us in Kilbourne, encamped in a woods just outside of town. The next day we enjoyed our second day of rest since starting. Most everyone visited the Dells of Wisconsin or the barber shops some time during the day. In the evening all the girls from the country around, dressed in their best, appeared in town. The citizens of Kilbourne were giving a pavement dance with the 331st band furnishing the music. Even the hob nails slid around easily.

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Ben Zelenski was out in his usual fine form. Liebhauser is still willing to argue with anyone who will not admit it, that he had the best girl.

No sooner had we gotten home from the dance (about ten o'clock), when lo and behold, the order came to move out that night at once. Immediately we started to make ready. Rolling one's pack and finding all equipment, especially the horse, is no easy matter at night. Several men expected to be pawed, or have a chunk of flesh bitten out as they crouched in front of the horses on the picket line, scraping the mud off the hoofs, so as to see the numbers. It was great sport. Nevertheless we can't stop for such little things in the army. We were ready and out we pulled at once.

Such a tiresome hike as this was! In spite of one's best efforts he could not keep from going to sleep. Sleeping in the saddle seems almost an impossibility, but it is true that it can be done. Several fellows pleaded guilty of doing it, and it is not to be doubted but that they had plenty of company. Daylight finally came, and in a great many cases it was more good luck than good management on our part, that found us still in good line. The ride began to seem almost endless. Finally, however, we pulled into a low swampy spot, where we were to camp. No sooner was the minimum amount of work done, than if any one had peered inside the pup tents he would have found everyone purring most industriously. Several of the fellows did not wake up until the wetness of the surroundings made things most uncomfortable. Bill McEssy never did understand how his hip got so wet.

It rained hard for two hours and the place was a veritable swamp. Watering and feeding in the sea of mud was especially delightful that evening. John Petraszak was the only one who did not seem to be much upset about affairs. Somehow or other we managed to live through it. Our spirits, though, dropped considerable, when we found out that our next camp at Hastler was just about the same. The rain continued and the mud became worse. The soft, slimy clay stuck to us and our horses like glue. Currying was also especially delightful these evenings.

Our last camp, at Hillside, cheered us up a bit, and gave us a better taste as far as mud was concerned. It was high and dry on a hillside. We pitched our pup tents here and there among the stumps. The watering place, however, compensated for its being dry. It was the worst that we had struck. Through the woods for miles and then down a descent steeper than a mountain to a two by four stream so dirty that the horses would not drink. Blackbird resorted to somersaulting when going down. The rest of us, though, did not care to take chances on that. Profanity somewhat relieved our discomfort and anger.

"Never mind," said a couple of fellows who were in a better mood than the rest. "We reach Camp Robinson tonight and they have real watering troughs there."

So we did. On the twenty-eighth of May, after a long and tedious hike among the hills, all of a sudden the barracks of Robinson loomed up in front of us. Never

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before did barracks look so good. We were really to have a roof over our heads. We wouldn't have to wake up lying in a pool of water. Riding bareback to water, sandwiches for dinner, a hurry up and a general confusion of finding your horse and getting him off of the picket line in the morning were all to be things of the past. Never to be forgotten, though, for they were firmly impressed upon different parts of our bodies.

The big hike was over. The biggest since the civil war. Now we were all glad that we had been in it, although going through it at times was hell. A day or two of rest and some real eats looked mighty good to us.

The Summer at Camp Robinson

By CORPORAL EDWARD C. HILDRETH

On the afternoon of May 28th, Battery A, with Lieutenant Stephen W. Collins in command, pulled into Camp Robinson. The occasion was devoid of all formality; for all that anyone cared for was to have a roof over his head again and a chance to dry his wet feet. As far as we observed, the only spectator to witness our arrival was Hess, all dressed up in a nice white coat and a broad grin of welcome. Pup tents no longer claimed our attention, and our "black pets" were not able to tangle themselves up in the picket line. If any camp ever looked good to a bunch of tired soldiers it was Camp Robinson, and our later experiences proved to us that it wasn't half bad.

The first two or three days were spent in policing up the quarters and making some necessary improvements. It was some relief to be away from the mud and dust of Camp Grant even if the sand was quite conspicuous. The Battery was quartered in two barracks, had its own mess-hall, cook-shanty, and bath house.

Wednesday, the 5th of June, the Battery went out on the south range for its first firing practice, and it was more or less exciting for all concerned. Sergeants Thiel and Fitzpatrick, who were only Corporals then, acted as gunners. Most everyone felt better after the guns had been fired once and no casualties were reported. Jerry and Fitz, their faces covered with smoke, were regarded as heroes when the affair was over.

During the next two weeks the Battery participated in battalion problems, the fellows acting as guns, caissons, or whatever was required. Corporal Tollefsrud featured in one of these by suddenly "dismounting" from No. 128, who then took the most direct route back to the stables.

Captain Howard and Lieutenant Bragdon came back to the battery the second of July, and the Captain came out to Hill 1060 the next day to watch the battery fire. On this occasion the gun crews displayed such efficiency in "Fire at will" that several Liberty Bonds worth of ammunition was used up before the order came over the wires to "cease firing."

The week end beginning with July 4th found most of the battery on pass. That Sunday there were so many men absent that watering and grooming of the "blacks" involved considerable labor for those who were present.

The latter part of July the battery was increased to the full war strength of one hundred and ninety-four men by the arrival of three detachments from the 161st Depot Brigade at Camp Grant. Although many of the new men had only been in the army a few weeks, they were soon taking an active part in the battery, especially in the line of "details," much to the relief and delight of the old fellows. The battery was reorganized and the new men placed in regular sections, so the battery looked far different at retreat and reveille than it did at Camp Grant with a mere handful of men present.

It was also about this time that the rumors—you know the kind of rumors I mean—began to come pretty fast concerning the departure of the brigade for the embarkation camp in the East. Bunny Jones assisted in this work of creating rumors as he would come out of the orderly room with a long face and claim to have some inside dope on the situation. If we remember correctly it was then that our "Guidon" informed the battery that a requisition had been placed with the "O.M." for a bicycle for his personal use in France. Of course all memories will fall once in a while, but we have visions of "Bun" riding in an "Hommes 40-Chevaux 8" instead of on the pneumatic tires of his bicycle.

Along with these "bathhouse" rumors came the desire of almost all the battery to visit once more the "scenes of their childhood" or at least La Crosse, and the Captain was besieged from morning till night by requests for passes. The sickness among near relatives was very noticeable, and one or two grandmothers passed away at this opportune time. And now that "la guerre est fini," we can at least mention the fact, that all the bunks were not always occupied at "taps" and that the railroads enjoyed increased patronage on their late trains. And while I'm on that subject, I musn't forget to at least mention Tomah, for it certainly occupies a fond spot in the memory of quite a number of the fellows. Full particulars in regard to this feature of our stay at Sparta can be obtained from "Lieber" as the censor prohibits any details.

Friday, the second of August, the Battery participated in firing several problems after dark on the north range. This proved much more interesting than our regular firing practice, although nothing of unusual interest happened. C. A. Phillips at first reported his horse "missing in action", but after walking in, he found that the steed had been salvaged by a cannoneer. As usual the cannoneers were "stuck," and had to clean the guns before going to bed, but they made up for it by slipping one over on our ever-watchful mess-sergeant. Under the leadership of our present "top-cutter" a raiding party on "Griff's" commissary stores was successfully carried out. This affair probably accounts for the "beaucoup" corn-meal which was served the battery till Jack De Voe organized his hunger strike. Even the hungry stable guards co-operated in the latter, and "Lieber" enjoyed it so that he walked through the kitchen three times just to see the expression on "Griff's" face. When the canteen opened that morning it surely did an enormous business.

When all drill periods were discontinued on Monday, the 12th of August, we really began to think some of the many rumors were going to at last come true. "Bunk fatigue" became very popular, or to be more correct, became possible. The Mechanics no longer had to hunt for a hammer or be out of lumber, and Lieber and Ben could always be found in the immediate neighborhood of their bunks. The flies were quite bad, so Sergeant "Fitz" would get the gang out "gunning flies" twice a day, but no decrease in their number was noticed. Poor Jack De Voe had strenuous times these days working in the hot warehouse, and to a certain extent made up for his life of ease at Camp Grant. Jack outfitted the battery with new clothes from underwear to over-coats and it was no little job. It was observed that the attendance of the noncoms was 100% whenever any equipment was issued.

Sergeant Boelke was also having his troubles in the gas department, for at that time he was non-commissioned gas officer. After the boys could at least get their hats off in five seconds the battery got a taste of "tear gas" and chlorine at the gas chamber.

The Advance Party of the Brigade left Camp Robinson on the 13th of August and yet no one considered it bad luck. "A" Battery's representatives included Captain Howard, Lieutenant Golding, and Sergeant Ickes. When the train pulled out of the depot that noon with the band playing and the crowd yelling, those of us who were left behind realized that we were soon to become members of the A. E. F.

Hopes went high when quite a number of kitchen and baggage cars appeared on the side tracks on a Saturday late in August, but the next Monday stock went down: for all the cars had disappeared during the night. Our horses were shipped at this same time and it was an eventful occasion when we led them down through the woods to the cars. Apparently some of them were not as anxious to leave the camp as we were, and objected to being put into the cars. However, several well directed blows with clubs soon convinced them that opposition was useless.

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During the last few weeks of our stay at Camp Robinson the battery had considerable foot-drill. This wasn't especially popular with the men, but as we only had to undergo it about two hours a day no one succumbed. Friday the 30th of August was spent in Regimental Reviews, the regiment being reviewed by Colonel Lambdin in the morning and by Brigadier General Spaulding in the afternoon.

As the time for our departure drew nearer, "dog-tag" inspections and gang-plank drills became daily occurrences. And Oh! yes, we also practiced boarding the cars of an imaginary train, which was mapped out in front of the officer's quarters. It will be remembered that Brunhoefer became famous on account of his remark at gang-plank drill of "Charles C.—sometimes K."

Finally after weeks of "watchful waiting," the kitchen and baggage cars arrived and the "top-kicker" had no trouble in getting details to work in fixing them up for use. Ben Zelenski superintended this work, and in a couple of days we had "Griff" and his precious articles of nourishment safely stowed away in one of the cars. We weren't going to take any chances of leaving our mess-sergeant behind.

Since then we have become accustomed to moving from one camp to another, but at that time such an event was mildly exciting, to say the least. And when Thursday, the 5th of September, did finally take its turn on the calendar and we rolled our packs for the last time, we were one happy bunch. It didn't take long to clean the barracks, and judging from the stuff thrown on the bon-fire a stranger would have thought we had lived there a year. All kinds of previous souvenirs were disposed of, and Wagley even had the heart to throw away the "buzzer" on which he learned to become an expert telegrapher. Lunch was served early and the battery was all ready to leave right on schedule time.

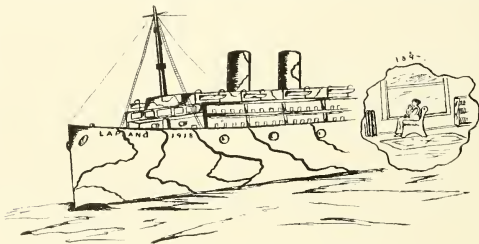
The train was waiting at the depot for us, and it didn't take long for the men to climb aboard and get located. And as the long train slowly pulled out, Camp Robinson became a thing of the past, and a new chapter in the history of Battery A was begun.

From Camp Robinson to Camp Hunt

BY CORPORAL DELMAR E. WALMER

We left Camp Robinson Sept. 5th, 1918, retaining all the fond memories of the Spartans and the good times we had enjoyed there, yet looking forward eagerly to the twelve hundred mile trip to Camp Mills, Long Island, at the port of embarkation. It was not long before rumors were afloat that we were to pass through Milwaukee, and each one was curious as to the kind of reception which would be accorded to us there. If anyone had previously doubted the patriotism of the citizens of that city, he had only to hear the shrieks of the factory whistles and the cheering of the people as we steamed into the city, in order to have these doubts dispelled. "The Angels of the Flaming Cross," were at the station and passed out fruit, chocolate and cigarettes.

During the night we covered many miles and only by the odoriferous breezes wafted in our direction from the stock-yards did we realize that we were passing



Then and Now.
(Fond memories)

through Chicago. This proved to be a disappointment to many of us, and to Wagley especially, for the tape was beginning to work again and the Red Cross was a sure way to satisfy it.

Let there may be some who may be inclined to think that the only attraction of the trip was the Red Cross, let me hasten to add that all along the route there were girls, "beaucoup girls." In fact, they were more attractive. And then, as we sped through Canada, we found that there were more girls there. They were a new species and even Ole determined to get acquainted with a few of them. Everything went well until "Sarge" unthinkingly removed his hat and revealed his—well, you know. Lieber was there and, "tout de suite," gave the command, "As you were!" But the execution was slow. Canadian girls are discriminating and Ole realized that his debut had been a failure, so there was nothing to do but retreat.

We reached Niagara Falls at ten o'clock Friday night. Believing that we should "See America First," we hiked to the Falls. From here, but little time was lost, and perhaps the most interesting scenery of the trip was that of Penn-

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sylvania. Camp Mills, Long Island, was reached on Saturday. Inspections, clothing issues, passes to New York City, et cetera, kept us busily occupied for the next week. Then it was "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France," for Sept. 17th, we sailed "Over There" on the British transport "Lapland." In the convoy were twelve transports, a battleship, an armored cruiser, a torpedo-boat destroyer, and a dirigible, although the latter returned to New York after about a day.

As the close perspective of streets, terrestrial society, and finally the Statue of Liberty vanished, we gazed upon the unwonted sight of an horizon, a level horizon, unobstructed by any obstacle of man's devising. Our trip began auspiciously, with a perfect day, as to breeze and sunshine, and our boat threw the miles out behind her with satisfactory dispatch considering the fact that she must zig-zag her way over the deep. But very little rough weather was encountered, luckily for us, and after an uneventful voyage, we arrived at Liverpool, Sunday, Sept. 29th.

The city lies on a continuous slope varying in gradient, but very steep in some parts. As we ferried to the docks in the afternoon and hiked to Knotty Ash, it was interesting to note the so-called "courts,"—neat cottages of stone. Here we rested for a day before starting on our journey through England. And a most interesting trip it was. The country was rather level and would have been monotonous had it not been for the little scenes of rural repose and quiet. Every antique farm house and moss grown cottage was a picture; as the roads are constantly winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is captivated by the beauty of the small landscapes. We arrived at Romsey that evening and hiked to Camp Woodley, which was only a short distance from the city.

Here we were privileged to visit the famous abbey. Romsey probably owes its origin, as it did its early importance, to the abbey. Its history is not clear, but a house was founded here by Edward the elder, and became a Benedictine nunnery. It was begun in the 10th century and dates in its present form mainly from the 12th century. It is a massive cruciform edifice, with a low central tower and is one of the finest examples in England of a great Norman church little altered by later builders.

After two days at Romsey, we marched the twelve miles to Southampton with full packs, and crossed the Channel during the night. The ship was very crowded, the Channel was rough, and many were sea sick. Landing at Cherbourg, France, on October 5th, we spent one day in a British rest camp above the town, and then started on our first trip in French box cars. This lasted from Sunday night to Wednesday morning, when we reached Camp Hunt, at Le Courneau, southwest of Bordeaux. Here we were to go through a six week's course of training which would fit us for active service at the front.

The Battery at Camp Hunt

By SGT. WILMARTH ICKES

On October 9th, 1918, a tired but happy bunch of fellows piled off a long line of French box cars and marched in double rank up to the barracks at Camp Hunt, Le Courneau, France. Five batteries and Headquarters Company of the 331st Field Artillery had, after long traveling, and a great deal of discomfort, arrived at their permanent camp in France where they would complete their training in modern warfare before moving forward to the lines.

Everyone was tired after the three day's journey in a far from luxurious French box car; but everyone was happy and not a grumble was heard, even when the entire battery was crowded into two barracks. A mad scramble for bunks and choice locations followed the arrival, and much comment was made upon slat bunks; but they were welcome even without straw ticks. The orderly room was established in a corner of the second barracks and gradually order came out of chaos. A week later a third barracks was allotted to "A" Battery, and this somewhat relieved the crowded conditions.

During the afternoon some venturesome soldier discovered "Jingle Town" or "The Western Front" as it was later called, and French stock in nuts, grapes and grape-juice immediately took a jump.

The following day was spent in cleaning up and resting. Many took baths in small tins of water in the wash house, and although there was no perceptible change in the darkness of the skin, nevertheless everyone had a sense of duty done.

The school detachment, which had left the outfit in August, came to Hunt on Friday the 11th, and from all reports they were exceedingly glad to be back again. No one ever learned where they had been to school or what they had learned; but they were veterans in France and were looked upon as such,—for a short period.

No guns having arrived, the whole battery was sent out on detail for the next week clearing brush and trees, on the range. The first two days everyone wanted to see the range and compare it with the one at Sparta, but the rain did a great deal towards dampening this curiosity and after that the job of "K. P." became very popular.

A few days later classes were opened in Camouflage, Reconnaissance, Materiel, Telephone, and Machine Guns, and then there was a feeling that a beginning had been made in the real work. That night at supper a great many new and wonderful words appeared for the first time and worked overtime. Such strange things as recoil mechanisms, y-azimuths, angles of site, and liaisons were discussed freely, and nobody could now doubt but that the 331st was at length really being whipped into shape. True, we had no guns, but all reports were to the effect that they were extremely simple in operation, and no one had a thought but that they could easily be learned in a short time after our experience with the American 3-inch piece.

But "pride goeth before a fall." A week later our guns arrived and then the fun started. Temporary gun squads were selected and drilled vigorously. "Plateau" and "drum" became a nightmare to the gunners, while the mysteries of the French fuses bothered the number 3 men not a little.

During all this time the weather had been very fine indeed after the first two or three days in Camp, and there was a general feeling throughout the regiment of geniality. All the men who had been sick on the trip were now well again,

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and Corporal Hildreth's case of appendicitis was the only serious illness in the entire battery.

Finally, on November 4th, the long-looked for day arrived when "A" Battery was to fire for the first time. Everyone felt ready and confident. The guns had been taken out the day before; and so, after an early lunch, the entire battery marched out to Observation Platform Number Four. The guns were already in their pits and excited much comment, as the system of gun pits was never used at Sparta. Some of the older section chiefs murmured that they thought the trails of the pieces were buried a trifle deep, and when the firing commenced it proved to be the case; for the guns jumped all over the place; consequently the firing was erratic. This minor fault, however, was fixed before we fired the second time, and taking it all in all, the gun crews performed creditably. A little excitement was furnished for the spectators when a shell jammed in the breech and "Nuts" Liebhauser daringly rammed it out with the rammer-staff. Two men with shovels were detailed to bury the dud, and this ceremony was carried out, great respect being shown to the dead by the pall-bearers.

During all this period at Camp the war had been progressing very favorably for the Allies. Bulgaria had sued for peace while the outfit was still enroute to Camp, and now Turkey and Austria had both been brought to their knees. A tension was felt throughout camp and the pretty French paper girls were eagerly assailed for news each morning. The bunch in the front part of the first barracks even went so far as to make a pool, each man chipping in ten francs and putting down the date when he thought "A" Battery would enter an American port. Bets ranged all the way from Christmas day, 1918, to some time in June, 1921, which showed pretty well the feelings of the men at this time.

Finally November 11th, 1918, arrived, and about two o'clock that afternoon a Frenchman came dashing into "Jingle Town" on a bicycle with the glorious news that Germany had signed an armistice and that "La Guerre est fini." Great was the rejoicing in camp. Cheers and shouting could be heard from every direction, and then came a grand rush for "The Western Front," only to find that the Provost Marshall had preceded us and that the lid was on tight. But the boys were not to be cheated out of a celebration and the Y. M. C. A.'s were filled with happy-faced men, shaking each other's hands and telling each other all about it. The next day the papers were met at the train and all the details carefully read.

From that time on the interest of the men in war work naturally lagged; but football was introduced, and battery teams sprang into immediate existence. Battery "A" was very fortunate in having so many good players to draw from, and the team practiced daily under the able guidance of Lt. Golding. On Sunday, November 24th, we played our first real game, and held "B" Battery to a tie score of 0 to 0. Three days later, however, this was bettered in the second game with "B", when Harry Rice kicked a beautiful goal for "A", making a final score of 3-0. This triumph kept interest in practice from lagging, but a week later "A" Battery met Headquarters Company and went down for the count to the tune of 13-0. This defeat put us out of the running for the championship, but everyone was glad that Headquarters was the lucky team.

Our period of inactivity was almost over now. For days rumors had been coming in from all sources to the effect that we would leave Camp Hunt forever very soon. At length definite orders came through, and on the evening of Friday, December 20th, we rolled packs and made all preparations for an early start in the morning. That night no one slept well, and all were conscious that the first step on our long journey homeward was really going to be made. And in the morning we started. The whole regiment moved down to a long train of box cars on the siding at ten o'clock, and at noon we waved our last good-byes to Marie and Jeanne at "Jingle Town" as we rolled by them headed for America.

The Homeward Trip

By FIRST CLASS PRIVATE JOHN R. TRAPPE

On December 20th, 1918, after giving the old barracks and surrounding ground at Camp Hunt a thorough policing, we were called out with full packs. After a short march we reached the cars that were to carry us on our first step toward home. We were packed into small French box cars, and just at noon pulled out. There were very few tears of sadness; for all the boys were anxious to leave Camp Hunt. We didn't know where or what our next stoping place was to be like, but were quite certain there couldn't be any more mud than at the camp we were leaving.

After many stops and long periods of waiting at each one the train pulled into the Bordeaux depot. We had already been on the train four hours, and had travelled about forty miles. An hour later we pulled out of the large station, and as we were told that we only had a few more miles to go, our spirits rose. Nevertheless it was only for a short time; for we made many more stops, and it was 10:30 p. m., when we finally stopped and were ordered out with packs. We were tired of standing and sitting around in cramped positions, and as our two sandwiches which were given us before we entrained had been eaten long before, we were very hungry. We soon reached camp and were given a hot cup of coffee which greatly revived us. This camp was a well built one by the name of De Souge. We made our beds on double decked wooden bunks with no ticks, but were soon asleep, owing to our tiresome trip.

On the 24th of December we left this camp, but this time we didn't have the box cars to ride in. We were told to carry a light pack and send the rest by truck; for we had a long hike to make. We left camp about nine in the morning and hiked through a drizzling rain until five-thirty that afternoon. The road on which we traveled wound in and out through a fine farming country, dotted with many old castles with large, beautiful, and once well-kept grounds. At noon we halted beside the road and ate our sandwiches. After a thirty minute rest we again fell in and resumed our march for Bordeaux, which the concrete mile posts told us was seven kilometers distant. We marched through this large and beautiful city about the middle of the afternoon. Many people were on the streets in spite of the rain; for the French seem to have grown waterproof. Many of the boys said that those five miles of Bordeaux cobblestones were the worst part of the trip. After climbing a long, winding hill, at the foot of which sat several soldiers who had fallen out of the Headquarters Company, we could see the welcome lights of a large camp. We knew then that our twenty-three mile hike was nearly ended. We passed by one camp, called Genicart No. 1 and soon reached Genicart No. 2, which was to be our future home for a much longer period than any of us then realized.

As the next day was Christmas, we all were allowed to rest and get over the effects of the hike. We had a very good dinner, and were issued a cigar and four sticks of candy apiece for our Christmas presents.

The next day we rolled our packs for a trip to the "delousing" mill. Here the first step was to turn in all of our clothing and equipment. Then came a physical examination and a bath, after which we passed by counters heavily laden with all kinds of equipment, and were issued new articles as we went. At the end of two hours we again found ourselves marching back to our barracks with everything new excepting our identification tags; and even those were now strung on a new tape about our necks.

As we had nothing to do after reveille until retreat the next few days, we began wandering around camp. We soon found there was a small town by the name

of Lormont just outside the fence encircling the camp. With a soldier's curiosity for the interesting sights in French villages, we wondered what excuse we could give the guard to get into this town. Some of us finally decided to go out the gate as a detail, and if he asked where we were going, our Corporal, who was "Jule" Zobel, was to tell him, "we were detailed for work at the docks below Lormont." When abreast of the guard, he asked us if we were going down to see the town, and "Jule" answered in the affirmative, and continued to walk on at a rapid pace until he had his detail well into town.

We had a splendid time roaming around, and soon saw a real old church to which we gained entrance by the help of a priest living near by. It would take much too long to tell all of what we saw inside this church, so it must suffice to say that it was very beautifully finished, and had many wonderful statues. One of the statues that drew many admiring glances was one of Jeanne D'Arc, with a coat of mail and drawn sword. We failed to convince the priest that it would be very good of him to show us the death chamber below.

From the church we gained admission to the Black Prince's estate. We were shown the dungeon underneath the stables where the Black Prince had several French prisoners of war thrown and kept without food or water until they died. We were allowed to wander about the beautiful grounds, which are still well kept by a caretaker of the estate. When we discovered that this guard had indulged a little too freely in cognac, we tried to gain entrance to the huge castle in the center of the grounds. No amount of francs could buy us this privilege, however, to our disappointment.

One more place which we visited in this village was the Prince's cave, about which many legends are told. After exploring its many passages, we returned to camp.

The battery soon began doing detail work about camp, and on New Year's day the entire organization went to the remount station to groom horses and do other work in mud ankle deep. Many days of various kinds of detail work followed, which did not increase the boy's love for the army.

The welcome order finally came for us to move, and on January 18th, we were marched to Bordeaux and put on cars with Marseilles as our destination. We were given three day's rations, consisting of bread, jam, tomatoes, bully beef, and hard tack. This trip took us through the principal vineyards of France. We passed thousands of acres of grape vines, and at every station were seen many wine barrels being prepared for the next year's crop. After spending Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night on the cars, we arrived at Marseilles Monday, January 20th, and went on board the Italian liner "Duca d' Aosta."

We left Marseilles about ten p. m. the same day for New York harbor. On the morning of the 23rd we pulled into Gibraltar Bay, where the ship was to be coaled. While this work was going on, many small boats from Spain and Gibraltar came out to our ship, loaded with oranges, lemons, figs, and various souvenirs of lace goods. All did a thriving business, and when we again started on our voyage the peeling of oranges was a common sight all over the ship.

The rock of Gibraltar is a very beautiful sight, with many large guns on its summit, and a well illuminated city built at its foot. As we passed out through the Straits we could see the lights of some city on the African Coast. We soon were in rougher water than we had as yet experienced. After a few days we ran into a very strong wind and a rougher sea. The boat rocked considerably, causing many rushes to the rail by the boys who didn't care to retain their meals of spaghetti. After sixteen days of such traveling we sighted the long anticipated and most welcome of sights, the Statue of Liberty.

On the 5th of February we unloaded at New York and received a great welcome from the Red Cross workers. As ever they were on hand with gum, cigarettes, candy, and the most important thing of all, some good American-made coffee and buns. After a few hours on the dock we were loaded onto a ferry and started for Jersey City where we boarded a train of real cars with seats and cushions. About 1:30 p. m., we arrived at Camp Merritt, where we found barracks and food with some resemblance of home.

After remaining five days at this camp, where we again passed through a mill to get rid of cooties which we never had until we went into the mill at Bordeaux, we entrained again for Camp Grant. On arriving at Chicago, we were paraded up Michigan Avenue and through the loop, after which the whole regiment was assembled in the Hotel La Salle and given a fine dinner. Following this a dance was given at the Armory, which several of the battery enjoyed, until we were again marched to the train and started on our way to Camp Grant. We arrived there at nine o'clock that evening, to be mustered out.

It was fitting that the final week should be spent there, where the Battery first came into existence. The time was well occupied with the last physical examination, and the preparation of the innumerable forms required. On the second day before the one set for discharge, just to give us a parting reminder that nothing is certain in the army, the Battery was placed in quarantine because of a scarlet fever suspect, and visions of home cooking beat a sudden retreat. Twenty-four hours later, however, fickle fortune smiled again, and the quarantine was lifted. On the morning of Thursday, February 20, the men of the Battery received their honorable discharges, and the career of "A" Battery was ended.





HUMOR



My Army Experience as a Recruit

BY MECHANIC JOE J. LIEBHAUSER

When I first thought of joining the army was when I received an invitation to come. They sent my invitation on a nice pink card. Well, I sat down to read it at an open window and it was very windy outside so I got in the draft and just blew in. We hit Camp Grant Sept. 19, 1917, about seven o'clock at night, and as we marched from the train to our barracks everybody asked us where we were from and how we liked it. Some of us yelled back and said we were from H-1; others said worse than that. Of course we told them we liked it fine, we didn't know any better, but if some one asked me that now I'd tell him something that you never see in print nor even in Webster's dictionary.

It was about one mile to our barracks but I thought it must have been at least five. We were all hungry when we got there, and some one said, "Everybody line up for mess kits." At first I thought it was some kind of a drill, but I found out that it was some kind of tin pan and cup they handed me. I thought it was a wash dish and a shaving cup until I opened it and found a knife, fork and spoon inside. I wondered why they called them mess kits, but I soon found out, for we went in to eat.

I sat down beside some fat guy and started eating. It was burnt hash they fed us; the cooks had gone to Rockford to see their girls, which is a great habit with our cooks, especially Frost. Well, I tasted the stuff, and Oh, My! I thought I was poisoned sure, but I wanted to make a good bluff and eat it, if the rest of them did. I looked over at the fat guy and he was making a face as if he was eating Paris green pudding, and I said, "How do you like it, Fat?" Well, he didn't say a word, but he gave me a look which made me jump. He has an awful look on his fat face when he is mad; I ought to know, for it's Boelke, our top kicker now. That was when I first found out why they called them mess kits, for they sure feed a soldier an awful mess in them.

I went to bed that night, but I didn't sleep until about two o'clock; for it was great fun for me to listen to the fellows talk in their sleep and snore. I remember Sgt. Oldenburg was in our end of the barracks, and he was always talking in his sleep about the girl he left behind him in Ripon, Wis., and he would always say, "Gee, if I could only kiss her once." Some of the boys were snoring so much it sounded like a saw mill sawing wet logs and striking a knot once in a while. At last I fell asleep and I thought I only slept ten minutes when our top sergeant, Slyter, yelled, "Come on, you cow milkers. Outside! Shake it up!" Well, I stayed in bed and thought to myself, "Gee, I'm glad I can't milk cows or I would have to get up, too." I only lay there about two minutes, when this bald-headed Sgt. Oldenburg came and shook me and said, "Come on, get up and fall out. You see, he was an old timer and knew all about army life; for he was there eight days before we came. I dressed and went to the window to fall out, but I saw we were up in the second story and it was pretty far to the

ground. I thought, "What is the use of taking a chance of breaking any bones by falling out." So I turned around and walked down the stairs.

Next morning we all went out for drill, and you should have seen the efforts we made to be good soldiers. The officers were new on the job, and before they gave us a command they would always pull the little red drill regulations out of their pockets to find out how it was done. One officer thought he was getting pretty good and tried giving us commands without the book; and when we came to a halt we found that he had run us into a corn field. He got us out all right, for he quickly took his book out, did a few practice steps to be sure, and marched us out. So you see we were not the only recruits. Some of our officers were almost as bad as we were.

Things went along pretty well for a few days. One day we were out drilling, and it made me mad to think that we had a bunch of men who couldn't learn anything; for I saw that every man was out of step but I. Our officer halted us and looked at me and said, "Say, you with the green cap, step out here." I thought he was going to tell the men what a model soldier I was for being the only man who could keep in step, so I stuck out my chest and stepped out. What do you suppose he did? Why, he bawled me out, and said I was out of step; so I thought I had better get rid of that cap so he couldn't spot me so easily. But the only man who would trade was John Petraszak, who had a large straw hat, the only one of its kind in the army, and I couldn't take that. You see, John thought he was going down south and he didn't want to get sun burned; for John is a great man with the ladies, and didn't want his complexion spoiled.

Soon we were called to get our uniforms and be real soldiers. We had one man there with very large feet, and they called him "supply sergeant." He knew all about clothes, for he was in the clothing business before. He measured us up, and then handed us clothes about ten sizes too large or too small. I've been with him seventeen months now, and he is still the same.

After awhile more recruits came in, and we had to measure them for saddles. When we got through they had to take their meals standing up for about a week.

One day two recruits came to the battery. Another fellow and myself pretended to be the doctors, and examined them. We took their temperature with a steam gauge, examined them for cooties, found they were not feeling well, and so we gave them all the pills we could find in the battery. Two days later they had pretty well recovered.

By this time we were all good soldiers and no longer recruits, and were ready to move to Camp Robinson.

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Some Reasons for the Superiority of Battery "A"

BY CORP. C. A. PHILLIPS

Battery "A", when I first became a part of it, was to me a great mystery; it was energized by an electric fighting spirit, which would not allow itself to be called yellow; but I was surprised that when this spirit went into the ring to save our battery from the yellow stain, it could not even crack peanuts. Mysteries have always challenged my curiosity, and left me with a desire to know their hidden solution. So one day I set out to crack the mystery of "A" Battery; and find out, if possible, what it was about the composition of "A" Battery that made it so great and mysterious a battery. I first discovered that it was a dry battery; and that according to the principles of the organization of a dry battery, it could only render its most efficient service when kept dry—bone-dry. I found out it was a snappy battery; and that everybody in it obeyed on the jump, because the Top Sergeant was Bulky. At reveille that morning I noticed that Battery "A" had a richer color than other batteries in the regiment. In answer to inquiries about this distinction, it was explained to be the result of adding another Brown to the organization. When the First Sergeant called us to attention, there was something about the line that gave evidence of military precision, a peculiar noise as it were. I asked the sergeant what the noise was; he said, "Why, that's Klix." Then I noticed something funny about the appearance of everybody's hair, so I could not keep from asking the reason for this. Boelke explained, that they just had it Jimmed. As I glanced down the line to the ninth section I noticed something white among the I. W. W's. down there and I asked what that might be. He answered, "That's Frost." Mind you, this was in August; so I said, "What! So early!" The Sergeant said: "Oh, yes he sometimes gets up before noon." As we passed from this formation, I noticed one of our men going through the most peculiar antics, and inquired what he was doing. I was told that he was trying to catch a seam-squirrel, one of the most elusive little creatures in existence. I spoke to the man and said, "Why don't you get that Trappe that I saw out in the tent at the end of the barracks, and use that?" Well, he Wendt.

But my experience in the mess hall that morning was a Crowner; as I passed along the counter where the food was served, I saw what I thought was an ear of corn, but when I seized it, I found that it was only a Cobb. As we proceeded to our table, I overheard an interesting conversation between one red-headed private and one big bald-headed sergeant. The red-headed one prided himself on his conversational ability, and always liked to pass some pleasantry with any one who happened to sit near him. He suggested, as a starter, to the one with the smooth top, "Wal, Ole, I see when God passed the hair around, you didn't get much." "You needn't throw it up to me," replied the sergeant, "for all there was left, was some of that bloomin' red hair; and I wouldn't take any of that." After this I noticed a strange looking bird with a long neck; it was near the door at the first table. I asked for the name of this bird, and was informed, that it was one of those rare birds called a Swan; and that another bird next to it was a Thiel.

I found that our Battery was the best battery in the regiment for several reasons. For one thing, when there was a Bahr on passes, as there often was, we didn't need to feel bad; for we had two Townes in the battery, and could go right to Broadway and find a Breese. On Sundays we had a Bishop to conduct our services, and a Gentry to attend. For another thing, we were better equipped

than the other batteries for field campaigns; we had an extra Cannon and a Carrier for it; if rations ran low, we had Bacon and Rice, and we had a Bunch; while, if our shoes wore out, we had a Shoemaker to repair them; and if it turned cold we had Kohls to keep us warm. When it came to getting to some point for battle operations, we never were afraid of being late, because we had a Howard on the watch, and always kept a Head. If we broke one of the lens on the B. C. telescope, we could replace it with a Lenz "made in Germany." In aeronautics we could boast of the innovator of a method of flying without a machine. This ought to revolutionize aerial fighting. Of course, Corp. Hubler is only capable of making limited flights at almost unlimited speed by this new method; but we know that practice makes perfect. Well, one Day was enough among the mysteries of "A" Battery; so if there are any more solutions desired, Williams Kendig them out.

Inside Dope

By ONE WHO KNOWS

There are those who think that our battery foot-ball team was organized to secure the glories of victory; but there are others who know that this was not the chief end of that football team. The title of my article implies a revelation of matter belonging to an inner circle. This information is a result of an acquaintance with the members of the team long before they conceived of a football team to accomplish a certain sinister purpose.

Of course we must give some credit to those to whom credit is due for going into the enterprise with the purest of motives. Take for instance Sgt. Oldenburg; we know that it was not his giant physical frame that induced him to offer himself in such strenuous athletics; but that it was a consciousness of the team's great need of his towering intellect. This alone led him to make so generous an offer of his services. It was only because of the short life of the team, and because of the dominating influence therein of a certain sinister purpose already mentioned,—it was only on account of these facts that we only got a few flashes from his marvelous brain. Nevertheless, we have never doubted that he possessed it, though he was denied opportunity to manifest it.

Closely allied to his case in purity of motive is that of Sgt. Rice; we know that Rice did not care so much about the grandstand and side lines seeing the intricate plays he was required to execute, as he did to bring the team through the toils of obscurity to the pinnacle of victorious accomplishment, where they would become widely known. He, too, was destined to be foiled of his longed-for ambition, by the sinister purpose already referred to as being the chief object of the majority of the team.

The motives of Mechanics Liebhauser and Zelenski, we believe also, were above reproach, and closely akin to those of the aforementioned Sergeants. It is barely possible that they were moved to help out because of their love of experiments; so they should be exonerated from all blame, and be classed with the two sergeants.

Supply Sgt. DeVoe, Hooley, Tollefsrud, Lundgren, Burke, Zobel, and "sure tackle Johnie," were all lovers of exercise in good clean sport; so they probably joined, to secure all the enjoyment they could out of it; and were later persuaded to lend their efforts to the majority of the team by Corp. Fitzgerald, the Captain, who was a great supporter of the sinister purpose.

The rest of the team, substitutes included, were from the beginning out and out for the sinister purpose. Some of the most famous of them were "Gold brick

Bober," "His Master's Voice, Meyer," "Kid Wally," "Admiral Wind on the Ground," Wagley, Top Sgt. Boelke, Sgt. Swan, Jack Reschke, Sveom, and a few more notables. Many a hike and many a drill they reluctantly forewent, in order to gain the purpose they had championed. They went out to practice faithfully, but although they went out I have never learned whether they practiced faithfully. The history of the team's operations on the gridiron speaks loud testimony against them; for pay call was only blown once in their honor, while the next time they played, they were obliged to leave the field with the Headquarters Co. playing the sad strains of a funeral march for their benefit. The dirge was in order; for our team buried their future hopes of victory in the depths of their grief that day. You will wonder what the certain sinister purpose was for which the football team was nourished and kept intact, when it seemed to have come to such an ignoble end. Well, bend your ear and I'll whisper it to you. "We were soon to leave Camp Hunt and there was no more need for the team, as it had been created to make a new field for the display of the cunning army art of "gold bricking!"

Silence Is Golden

TIME—August 6, 1918. 5 p. m.

PLACE—Camp Robinson, Wisconsin. Directly south of Battery "A" barracks.

Guard-mount is taking place, the new guard being furnished by Battery "A". The greater part of the regiment has assembled to watch the impressive ceremony. Pvt. J. C. Anderson is the right hand man of the front rank of the new guard. The Adjutant and the Commander of the New Guard take their posts after making their inspection.

THE ADJUTANT—(To the band-leader.) "Sound off."

PVT. J. C. ANDERSON (In a loud, full voice) "One."

A dead silence follows, until the band strikes up "Smiles."

The Army Smiles

BY CORP. C. A. PHILLIPS

It has been said, that all the army is composed of, is detail and guard. But there could very well be added three more things, which are peculiar to the army—rumors, inspection, and drill. It is probable that each of these has a dark side and has been roundly cursed as being uninteresting and monotonous; but they also have a bright side. Let us look at that side.

In regard to rumors, they are somewhat intangible, usually; nevertheless, they sometimes materialize in rather an abrupt fashion, while other times they die a natural death and remain as they were born, intangible rumors. Rumors are born in various places; the guard-house, the bath-house; on detail; and in the mind of some rumor brewer, who delights in placing enticing vistas of the future before some credulous listener in order that he may see the latter's chagrin and disappointment when his information, supposedly from higher up, turns out to be nothing but bull.

One day while our Battery was still in its infancy and there were only six of its members who could boast of saddles to use at equitation, the rumor went round, that that night everybody would file into the orderly room to be measured for saddles; and that not many days hence there would be saddles for all. This was great news for those who were either riding bareback or with blankets and surcingle. Sgt. Oldenburg, right after supper, got right to the head of the line, as he usually did, and led the line. John De Voe and his staff took him in charge to perform the necessary operations. They measured the distance around his waist, then from the knee to the waist, and requested him to bend over so they might measure his seat. When he had complied, one of the staff lambasted him with a man's size paddle. It is reported, that he played the goat admirably and never whimpered; so that there was practically no difficulty in leading twenty-five more saddle-seekers to the slaughter. But, they do say, it was necessary to secure a new paddle to calculate the proportions of the next man in line.

Inspections are always serious affairs, requiring many hours' preparation; they sometimes terminate disastrously for the man who is not up to snuff. But happily for the man undergoing the ordeal, the inspector is sometimes inspected, and finds the tables turned on himself. Inspectors have almost omniscient vision; they can spot a vacant place among the laid out equipment right off the bat; they even discover defects in a man's anatomy, such as a slipping chest, or a crooked body; and they tell the possessor of these deformities, to throw out his chest and pull in his stomach. On rifles or pistols, you will hear all along the line, "rust dust, rust dust, rust dust, clean 'em you must." On hair and beards, you hear, "when did you shave last?" "Yesterday afternoon, sir," the soldier answers meekly; "give him fatigue," commands the inspector gruffly, and passes along to pull the next man's wool, which means, get it cut. On he goes, looking for grease spots on clothes, uncleaned shoes or leggins, caps tilted on one ear or too far to the rear. A little farther along, a protruding handkerchief is pulled with a, "What is this thing doing, hanging out?"

One of our Sergeants, a man who nearly always gets by, walked out in bold confidence to a Saturday morning inspection. He had brushed his hat and suit; he had shaved; his hair was neatly trimmed; he had shined his leggins, shoes, and spurs; he stood rigidly at attention and threw out his chest, and looked straight past the inspector to a spot many yards in front of him. The inspector passed in front of him without halting: surely, thought the Sergeant, I can pat myself on the back. The inspector came along the rear of the line. He stopped. The Sergeant thought he was looking at the man next to him, as there was nothing wrong with himself. But no, the inspector bawled him out good and proper for

a man of his rank. Maney, a Sergeant, not knowing how to put his spurs on right side up. Of course, we will never believe that the inspector, our Captain, later had to set up the cigars to the crowd for being caught in the same oversight; although it is said, on good authority, that he did.

One morning while the Regiment was still in quarters at Camp Grant a certain Private went up to scan the detail list on the bulletin board. He found his name inscribed under the head, Barracks Orderly. Now, among the duties of a barracks orderly was included that of answering the phone, and calling whoever was wanted. One of our mechanics, inclined by nature towards pranks and practical joking, heard him answer the phone; and was so delighted with Fritz's manner of speech, that he devised a scheme to have Fritz Lenz repeat the operation frequently in order that he might have the enjoyment of hearing him. The mechanic wound up an alarm clock, which had a ring almost identical with that of the phone. Fritz had no more left the phone after a call, than he heard it ring again, and double-timed back to answer it. "Vell! Vell! Vaht do you want," he expostulated, and then followed with the declaration that he couldn't hear nor understand. Finally, in desperation, he called the mechanic to come and talk to the party. The mechanic came gladly; he held the receiver down and began an imaginary conversation with Fritz as a listener. "Oh, this is the Adjutant." "You say you are going to court-martial our barracks orderly?" "Well," pleaded the mechanic, "Sir, he don't understand English very good." Fritz broke in with, "you fix it up for me, Liebhauser. I'll give you anything you want. Tell him I can't hear good, and its hard for me to understand and speak English." Liebhauser pretended to disclose this information to the Adjutant with the apparent result of exonerating Fritz. Five cigars was the small fee Liebhauser charged for his professional services. Fritz would have been willing to have paid more for such an easy deliverance.

Army drill is rather a broad subject to expound upon; and it seems difficult to find anything among the recruits which it would be worth while to mention as being funny; and really they are not supposed to be well versed in the lore of army drill, for they never came into contact with the "Old Outfit," except through the few old timers the regular army handed to us. As for instance, Buck Sullivan from the old Coast Artillery. He has been through fifteen hundred questions on the B. C. telescope, and came clear with a mark of 98% perfect. He can tell you the duties of every man in a Coast Artillery outfit from a Buck Private to the General. In the face of such staggering achievement, a recruit should indeed feel diffident about even touching upon the subject of army drill. It would be useless to seek for a bull or a bonehead play on the trail of this seasoned veteran. To have pulled anything with even a suspicion of a mistake about it, would have been fatal to his reputation for accuracy, and would have brought his name in as a bonehead along with other disreputable tracings from my pen.

With another old-timer it is a different story. He pulled a real one after much experience; and that, before half of our regiment, who had turned out to see the guard-mount at which he happened to be officiating as Corporal. He fell in and marched his squad up to the Sergeant Major all right. He took his post to the rear of his squad; and when the Sergeant Major had reported the guard to the Adjutant, Corp. Parker heard the command ring out, "Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers, Front and center." Parker arrived front and center, pronto, with the other four; one officer, and three noncoms; he raised his right hand and delivered his finest salute. But, curses! low and behold; he was the only one at a salute, and he had to bring his hand down without any return of it by the Adjutant. But worst of all, that was not the end of it; for if anyone wants to kid him a little even now, all they need to say is, "Is that the way they do it in the old outfit?"

331st Field Artillery

When we first came to France and began to handle the French seventy-five millimeter guns, another Corporal from the old Field Artillery was seen repeatedly, after much practice and instruction, to turn the drum governing minor deflections, each time a command was given to set off the site. It is more likely that this was the result of hurried confusion than it was of ignorance of the distinction between the two screws. So we'll have to indict Williams on suspicion, although we never thought before we saw him do this, that he would slip from the high standards of efficiency maintained by the old outfit.

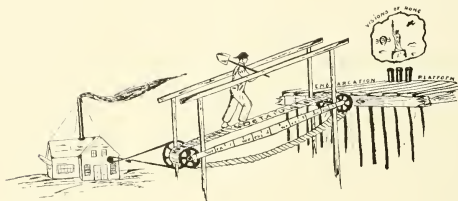
The rest of the old outfit deserve commendation for their record of executing accurately all drills outlined by the regulation manual. Lieut. Weikman should be especially mentioned for his skill in doing an about face.

Since guard is the favorite duty of a soldier, we will consider it last in our treatment of the five classifications we mentioned in the introduction. Many laughable things that happened on tours of guard duty, could be recalled from even a short army experience, during a time when so much new blood had to be inducted into the service. Special orders get peculiarly twisted as they are handed from one sentinel to another. One man on a post, number two, was instructed; "there was to be no meddling with the automobiles in the shed near his post, and he should halt everyone after eleven o'clock." When he transmitted this instruction to the next sentry, its substance was slightly changed: namely, "No automobiles are allowed to be destroyed on this post after eleven o'clock." A Corporal was halted one night, and after answering the challenge, "Who's there," was told, "to advance to be organized." Another was startled out of his reveries during his watch at the guard-house, by hearing sentry No. 1, call out, "Corporal of the guard, man with the sandwiches." Still another went with the relief to a post that skirted the edge of a wood where late comers without a pass were wont to run the guard. The sentry called out sharply, "Halt!" Then again more sharply "Halt!" Then a third time, with a threatening tone, "Halt or I'll fire." Then, luckily, he perceived that he was challenging an army mule.

On being inspected, one sentinel said his special orders were to wake up the occupants of the building, in case of fire. Another upon being asked to repeat general order No. nine succeeded very well except that he prefixed the preposition "for" to the order. When asked for his interpretation of the order, he said; "Why, it means not to let anybody destroy anything, or start a fire, or a fight, or something like that, on or near my post."

But none of the above mentioned fellows could hold a candle to Arthur Mertes, who successfully ran both the secret service and the interior guard with a pass that was several hours short. He had been enjoying himself on a thirtysix hour leave, and got on the train to return, when he fell in with a half dozen other Battery "A" men returning to camp. Now, Arthur Mertes had an exceedingly fine and silken mustache; which in spite of all taunts he persistently refused to remove. Mustaches on any member of Battery "A", seemed to the majority to be distasteful; so much so, that they have, at times, resorted to gang force to remove them. As they saw him coming that night on the train, this little group decided to use subtlety on that mustache; for they were determined to get it. They began by asking Arthur for the time of the termination of his pass. He replied, "eleven p. m. to-night." "But," vouchsafed one of the plotting group "you will be arrested when you get there at three in the morning. We all have passes until three a.m. You'd better go to the Colonel, he's on the train; and get him to extend it, so you don't get in bad." Away Arthur went to find the Colonel who in truth was not upon the train at all. During his absence, the group took a neighboring civilian into their confidence, and succeeded in enlisting him to help them in furthering their plans, by acting as an army secret service man in civilian clothes. Arthur returned to report that the Colonel was no longer on

the train. In a few minutes the secret service man stood in the aisle at the side of the group, and requested them to show their passes. He read the time on each one out loud, as being marked three o'clock, when in reality they were all eleven. At last he came to the victim. "What, eleven p. m. tonight. This looks bad," he frowned at Mertes. "Well," continued the inspector, "I'll have to see about it," and passed on. Arthur then thrust himself upon Sgt. John De Voe, a member of the group and enlisted his aid to get himself out of his troubles. John counselled him to stick to him and the group and he would get him by the guards; but by all means, to shave off his mustache as soon as he got to quarters, lest the secret service man should recognize him in the future. Arthur clung tenaciously to the group until he arrived unmolested within the barracks. "Now," suggested Sgt. De Voe, "cut off that mustache; but don't leave any of it laying around anywhere, where it can be found as a clue." The next morning John was surprised to have Arthur approach him and tell him, "Well, here she is. I've got 'er here in this envelope."



BATTERY B



331ST F.A.

M.S.



In Memoriam

George Hangaard
Ferdinand K. Dengel
Peter A. Winkler
Guy J. Lehman
Erwin Nass

They Died for Their Country



Captain Earle F. Bliss

Capt. Bliss was born in Attleboro, Mass. on May 3rd. 1890. He was graduated from Brown University, Providence R. I. in 1911. Previous to entering the National Army, he had served one year with the 7th Infantry, New York National Guard, and two years as a member of Battery "C" 1st Illinois Field Artillery with which he served on the border in 1916. He received his present rank at the end of the first Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan Ill., and since September 1917, has been in command of Battery "B".



1ST LIEUT. HOWARD E. EDMONSON

Lieut. Colnon was born in Chicago, Ill., on November 14, 1894. He attended Loyola University, Northwestern University, class of 1914, and Northwestern Law School, class of 1917. He was admitted to the bar, shortly after entering the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. At the close of the camp he was assigned to the battery as a 2nd Lieutenant and worked with the gun crews and special detail. Upon our arrival in France he was promoted to the rank of 1st Lieutenant, and assumed the duties of Reconnaissance Officer.



1ST LIEUT. AARON COLNON

331st Field Artillery



2nd LIEUT. FRANKLIN H. PERKINS

Lieut. Perkins was born in Chicago, Ill. on Sept. 4th., 1894. In 1916 he was graduated from Yale University, New Haven, Conn., where he was a member of battery "B," 10th Conn. Field Artillery. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant at the close of the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan, Ill., he has been with the battery continuously, in charge of Department "B" since the winter of 1917.

Lieut. Versnel was born on Oct. 7th, 1894, in Rotterdam, Holland. At that place he attended the Queen Wilhelmine School. After five years with Battery "C" of the 2nd Field Artillery he came to France early in the war as Sergeant Major of the 10th Field Artillery. From this organization he was sent to the Artillery School at Saumur, France, and commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in September 1918. He was attached to the battery in the same month.



2nd LIEUT. JOHN C. VERSNEL

Roster of Battery "B"

FIRST SERGEANT N. G. RENNICK

FIRST SECTION—SGT. W. P. GILLEN

Corp. A. H. Frank
 Pvt. L. Bernas
 Pvt. J. M. Fossum
 Pvt. A. J. Osborn
 Pvt. C. R. Rowlands
 Pvt. O. M. Halverson
 Pvt. A. J. Jackson
 Pvt. R. J. Rake

Corp. H. Sanders
 Pvt. J. N. Altenhofen
 Pvt. Wm. Bay
 Pvt. F. E. Bush
 Pvt. E. A. Erickson
 Pvt. C. J. Gahlman
 Pvt. T. Mike
 Pvt. F. Foster

SECOND SECTION—SGT. E. J. HAYES

Corp. C. F. Reifsneider
 Pvt. B. Rutkowski
 Pvt. G. M. Thomas
 Pvt. O. C. Anderson
 Pvt. C. O. Anderson
 Pvt. J. P. Noeth
 Pvt. A. B. Moulton
 Pvt. Wm. Forichette

Corp. H. C. Schneider
 Pvt. A. Gleissner
 Pvt. R. E. Seibert
 Pvt. T. Ginther
 Pvt. I. Hagen
 Pvt. H. G. Heath
 Pvt. F. C. Hayes
 Pvt. E. A. Lenz

THIRD SECTION—SGT. L. M. R. VOHS

Corp. C. H. Marquette
 Pvt. C. J. Whitesides
 Pvt. E. J. Kahlke
 Pvt. O. F. Rupnow
 Pvt. H. Hall
 Pvt. R. O. Jennings
 Pvt. O. Weeks
 Pvt. H. H. Lambeth

Corp. F. Hughes
 Pvt. B. E. Hopkins
 Pvt. H. S. Hayes
 Pvt. O. M. Johnson
 Pvt. G. H. Miller
 Pvt. Geo. Lee
 Pvt. E. A. Chrysler
 Pvt. V. J. Nyquist

FOURTH SECTION—SGT. W. P. GINTHER

Corp. W. H. Maron
 Pvt. P. E. Stoffer
 Pvt. J. Johnson
 Pvt. J. Failla
 Pvt. C. H. Krug
 Pvt. F. A. Bollivar
 Pvt. F. Carlson
 Pvt. Tony Lee

Corp. J. J. Hale
 Pvt. E. G. Lind
 Pvt. A. C. Ordall
 Pvt. J. A. Reynolds
 Pvt. M. W. Rudd
 Pvt. A. Swartout
 Pvt. L. J. Woefle
 Pvt. G. E. Buss

FIFTH SECTION—SGT. J. W. RUDOLPH

Corp. H. T. Swanton
 Pvt. R. E. Lowry
 Pvt. J. Zimmerman
 Pvt. L. E. Bennett
 Pvt. L. J. McClusky
 Pvt. V. Erlandson
 Pvt. A. M. Chase
 Pvt. V. E. Schultz

Corp. H. H. Hinnenthal
 Pvt. J. O. Anderson
 Pvt. F. J. Bogetka
 Pvt. J. Herbst Jr.
 Pvt. A. J. Cronk
 Pvt. H. B. Lehman
 Pvt. F. W. Moldenhauer
 Pvt. G. Gatzke

331st Field Artillery

SIXTH SECTION—SGT. F. B. WAGNER

Corp. B. F. Smith
Pvt. J. A. Froeming
Pvt. E. Grenson
Pvt. G. Moy
Pvt. T. Floen
Pvt. C. Streetz
Pvt. H. Gnotke
Pvt. A. J. Frase

Corp. M. E. Gerlicher
Pvt. C. O. Swanson
Pvt. M. Swenson
Pvt. O. H. Bennett
Pvt. R. Williams
Pvt. R. A. Swanson
Pvt. C. A. Bruckelmeyer
Pvt. S. T. Zurawski

SEVENTH SECTION—SGT. F. F. GALLOWAY

Corp. E. Guthrie
Pvt. A. F. Moores
Pvt. R. N. Duffy
Pvt. R. J. Nickel
Pvt. H. C. Krueger
Pvt. A. E. Johnson
Pvt. J. A. VanBoxtal
Pvt. C. W. Michael

Corp. R. G. Dorn
Pvt. J. B. McGinnis
Pvt. J. F. Karnopp
Pvt. B. Aicher
Pvt. B. C. Schultz
Mech. A. A. Pettack
Mech. S. M. Johnson
Mech. J. H. Tunak

EIGHTH SECTION—SGT. T. H. MORRISSEY

Corp. D. Zaverdinos
Pvt. B. D. Carlton
Pvt. C. T. Knutson
Pvt. H. T. Scott
Pvt. E. J. Mortenson
Pvt. E. O. Erickson
Pvt. E. M. Kuckler
Pvt. N. Burtsuklis

Corp. A. L. Bosin
Pvt. E. W. Olsen
Mech. C. A. Schwefel
HS. E. H. Mittelsteadt
HS. F. A. Goetsch
Pvt. R. L. Fowler
Bugler C. A. Pearson
Bugler D. DeClerck

NINTH SECTION—SGT. A. A. VOLKMAN

Corp. G. S. Mears
Sad. E. F. Heckstein
Cook V. C. Reible
Cook R. H. Gould
Cook J. Krebs
Cook A. F. Goeggerle
Pvt. B. G. Tribler
Pvt. S. A. Bensley

Corp. P. F. Scheiman
Pvt. A. G. Nimtz
Pvt. R. F. Mack
Pvt. E. C. McCall
Pvt. A. H. Polen
Pvt. J. Raycher
Pvt. W. F. Stageman
Pvt. H. Van de Berg

TENTH SECTION—SGT. E. S. SHADFORD

Corp. B. I. Scott
Pvt. W. D. Ketchem
Pvt. M. Lewis
Pvt. V. N. Giles
Stable Sgt. E. Swanton
Pvt. C. Hopkins
Pvt. G. W. Nelson
Pvt. W. A. Hildebrandt

Corp. A. A. Pschebelski
Pvt. E. J. Stickelmaier
Pvt. Wm. Fischer
Pvt. F. A. Meier
Pvt. F. C. Kiesewetter
Pvt. E. Nelson
Pvt. W. H. Manska

Mess Sgt. Geo. Dietz
Supply Sgt. E. C. O'Dell
Corp. J. C. Nielsen, Battery Clerk



Top Row—Gahlman, Mike, Foster, Thomas, Lenz, Gleissner, Miller, Marquette, Nyquist
Second Row—Nielson, Bay, Bush, Anderson, Heath, Hayes, Schneider, Hopkins, Lee G.
Third Row—Bernas, Jackson, Fossum, Anderson, O., Hagen, Noeth, Seibert, Hall
Bottom Row—Frank, Rake, Osborn, Riefsneider, Rutkowski, Ginther, Forichette, Hughes, Whitesides



Top Row—Wagner, Galloway, Mounsey, E. Swanton, Volkman, Dietz, O'Dell, Lambeth, Manska, Hopkins, Van Bostal
Second Row—Swenson, Bruckelmeyer, Zurawski, O. Bennett, B. Schultz, Dorn, Pettack, Tunak, Reynolds, Peirson, McGinnis
Third Row—Lehman, Gnotke, Frase, Swanson, R., Swanson, C., Krueger, A. Johnson, Michael, Aicher, S. Johnson
Bottom Row—Rennicke, Floen, Grenson, Moy, Gerlicher, Guthrie, Moores, Duffy, Nickel, Karnopp



Top Row—Rudd, Swartout, Woelfe, Rowlands, Halverson, Erickson, Sanders, Gillen, Hayes, Vohs, Shadford, Ginther
Second Row—Chrysler, Johnson, Hale, Lind, Ordall, J. Anderson, Hinnenthal, Cronk, Gatzke, Moldenhauer, Herbst
Third Row—Jennings, Weeks, Kiesewetter, Krup, Bollivar, Lee, McCluskev, Chase, Bennett
Bottom Row—Kahlke, Rupnow, Maron, Stoffer, Carlson, Failla, Colnon, Edmondson, Capt. Bliss, Versnel



Top Row—Hildebrandt, Stickelmaier, Giles, DeClerck, Mittelsteadt, Schwefel, Stageman, Van de Berg, Nelson, G., Meier
Second Row—Bosin, Olson, Fowler, Polen, Scheiman, Raycher, Mack, McCall, Fischer, Lowry, Zimmerman
Third Row—Mortenson, Erickson, Kuckler, Burtsuklis, Krebs, Goetsch, Goeggerle, Bensley, Ketchem, H. Swanton, Pschebelski
Bottom Row—Zaverdinos, Carlton, Knutson, Scott, Mears, Heckstein, Reible, Gould, Scott, Lewis

Former Members of the Organization

Adam, A. A.	Heller, F.
Albrecht, A. J.	Henderson, A.
Alexander, H. A.	Herkert, W. A.
Anton, P. R.	Hibbard, E. C.
Antonopoulos, C. A.	Hinkes, P.
Arndorfer, A.	Hodgeson, H.
Beir, F.	Hoefling, F. H.
Berglund, I. P.	Holbach, N.
Blaszak, I. P.	Holland, C.
Blom, H. C.	*Hollingsworth, Geo.
Boersch, E.	Holtz, Ed.
Boetscher, F. C.	Hommerding, J.
Bodecker, A. G.	Hudson, A.
Braatz, W.	Ingstad, G.
Branding, F.	Jackson, C.
Brauer, A. W.	Jarka, A.
Bright, L. A.	Jelaca, A.
Brundage, H. A.	Johnson, J. R.
Bundalo, G.	Kabon, G. W.
Calus, H.	Kaiser, H.
Campbell, B. J.	Kalhamer, A.
Carlson, H. H.	Kant, H.
Carlsson, J.	Kasmerski, E.
Cckliberk, M.	Kasmerski, J.
Cousineau, W.	Karel, J. C.
Czoscke, G.	Keahmeyer, A. N.
Delfield, F.	Keeny, V.
Dengel, F. X.	Keifer, J.
DeYoung, J.	Kloeden, H.
Dittmer, H. A.	*Knight, Geo.
Doctor, R.	Knutson, C. T.
Ebert, B.	Koch, C. D.
Ebert, C.	Koepsell, W. J.
Ebert, G.	Kohls, C. E.
Ebert, G. C.	Konow, R. C.
Ehmke, F. W.	Koppleman, C. M.
Esthus, A. A.	Kross, H.
Fraske, H.	Krueger, A. W.
Fronzowaik, J.	Kubis, T. T.
Feldhusen, H.	Kuckkan, E. H.
Gubine, T.	Kunz, L.
Hafemeister, A.	Kurtz, A. K.
Hafenstein, R.	LaBean, R.
Halleckson, E. M.	Lackas, P.
Hangaard, Geo.	Landin, A.
Hanpert, L. J.	Langesetter, O.
Hansen, A.	Larsen, A. A.
Harloff, H.	Larsen, S.
Hart, C.	Lehman, G. J.
Hartgerink, W. J.	Leisner, A.
Hartwig, R.	*Leisses, C.

331st Field Artillery

Lenius, A.
Lentz, A. E.
Lepple, J. R.
Liebenthal, E. G.
Loomis,
Luft,
Lund, L. W.
Main, R. F.
Malchow, H. W.
Mantes, J.
Manzer, F.
Marlefski, M. C.
Marlow, R.
Marthaler, B. T.
Martin, J. T.
Marvin, A. A.
Meservy, L.
Milbrot, W. A.
Mony, E.
Munzel, A.
Nass, E.
Neiss, L. J.
Nelson, E. C.
Newman, F. A.
Nietzel, F. R.
Otto, C. H.
Pade, W. C.
Pagenkopf, A.
Palm, O.
Peachey, C. T.
Perry, H.
Peterson, W. D.
Pitzner, B.
Raasch, E. C.
Ranthum, G. B.
Ravenelle, G.
Reckner, H.
Reick, A.
Rhodes, S.
Rogenbauer, M.
Sanborn, F. A.
Saxe, Wm.
Schabel, F.

Schellpfeffer, C.
Schemmel, E. W.
Schildt, E.
Schiller, C.
Schmidt, F.
Schmidt, J.
Schmude, E. W.
Schnitzler, J.
Schoen, B.
Schultze, C.
Schultz, A.
Schultz, R. H.
Schwartz, E.
Sears, H.
Sellers, G.
Semrow, C. F.
Seward, R.
*Sheer, J.
Sherman, C. C.
Slyter, J. W.
Smith, J. R.
Smith, F.
*Springer, F. E.
Steer, A.
Stephens, W. J.
Swandt, W. M.
Swantes, A. A.
Thomas, W. J.
Thompson, H. R.
Tomzcak, B. E.
Tyson, F.
Umiland, E.
Weiss, H. A.
Wellnitz, A.
Westerling, L. W.
Will, C.
White, J.
Winkler, P. A.
Woelberg, C.
Wollert, H. J.
Zeimer, A. G.
Zimmer, E.
Zoric, L.

*Commissioned

The following officers served with the Battery for various periods and deserve sincere thanks and more than this simple recognition of their help in developing the organization.

1st Lt. H. B. Marks

1st Lt. H. P. Isham

1st Lt. S. E. Collins

1st Lt. J. R. Stiles

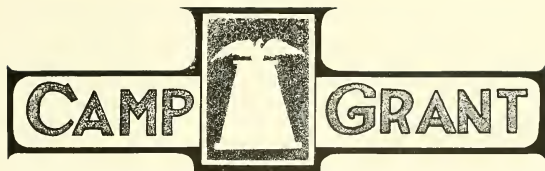
1st. Lt. P. R. Lavery

2nd Lt. D. K. Morrison

2nd Lt. L. J. Allen

2nd Lt. P. V. Swearingen

2nd Lt. G. J. Bellows



Although it had probably existed for some time previous in the records of the War Department, it was about September 1st, 1917 that Battery "B" first took tangible form. At that time the officers of the regiment together with Colonel Lambdin, were quartered at Camp Grant in one of the buildings later occupied by the Division Trains. On the date in question an order was posted assigning various officers to organizations, and to Battery "B" went Lt. Marks and 2nd Lts. Colton, Morrison, and Perkins, Captain Bliss commanding. A battery council was held immediately, where all agreed that as far as their efforts would go, "B" should be an organization to be proud of. That this ideal was obtained, no one doubts, but due credit must be given to every man in the Battery, whose cheerful and loyal co-operation, often unrewarded though sincerely appreciated, alone made it possible. Shortly after this first step, the regiment moved to the corner of camp allotted to the Field Artillery Brigade, civilian cooks were established in the kitchens, and lieutenants swept the orderly-rooms or brushed up on Drill Regulations, while Captains wrangled over cots, kitchenware and blank forms.

The stage thus being set, the arrival of the recruits was eagerly anticipated. Although few realized it, this was a critical time in the history of the country. The next month would decide whether a new method of raising troops which many declared to be in violation of the fundamental principles of our constitution, and whether a vast plan for turning a peaceful nation topsy-turvy into war, would succeed or fail. The Draft Act was to be the acid test of a democratic government. On September 9th, the first subjects of this experiment clambered off the train at Camp Grant, very unconscious of their conspicuous role, and probably very much worried about their next meal. Here are the names of those who came to "B"—Hudson, Braatz, Galloway, Zimmer, Bensley, Wagner, Schmidt, Albrecht, Rudolph, Manska, Keeney, Nass, Hale, Weiss, Scheer, Reible and Hafemeister from Dodge County, and Kaukauna's pride, Renniecke, Hayes, Gillen, Vohs, and Hinnenthal. Nine future Sergeants and a shavetail in that crowd of pioneers.

Provided with these few cogs, the war machine began to grind, and from now on cries of "About face" and "Squads right" made the day hideous. More and more men came. Hart and LaBean appeared on the tenth and were entrusted with the mess and stables. The next day, Springer, later first sergeant, filled his tick and aligned his several pairs of shoes under his bunk. On the 20th, 138 men in charge of Elias Swanton marched thru the dusk to the barracks, greeted with shouts of "You'll like it." There were many men of promise in this party also: Bundalo and Mike, entertainers; Dietz, Goeggerle, Gould and Krebs, who, with Reible, were to have more to do with the success of the organization than they realized; Schwefel and Tunac, the inseparable carpenters, Pearson the bugler, Rake the barber, Heckstein the saddler, Mittelsteadt, Maron, Rupnow, Stoffer, and many others too numerous to mention. At this time there were no buglers, and an officer coming to wake the battery for reveille, would find everyone pacing the floor, having been up since four o'clock, or sitting on bunks watching Frank Schmidt

shed tears over his letter from home. The uniforms were startling: a derby hat topped off a baggy blouse which protruded in the rear, or perhaps a campaign hat down over the ears was all that indicated the soldier. It must have been weeks before Rudolph and Mittelsteadt found blouses to fit them.

It was at this time that Lieutenant Marks used to terrify and dismay his platoon at foot drill by ordering, "Right forward, fours right," followed by pointed requests to Marlow and others to keep in step. Lieutenant Colnon hurled invectives at the embryo gun squads while "C" Battery looked on in amazement. It might have been a caisson, but it certainly looked more like a nail-keg. One afternoon Lieutenant Colnon was pleased to discover that Vilas Schulz had adopted his methods, and was heatedly warning a volunteer gun crew that they were "not at a funeral." These were the days of physical drill and soccer games. Jelaca and Schmidt, leaping piles of corn stalks, was a spectacle which caused passing doughboys to stop and applaud, while visitors paused to watch Mike dash against the wooden horse in mounting exercises. Basket-ball, base-ball, volley-ball, tugs of war, boxing, cross-country running, and even hot-hand were introduced to remove the peace-time waist measure.

Wooden heads, wooden horses, and wooden guns that wouldn't shoot characterized September and October. Early in the second month the arrival of Gerlicher, Williams, Lenz, Goetsch, Neiss, Pettack, Bosin, Volkman, Vandeberg, and twenty-five others who were subsequently transferred brought the Battery total up to 178. Beligan, the conscientious objector, came on the 15th, only to depart in November for the Remount Station. A week later Main, Kasmeriski, Herkert, Keeney, and Weiss volunteered for early service overseas with the railway engineers. About this time the ill-starred Sergeant Slyter came from "A" Battery and took over the whistle. On the 25th, Gubine, Hafemeister, DeYoung, Holland, Seward, and other prospective mule-skippers transferred to the Supply Company. By the last of November, squads and sections began to take their places, specialists of various kinds had begun to appear and rumors of early service overseas cropped up. However, any plans for perfecting the organization were shattered by the arrival of the first of a disheartening series of orders for transfer and on the 30th, twenty-three men laden with barracks bags, left the battery for the 33rd Division at Houston, Texas.

During the next two months, life was unsettled and muddy but not unpleasant. On November 6th, Bernas came from the Signal Corps, bringing useful experience with horses and guns. Two weeks later Sears and Hopkins appeared, followed at intervals in December by Olson, Shadford and Sanders. Just before the holidays, Lieutenants Isham, Edmondson, Stiles and Bellows were attached to the



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Battery, nearly doubling the number of officers. Offsetting these arrivals was the departure of the smiling Jelaca, placid Zimmer, and twenty-three others for Camp Pike on November 18th, and various discharges for physical disability. With the transfer of LaBeau on December 14th, Sergeant Swanton, and his crew of bronco-busters fell heir to the stables and ninety-two horses. The first fifty-seven horses had arrived on November 11th, and from then on, the cares of the buck private had increased. Lieutenant Marks now explained with convincing emphasis that when you approach a rearing horse which has just sent a man sprawling into the opposite stall, the horse is more frightened than you are, and pounded home to the non-coms his creed that a horse is an animal of one idea. Captain Bliss explained that the pinto and cantle were opposite ends of a saddle. All ranks learned to yearn for the opportunity to pick up a hind hoof.

In order to arm us further for our coming battle with frightfulness, throughout this period we took singing lessons. Perhaps the General Staff thought that the sound of our clear young voices ringing across the wastes of no-man's land would cause the terrible Hun to break into tears and abandon his ways. At any rate the shouting was rather good fun, provided we were not required to narrate the adventures of "Private Perks" more than five times at a sitting. The lessons came once a week until the measles epidemic after Christmas put an end to them. And it was at this time that Lt. Morrison pleaded with us, day after day, to buy Liberty Bonds. Everyone was rather sceptical at first or reasoned that he was doing his bit as it was, but after much urging, in which Captain Coe of the Division Exchange assisted, the ball was started rolling. "B" did not head the regiment in subscriptions this time as she did later in the Fourth Loan, but we rolled up a very comfortable total.

With the approach of Christmas, everyone began to think about the possibilities of getting home. Secretary of War Baker kept us on the anxious seat until the last moment and finally decided that a few at a time over a period of ten days would be the best way to get around the transportation problem. Those who spent Christmas in camp will remember that Captain Bliss as Brigade Commander marched his three regiments down to the enormous Christmas tree near the station. Those on leave seem to have enjoyed themselves immensely. Some were ingenious enough to get an extra twenty-four hours by finding themselves conveniently snowbound in Milwaukee, Chicago or Beaver Dam. Others returning with the love light in their eyes, applied to Lieutenant Morrison for allotment for dependents.

The New Year started with 104 men in the Battery, four feet of snow, and a temperature of ten below. There were few changes in the battery in January.



Early in the month, Sergeant Springer and Private Knight, former city attorney of Rockford, left for the third Officers' Training Camp, and Corporal Konow came from "A" to preside over the orderly room. Hartwig transferred to the 448th Truck Co., and was seen almost a year later in France. It was on the 17th, that Schnitzler's hitherto quiet horse decided to throw him into a snow bank against the stable-wall and broke his arm. The morning report of this date contains the interesting entry, "1 horse from duty to sk. in Hosp. Pvt. Schnitzler from duty to sk. in Hosp." It sounds as though both parties had suffered.

Guard duty in this weather was something never to be forgotten; the winter cap and knitted helmet were all that maintained the spark of life. A report of fifty below zero went unchallenged. When there was nothing else to do, everyone shovelled snow, even out of the barracks where it accumulated under the ample ventilators. On January 12th, the battery stumbled thru drifts for two miles in a bitter wind, to have their feet measured at the Base Hospital. Capt. Bliss was surprised that they came back alive, and possibly to keep them safe at home, announced quarantine for measles that evening. It was at this time that the training schedule called for winter sports. Snow fights, fox and geese, skeeing, snow shoeing and tobogganing were introduced. It was worth a frozen ear to watch Vohs take the hill on one skee, while Schwefel and Bernas did their best to break their backs by leaping the gap on the toboggan.

During February and March the strength of the battery dwindled to almost eighty men. There was too much guard duty, too much grooming and too much mud. The more we called for men, the more we were required to transfer. A thaw and frequent rains in the early part of February turned the camp into a swamp. The stable police dug ditches from morn till dewy eve. On February 6th, Captain Bliss was ordered to Sill and turned the battery over to Lieutenant Isham. Someone organized



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a farewell party at which Galloway jiggered, Rutkowski sang Polish love songs, Bosin played the mouth organ and rolled his eyes, and Hollingsworth acted master of ceremonies. It was about a week later that the first Sergeant reported seventeen privates absent at Monday reveille, creating quite an uproar until a reassuring telegram told of trouble with train connections at Minnesota Junction. On the 25th, Lieutenant Lavery took the battery while Lieutenant Isham quietly disappeared. The latter returned early in March to find an account of his wedding tacked on the bulletin board. On March 2nd, the battery lost a respected friend when Lieutenant Marks at length obtained his long sought transfer to the Cavalry. In this connection it is interesting to note that a few months later, Marks was again in the Artillery, now a Captain, taking the course at Sill with Leisses and Hollingsworth.



As Spring and warm weather came on and the mud began to disappear, equitation became more and more the order of the day. There was still plenty of mud, however, when Rake undertook to ride a horse new to harness and rider. After three jumps, Rake got off, upside down, and the horse dashed off in all directions. Throughout the days men moved round and round the gun shed on blanket and surcingle waving their arms and grunting at the command to "le-ean back." On March 8th the first mounted section took the field, while officers and non-coms hovered around, anxiously watching every change of expression of the horse faces.

Meanwhile the basket-ball team had been climbing upward in the Division Tournament. Hayes, Vohs, Shadford, Scott, Hollingsworth, Galloway, Reifsnider and Ginther perspired valiently but were unfortunately beaten in the championship game. Also gas instruction was in vogue this Spring. Sergeant Gillen can tell just how nice it is to double time thru the slush in a mask; it resembles drowning. Lieutenant Colnon's vivid talks on the horrors of gas warfare brought even "Father Time" Seibert to the six second mark.

On March 25th, Sergeant Hart transferred to the Q. M. C. and Sergeant Dietz took command of the "guys that get the buglers up." Lieutenant Collins was assigned to the battery on March 29th, to replace Lieutenant Marks, and took command a few days later when Lieutenant Isham left for Ft. Sill. On the 30th, Schulze, the comedy cook, who later welcomed the battery to LeCourneau, and Giles, who later rejoined, transferred to Camp Merritt.

April was an interesting month. It started with an advance rumor of the Sparta hike, and continued with preparations for that event. On Saturday, April 6th, Major Perkins held a field inspection at which "B" battery was pleased to appear an hour late. The day was very dusty, and tooth-brushes and extra garments were much the worse for their participation. A week later came the parade of the whole division thru Rockford. The six hours in the saddle left some of our horsemen a little bowlegged. On Sunday, the 14th, the Wisconsin Society presented the regimental colors to Colonel Lambdin with impressive ceremony. Battery "B" took part successfully in this and in the review before General Kennon which followed, in spite of the fact that in the rehearsal the day before, Lieutenant Collins had a little difficulty in steering the organization



to its place. On the 18th, the regiment under Major Perkins hiked out into the country, encamped, had mess, packed up, and hiked back. Two days later came the first mounted inspection. It took two hours to form the line, and General Martin galloped around it in as many minutes. "B" was distinguished by the fact that Lieutenant Lavery was thrown from Sergeant Leisses' Horse. That must have pleased Leisses, who had been none too glad to give up his pet. Captain Bliss, minus his mustache, returned from Sill on April 22nd, and a few days later started the work of packing for the move to Sparta.

During the month, there were several changes in the battery. Sears the horse-wrangler went to Camp Logan on the 3rd, and "Scarneck" went ungroomed. Mears, Scheiman and Scott came on the 19th, and joined the other intellects of the B. C. Detail. Sergeant Rennie now assumed the responsibilities of top sergeant, a post for which Captain Bliss had him continually in mind since his first appearance. The energy and fairness with which he administered the important duties of this position were to aid materially in the successful develop-



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ment of the organization. Failla, Fossum and Kahlke came on the 20th, and were immediately taught to stand to heel. Fossum, alas, was so discouraged by "Whiskers" and "Baldy" that he went to Chicago and stayed there until he was brought back. On the last of the month, casualties from the Depot Brigade filled up the unoccupied portion of the barracks. They put on a guard which stopped all and sundry, and which having stopped them was at a loss what to do next. The last five days at Grant was filled with plans for the "hike" and properly belong to the following chapter.



The HIKE

Talk of the move to Camp Robinson persisted in spite of several postponements of the date of starting and by the first of May rumor experts were fairly confident that the tenth would see us on the way. At first it was planned to take but a hundred horses, and Schultz and Bensley cheerfully made up a list of "bad eggs" to go back to the Remount Station. At the last moment, however, it was found that we could select fifteen more men from among the casuals in our barracks, and it was decided that with this help we could take all. Preparations for the move were made in all departments. On May 2nd the regiment was marched into the country, where camp was pitched, and marched back again by starlight. There was something dramatic in this night ride, with not a light except here and there the glow of a cigarette, and not a sound but the rumble of the caissons and Sanders softly cursing his off-horse. The "snakes" were now taken for daily runs by relays of riders to accustom them to changing scenery and to tire them out. Stables and barracks were vigorously scrubbed for the final inspection. Packing was completed in a frenzy of work on the eleventh, and the following day loading of the freight cars began. On the 14th, Leisses and Hollingsworth left for the 4th O. T. C. At the last moment, barely in time to draw shelter halves and other necessary equipment, Lind, Buss, Raycher, Rudd, and eleven other former casuals were welcomed into the organization.

The morning of the fifteenth we started. Reveille was at four thirty, and three hours later the Headquarters Company took the road at the head of the column. It was a strange procession that then wound thru camp, across the Rock River and down the road toward Rockford. Two caissons headed Battery "B's" column, scarcely visible beneath the pile of rolls, horse covers, oat sacks, and picket rope which threatened to topple over at every jolt. Dorn carried the guidon and argued with Rudolph who should ride beside the lead pair. Behind the section came the bareback riders, four abreast, looking just the least bit worried and uncomfortable. Next were the men with saddles, each leading one or two horses, and finally the pursuit non-coms. The latter had plenty of work to justify their title, for the horses behaved in a manner which made the most optimistic wag their heads. Lt. Morrison had them galloping after runaways most of the morning. To add to our forebodings, we could plainly see that all was not well with "A" and word came up the column that "C" had bolted into the river. However, by the time the procession reached Rockford, order had been fairly well established, and the riders could divert their attention from their mounts to acknowledge shouts from the sidewalk, stoop to receive a lilac or package of cigarettes, and promise to bring back the Kaiser's ear.

Just outside the town, we stopped for lunch. There was another small stampede when the horses were introduced to nose bags, but the oats soon restored

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peace. Having done much and eaten nothing since very early in the morning, Nimtz was fairly staggered at the small size of his sandwich. He was heard to mumble that someone must be trying to founder him. After mess, the march was resumed until shortly after three o'clock, when the picket line was stretched on a broad field of Lovejoy farm. Tents were pitched in a few minutes and the horses led off to water at the river, a mile distant.

The watering place was a stretch of sand and mud at the bottom of a steep grassy hill, and it was there that our four footed friends showed us some new tricks. The horses floundered in the mire, rolled, and swam into deep water with their frantic riders, and the few men who were able to save themselves from a ducking were dumped a few minutes later in the scramble up the hill. Anyone who had been hitherto opposed to strong language found on this and similiar occasions which followed that since to hit a horse meant K. P., a few well chosen words were the most suitable outlet for outraged feelings. However, a good supper soothed Bernas and other ruffled spirits, and sunset found everyone fairly pleased with the new life.

The following morning it took a great deal of scrambling to get things packed again, but by nine o'clock we were on the road. Fortunately no attempt was made to water the horses in the same place; a pond in a farmyard at the end of the first mile made the operation very simple. A little later the regiment wound into Beloit, where a flattering reception awaited. Ketcham, Kahlke, Thomas, and others on surcingles tried their best to look comfortable and unconcerned, and Moldenhauer prodded his wheelers with great importance. At a halt, there was lemonade, cakes, cigarettes and more lilacs for the heroes. Hayes and Gillen are said to have left several broken hearts when they rode away.

Beyond Beloit there was a stretch of hot and dusty road, which continued until we camped at 3:15 at Curtis Farm. Watering in a steep banked muddy brook was again a task that called for picturesque expressions. In the evening there were many visitors from Beloit and even from Rockford which we had fondly imagined was now far behind. The volley ball net was stretched between the water cart and ration wagon and such of the visitors as did not care to listen to the band, watched "Hebe" and "Jiggs" perform. Some men tried to shave by the suns last rays, and discovered the truth of Cobb's remark that a private has no more privacy than a gold fish.

Eight o'clock Thursday morning saw us in the saddle again. Packing was becoming less complicated. Today it was patriotic Janesville that startled the horses with its flag waving. Osborne caused a sensation by discovering a girl friend in the crowd. The noon halt was in the outskirts of the town, where factory girls in fatigue uniform waved at Eric Nelson and Signar Johnson, two of our handsomest. The afternoon march followed a river, from which we turned into a beautiful hillside camp at Fish Farm. In the evening thousands of visitors inspected horses and kitchens while bashful young ladies tossed cigarettes to bashful soldiers and ran—a little ways.

The next day was uneventful until evening, when we passed under Brooklyn's Arch of Triumph, and spread over the first poor camp site. The ground was soggy when we arrived, but more so before we left. The battery with the horses were returning from a trip of over a mile to water, when the lowering clouds unloosed a terrific burst of wind and rain. It was not more than a hundred yards to the picket line, but everyone was thoroughly soaked before he could dash for his pup-tent. Bundalo dashed for the carriages, where he was found later under the harness by a stable orderly looking for oats. The rain continued all night, and Lieutenant Stiles was not far from wrong when he dreamed that he was drowning when his feet stuck out of his blankets. Frank Schmidt picked this uncomfortable night for his attack of appendicitis and had to be sent forward to Madison by motor ambulance the next day.

Sunday morning the soggy rolls were cheerfully made, for Madison was the next halt and we were to stop over Sunday. The start was early, and by two o'clock in the afternoon we were pulling into the Fair Grounds. "B" spread their blankets in the sun beside a shingled water tank, where grooming was sadly interrupted by well-meaning Red Cross women with baskets of candy and smokes. No less a person than Bosin was seen to ask for more candy, holding a full box behind his back. Saturday evening and all of Sunday were devoted to rest, except for the "usual guard and fatigue." Everyone had an opportunity to visit the capitol, but there is very little scandal to report. Stageman, to be sure, was seen Sunday evening with two girls, but then two is nothing for Walter. Sunday afternoon a thunderstorm came close to wrecking the camp, but the men on hand were able to hold it down.

On Monday the 21st, the regiment hiked thirteen miles to Token Creek. The first part of the route lay thru Madison, where we smiled for moving picture operators and looked for friends in the crowd. On the road beyond, nothing unusual occurred. Camp was made in a stumpy field, where roots and stones made lumpy beds. Watering the horses was a troublesome affair here since not more



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than four or six could drink at once. Sergeant Scheer's horse stumbled into a mud hole and ducked its rider. Scheer came to the surface with a look of extreme disgust and for many hours refused to speak to Gillen for not having warned him.

We left Token Creek in good order at eight o'clock the next morning. The weather was beautiful and all seemed serene, but in view of later events, Corporal Schneider must have let his caisson run over a frog. After covering seventeen miles, tents were pitched in the pleasant meadows near Poynette. Watering, feeding, grooming, mess—all the routine work went on until dark as usual. After supper some went to town, little noting a low-lying bank of clouds, while others sang in little groups or rolled up in their blankets for the night, unconscious of impending doom. About nine o'clock, however, a sudden, breathless inky darkness fell, there were a few minutes of uneasy stillness, and with a terrific thunder clap, a hurricane swept down on the camp. Rows of tents went down like houses of cards, picket lines tore loose, and the supply wagons rumbled off by themselves before the



shrieking wind. Rain fell in sheets. Fitful flashes of lightening revealed men running here and there for shelter, struggling with the panic—stricken horses, or vainly pursuing runaway blankets. After twenty minutes of the utmost confusion in which occurred a thousand little tragedies, best known to the men themselves, the wind dropped as quickly as it had come, leaving a steady rain to make the rest of the night miserable. A fire was started near the cook tent, at which as many as couldn't find places in the nearby barn tried to dry their shirt-tails and socks. A few wise ones explored a nearby fence corner where officer's Stetsons were to be had by merely juggling the hat cords. Gould, wet to the skin, snored the night out on a sack of potatoes.

Those who slept at all arose at reveille to face a cheerless drizzle. To move seemed hopeless, but move was the order, and eight-fifteen saw us on the way, soggy men, soggy packs, soggy horses, and soggy tempers. The shattered trees and buildings of Poynette as we passed bore witness to the violence of last night's storm. Later in the morning the sun struggled out, so that by noon, where there was a halt just south of Portage, it was another pleasant day. After mess it was a short march thru Portage, where Dorn and others began to see wives and sweethearts, to a camp on a forty-five degree slope north of town. Here was drainage, at least, we thought. Blankets and packs were spread in the now brightly shining sun, while guards kept the multitude of visitors at bay. While work went on, Red Cross workers with trays of cookies and ice cream cones made themselves immensely popular. A nearby lake with a sandy shore made watering simple so that by evening everyone had forgotten or forgiven the troubles of the night before.

Lieutenant Morrison and Lieutenant Stiles left the battery at this camp, having been ordered to Camp Jackson, S. C. Both were promoted to Captaincies some time later.

The following morning, regret at leaving Portage was combined with pleasure at the prospect of reaching Kilbourne that night, where another day's stop-over was promised. Lieutenant Collin's was now placed in command of "A" battery, and "B" was without his services for the next month. It was rather late when the regiment reached its destination, passing between rows of spectators in automobiles. Camp was made in the woods, which necessitated an irregular line of tents. Guy ropes were so intricably criss-crossed that an unwary traveller between picket line and kitchen invariably brought forth a storm of abuse. That evening passes to town were popular, and Friday was devoted to repose (bunk fatigue) or walks and boat rides thru the Dells.

About mess time Friday evening, rumors of a night march began to circulate. At ten the talk was confirmed by an order; the regiment was to move out at one a. m. Some were lucky enough to have snatched half an hour of sleep, but now all were routed out and packing was done in the dark. The battery was ready on time and moved out on the road leading across the railroad bridge. It was only when now and then we passed under an arc light where muffled figures of

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spectators clustered that packs and equipment could be checked. At first the novelty of the hour kept everyone awake and the horses stepped out eagerly. But the second hour, and the third and fourth and fifth dampened the spirits of the most wakeful. It became necessary to prod the cannoneers to keep them from rolling off under the wheels. To keep one's eyes open and sit up in the saddle became a torture. At a halt, men slept face downward on the road, and stumbled drunkenly when they got up to move on. As day dawned, each mile seemed as if it must be the last or see us dead, but the column crawled on and on and on.

At last at nine o'clock there was a feeble cheer as word was passed back for the guidons. A few minutes later the road was abandoned and the line was formed on Finnegan's Flats, near Mauston. Men tumbled off the horses, fumbled at the cinches, stretched the picket rope, and half pitching the tents, fell asleep in a broiling sun. However, towards noon, enough were able to move about to get the horses watered, and of course all were on hand for food.

The rattle of mess kits was beginning to subside when a rainstorm which had been threatening for the past half hour broke in torrents. Fortunately there was no wind, for in the low soft ground there was some trouble in keeping the tent pegs down. Numerous rivulets began to flow among the blankets and Corporal Konow was dismayed to see the water backing up in the ditch before his shelter. He leaped to save the records, and while half the battery egged him on from the shelter of the cook tent, fought violently with his spoon to stem the tide. Corporal Reifsnider stuck his head out to see what the noise was about just in time to have his own tent come down on his back. The night was damp and uncomfortable, but that was now coming to be accepted as quite natural. Sergeant Shodford drew the odium of everyone by rousing the battery in the small hours of the morning to save the horses and picket line from sinking out of sight in the mud.

Sunday morning, men and horses were in shape again, and after some little trouble in crossing a broken bridge took the road with the longest march of the trip ahead. It was four thirty when camp was made on a broad, low-lying plain at Hustler, twenty miles from last night's stop. There was some bad language when it was found that a few tents had to be pitched in puddles, but there was more when the now customary rain descended and changed the puddles to ponds.

The next day's march covered but fifteen miles, but it was longest in point of time. It was after five before we reached the end, tired and dusty, greeted by the hoots of the heavy dough-boys of the 333rd. The delay was caused by muddy roads, on which it pleased us to be able to pass some mired trucks, and by a long steep ascent which the carriages were forced to take in several stages, one at a time. "B's" caissons went up without a hitch, thanks to perfect driving. There were several miles of road along the hill-tops after this climb before camp was made on a rocky, stumpy slope. The mules, with our squad rolls did not arrive until three o'clock in the morning, so that the coldest night of the trip had to be spent in saddle blankets.

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On the 29th, the regiment wound down the other side of the ridge, and at the end of another fifteen miles crossed the sandy south range and halted among the bare buildings of Camp Robinson. This was the end, and real roofs and real beds were first in everyone's mind. Part of the horse sheds assigned to the battery were scattered around near "A"'s gun-shed, but just now no-one minded that but the horses. The new quarters were soon occupied, shelves began to go up, and by nightfall it looked as though we had been there a week. The hike had been new and interesting, but that night when rain beat on the roof, it seemed good to be under cover with no tent pegs to worry about.



Camp Robinson

The three months spent at Camp Robinson were the most pleasant and satisfactory in the course of our training. We were still short of equipment but at last we had guns, horses and a place to shoot. For the first time we began to feel like Artillerymen. Talk of early service overseas lent a zest to work that was carried on under almost ideal conditions. Riding became something more than impossible gymnastics on a bull-ring, gun drill ceased to be a hollow mockery, and the special detail graduated from blackboard exercises to difficult field work. Food, which plays a mighty part in building the soldier, was excellent, and as for recreation—well, there was LaCrosse!

No time was wasted in getting down to work. The battery was soon busy rebuilding the stables, cleaning stalls and corrals, and digging ditches about the quarters. Goetch, Neiss, and Mittelsteadt opened up their new shop, and while Goetch decorated the interior with political posters, the other two hunted for stove pipe to fit the forge. Sergeant Swanton swept the stable shack, and tore down objectionable pictures left by our predecessors. Sergeant Dietz found plenty of work to worry the K. P.'s. Three days after our arrival, the hostile Reds, advancing along the railroad from Tomah, were halted by our infantry in the vicinity of Pike's Peak, and the Artillery dashed out at a walk for the first firing practice. The cannoneers and cook off-duty climbed Selfridge Knoll to watch. This event ended the month of May, and started the important work of the summer.

June passed quickly and witnessed progress in all departments. On the 3rd "B" fired on the South Range just beyond the Lower Pass, and did surprisingly well for the first time. Marquette had the time of his life, and was bound he would ride the trail in spite of hell. The battery fired once and sometimes twice a week from this time on, improving rapidly until the work of the cannoneers became the talk of the regiment. On one occasion, in mid-season, Colonel Lambdin remarked that he had seen but one organization that fired better, Battery "A" of the 6th Field Artillery. The arrival of the long heralded British "75's" on June 25th introduced some new kinks into gun drill, but these remarkable looking pieces were soon handled as rapidly as the familiar 3-inch gun.

Meanwhile the special detail was learning to work hand in glove with the rest of the battery. It took no time at all to string a mile of wire and the meanest horse holder could make his friends gasp by talk of parallax, azimuths and alidades. Dorn learned how to hold forbidden conversations with Bosin, speaking guard-

edly between batches of data. Lt. Colnon almost persuaded his intellectuals that cleaning a bit was beneath them, but they eventually learned to scrub as carefully as their less enlightened comrades.

The drivers perspired all day long, breaking wild horses to saddle and harness and pulling the guns to and fro from firing. "Whiskers" learned to follow Hughes like a dog and one bright day was surprised to find himself pulling a caisson. Wagner, Schneider, Williams, Bensley, Schultz and Hale all learned to stick like burrs and calm our meanest man eaters. While the newer drivers under Sergeant Rudolph made the corral look like a three-ring circus, the older men learned to dodge stumps and take the steepest hills in even draught.

In June rumors from the usual source to the effect that the division would move east on the fifteenth of next month met with considerable favor. Schnitzler, rather the worse for his treatment at the base hospital, rejoined the battery early in the month, followed in two weeks by "Frenchy" Reible, who had been sick at Grant since before the hike.

July was hot and full of talk of our departure. On the 3rd, Lt. Isham returned from the fourth Officers' Training Camp at Grant where he had been instructing since his course at Fort Sill, and two days later Sergeant Scheer departed for the O. T. C. at Camp Taylor, Kentucky. Lieutenant Collins returned from "A" on the ninth, once more completing the quota of officers. By far the most important event was the arrival on the evening of the 15th of the long desired recruits. Seventy-five of these men found bunks in our second barracks, and two days later sixty-six were permanently assigned. Bush, DeClerk, Fouchette (pronounced Fouchay), Fowier, Guthrie, H. T. Scott, and four Johnsons were among those in this first detachment. All suffered under the title of "Depot Brigade" from now until their departure. On the 26th thirty-five additional men joined the "Brigade." In this group were Cecil Hopkins, Mack, McCall, Morrissey, Polen, and others who had been non-commissioned instructors at Grant. Unfortunately they now found themselves in a new branch of the service, minus the valuable experience of the early summer, and many never regained their former grade.

Among other incidents in this month is the transfer of Bundalo, who had insisted on remaining an alien enemy to the end. A few days before he departed for the Development Battalion, Capt. Bliss had saved Mike from a similar fate by putting him at the mercy of Sgt. Rudolph in the Guard House until he should learn to sign his name. Thruout July Lieutenant Colnon and Sergeant Gillen, now aided in their propoganda by Corporal Ginther, labored for the Fatherland by spreading fantastic tales of gas warfare. Early in the month "B" fired one of the most difficult problems of the summer. While the telephone men bridged the mile and a half that separated guns and B. C. Station, stringing the wire from horseback, the instrument detail scratched their heads over triangles that presented unsuspected complications. On the 19th, the drivers, not to be outdone by the other divisions of the battery, took the caissons over the difficult Ridge Road to Hill "1060." A little tragedy ended the month, when "Shrapnel" who in

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his crippled condition had made many friends and had become a familiar figure under the gun shed, was humanely condemned and destroyed.

August contained a number of changes in the battery and preparations for the big trip. The first of the month is notable for the enlistment of Private McGinnis, into whom Sergeant Shadford instilled great respect for sentinels. Schelpfeffer was transferred to Brigade Headquarters on the 6th and three days later eleven more recruits arrived. Among the new men were Lowry and the Lee brothers, who were soon detailed for stable police, together with Swartout, and shovelled all morning for "A" before they discovered their mistake. O'Dell appeared on the nineteenth and Kuckler came a few days later, the latter having been left behind at Grant when his infantry regiment moved out when he wasn't looking. On Monday the 5th "B" fired a barrage for General Martin. At seven o'clock information of the arrangement came to Lieutenant Isham who was in command in the absence of Captain Bliss, and he was forced to make hasty plans while the battery stood harnessed and hitched in the roadway. The show was successful, however, and General Martin, as well as General Spaulding and Colonel Lambdin, who watched from the B. C. station, complimented the gunners on their work. Word comes from one of the recorders that General Martin, though baffled in his efforts to see through the telescope, trying first one eye and then the other, remarked that it made things much clearer.

On the tenth of August, an inspection of equipment for fitness for overseas service set the rumors afloat. Hunches came true when packing started two days later. Sergeant Hayes now assumed a frown that lasted for two weeks while he figured weights and sizes and cubic contents and markings. The horse-shoers began to pull off all the shoes they had just put on, and the mail was full of shrapnel cases for the folks at home. On the 13th, all doubts that something was going to happen were set aside when Lieutenant Isham, Volkman and Tunac were seen aboard the train with the advance party for France. The drivers spent this day packing and storing the harness, unpacking it, harnessing and unharnessing again before it could finally be turned in. Such activity grew so ominous that two days later, while Pettack and Vandeberg were busy camouflaging the officers' trunks, six men decided that it was best to make hay while the sun was shining and went A. W. O. L. After the harness, the caissons were turned in, and on the 17th, our 149 horses including the colicky mare who would lie down, were loaded into box cars amid scenes of great confusion. Lieutenant Collins and Sergeant Hayes, on the 22nd, reported everything packed, stacked, and accounted for and Captain Bliss sighed "bring on your war."

On October 24th, it was learned that instead of leaving on the 26th as planned, our departure had been indefinitely postponed. Unfortunately new uniforms had just been issued, and it now became a problem to keep busy without getting dirty. The expedients adopted were astonishing. There were games, reviews, hikes, drill, "right by file," entraining practice, and even an order to swat flies before and after each meal. On the 26th there was a battalion review at which the sun proved too much for Wagner and Lenz, and a few days later a regimental review before General Spaulding. One morning the battery entrained in simulated

cars, and then with "E" hiked out onto the south range for mess and an afternoon of baseball and games. That evening the new boxing ring was dedicated with vaudeville and some fast bouts. It was two nights later that "Whirlwind" Duffie found he had met his match. In addition to Pschebelski, Schulz, Mack, Dengel, and other fighters, "B" offered her matchless quartet, and Scott, ex-boxer, photographer, and expert at the manual-of-arms, for these evening entertainments. August ended with a farewell banquet, at which stories by Lieutenant Collins drew much applause, and at the week-end as many as could went home for a last good-bye.



"Private McGinnis Sir!"



GOING OVER

September was an eventful month for the battery. Its beginning saw us in Camp Robinson, and its close in England at Camp Knotty Ash, four thousand miles away. There were many new and interesting experiences during this period but also many things that were disagreeable and disheartening. However, our troubles "put the wind up" very few, there was not much "gripping," and difficulties were made light of with a spirit that reflects the very highest credit on the non-coms and other leaders among the men.

With September came definite orders. The last four days at Robinson were spent in final preparations. On the 3rd, the departure of General Spaulding and the 333rd assured us that there would be no postponement this time. That afternoon, the field ranges were installed in a baggage car which we shared with "A", and stores of food piled to the roof. The next day, Thursday, after a careful police of grounds and barracks and a restless wait on the battery parade, we entrained in faultless style at noon. Captain Bliss was train commander, and at one o'clock we pulled out for the great war.

Selfridge Knoll and Pike's Peak were soon lost to view, and we passed Tomah, Camp Douglas, and Portage, four heads at every window. Woelfe, to whom sleeping cars were new, worried all the way to Milwaukee about when he was going to sleep. A noisy welcome awaited us at the home of Pabst and Palmolive, where Red Cross women with gifts of fruits and post cards were much appreciated. Thoughts of German treachery crossed the mind as a train passed a blazing grain elevator near Great Lakes. By ten o'clock we were in Chicago, and were shuttled around in its back yard while many made their first attempt at sleeping on a shelf.

From Chicago to New York we travelled via the Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley at a little better than way-freight speed. Friday evening after a pleasant journey through Michigan and Canada, with half an hour's walk at Port Huron, Niagara Falls was reached. All who were awake tumbled out just at midnight to see the view. The beautiful hills of Pennsylvania made time pass agreeably the following day, as did occasional line-ups for food and an opportunity to stretch ones legs at a halt. At one point, Gleissner, the gay dog, was seen to raise a girl to the window for a kiss. As we rolled on and on, Woelfe became restless and finally asked if it were not almost time we were reaching Chicago.

At six in the evening, the train reached Hoboken and the battery tramped noisily out of the station and onto a waiting ferry. This time Woelfe is said to have thought that the battery had merely stopped on the dock for sandwiches and coffee, and nearly died of fright when the building floated away. The ferry floated around the lower end of Manhattan while a guide shouted the names of passing attractions. At Long Island, after much waiting, another train rushed us to Camp Mills. Here tents were found, there was a little fuss over bunks, and our first big step was taken.

The first days at Mills were spent in feverish efforts to get equipped, inspected, and on a pass basis. The day after arrival, the regiment moved to a better part of camp just in time to avoid the consequence of a heavy rain. When new clothing arrived, Captain Bliss organized a Mill of his own, and sent the battery thru in short order. Sergeant Vohs assisted in issuing shoes, but spent most of the time selecting a becoming overseas hat. On September 11th, no cooties having been found, we were declared ready to sail and permitted to visit New York. Some were wise enough to stay away from the city of iniquity, and found sufficient entertainment in the airplanes over-head, but not so Vernon Reible. This thirsty cook, following a tip, is said to have handed the first passer-by five dollars and whispered "whiskey." The accomodating stranger whispered "wait" and Frenchie is waiting yet. Others probably had as interesting adventures, but unfortunately they lacked witnesses.

On September 15th, baggage was tagged and hauled away, and the next day the battery was on the way again. A ferry took us from Long Island slowly up the Hudson to the White Star docks, where we hovered in mid-stream for two hours while some marines occupied the dock officials. At length there was room to land, and we found ourselves in the shadow of the "Lapland." While the rest of the regiment got aboard, "B" had some coffee and sandwiches and wrote farewell postals beside an imposing array of depth bombs. Hoeffling was snatched from our midst at the last minute on grounds of physical disability, only to follow across on almost the next boat. "B" was the last organization to board the transport and was told to wait further arrangements on the poop deck.

That night the battery slept on deck, and when morning dawned, heard that the ship was over-crowded and that the deck would be their home throughout the voyage. The ship was still in dock, but at nine o'clock she was slowly towed down the river, and out into the harbor. Off Governor's Island, a returning troop-ship passed while convalescent soldiers waved their crutches in greeting. With beating hearts, we watched the clustered sky-scrappers and the Statue of Liberty fade into the distance, and then turned to the business of securing hammocks and mattresses and donning the much soiled life preservers. Time until nightfall was spent in scrambling for meals, basking in the sun, trying to count the ships in the convoy, and drawing from the crew harrowing tales of submarine adventures. Bunks were made up as early as six o'clock in order to secure desirable locations. "Peanuts" and Rutkowski claimed a place under the companion-way, Harvey Swanton and Shadford slung hammocks, and others slept in the scuppers, on the hatch, under the donkey engine, anywhere there was five feet of space.

Wednesday, the second day out, a certain amount of routine was established. After a six o'clock reveille, everyone climbed stanchions or perched on capstans while the deck was washed down. Later in the morning, and again in the afternoon, we were herded around in the endless confusion of boat drill. Near noon, "B" mounted the first guard and for the rest of the day detachments and reliefs were seen pushing their way about the ship in search of some of the forty two posts. Bernas, Weeks, O'Dell, Signar Johnson, Mack, and O. C. Anderson were selected for M. P. duty and given the run of the ship. Towards evening there was a light rain which made the quarters uncomfortable and necessitated much hurried shifting of mattresses, but which did little harm and was soon over.

Following days were very much the same. Boat drill happily assumed some semblance of order. On Saturday, the fifth day out, it was an agreeable change to find ourselves out of the warm gulf stream in weather that made life more livable below decks. The ship entered a heavy fog in the afternoon, and during boat drill, narrowly escaped collision with a neighbor in the convoy. It was the day before this that Fowler had been cast into the Guard House for presuming to smoke below. On Sunday Zaverdinos found himself in the same fix and minus a couple of meals because his trick cigarette lighter, after failing to work all day,

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flared up at night and caught the eye of a watchful M. P. Two days after this, the influenza first made its appearance on our deck. Olson was among the first to go under and peered out of his wrapping of hammocks with unappreciative eyes. That same night a cold driving rain, with fairly heavy seas, sent many below to sleep on the none to sweetly scented hatches.

September 25th the convoy entered the danger zone. From now on there was no sleeping below decks, and a chill wind and rain made the battery uncomfortable. Two days later, an escort of British destroyers appeared, amid cheers, and inspired confidence by their business-like appearance. A glimpse of the Irish coast the following morning brought a feeling of relief to everyone. Scotland loomed up in the afternoon as the convoy turned into the Irish Sea. About four o'clock, the convoy divided, part of the ships going to Glasgow, while the "Lapland" with the rest steamed south and in the evening entered the Mersey River. Sunday, September 29th found us at anchor in Liverpool harbor, and mighty glad to be alive.

When the order to disembark came Sunday noon, twenty-one of the Battery were too sick to be moved. These had to be left behind until they could be taken to hospitals in Liverpool. Some we never saw nor heard of again. Konow and Stephens, it is said, were later invalided home. Winkler, Guy Lehman, Nass, and Dengel, to our very great sorrow, succumbed to pneumonia. Michael, Fisher, Lambeth, Hildebrandt, Nickel, and five others rejoined the battery in twos and threes over the ensuing six months. The rest of the battery were lightered ashore and hiked several miles through throngs of dirty children to Camp Knotty Ash. Here were chilly tents and muddy streets but anything on land looked good just now. Even the scanty food, served at dark in one of the large tents was a welcome change. Soon all were hunting soft spots on the wooden tent floors, and snores ended our first day as part of the A. E. F.



FRANCE RIF AT LAST

Two miserable wet days were spent at Camp Knotty Ash, during which time we changed our previous ideas of "rest camps." On October 2nd there came a welcome order to move, and the battery dragged through the streets of Liverpool to a neatly whitewashed cattle pen, where they boarded a south-bound train to the tune of a British band. This time five men, R. Johnson, Hangaard, Otto, Halleckson, and Stickelmaier had to be left behind, victims of the "flu." The all day ride to Romsey with a chance to detrain at Birmingham, was very interesting. Everyone noticed the absence of wooden buildings and the contingent of Minnesota farmers were loud in their scorn of the primitive methods of cultivation. Southampton was passed in the evening, where there was a glimpse of a group of German prisoners. It was dark when the train reached Romsey, and the battery marched by starlight to Camp Woodley.

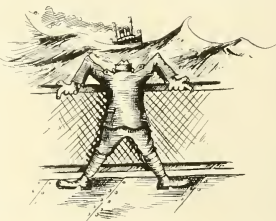
October third was spent at Romsey in bathing, shaving, and baseball. Manska, ex-coal heaver and swing driver, gave out at this point and was left behind. On the following day there was an eleven mile hike to the docks at Southampton. Here "B" and "Supply" were separated from the regiment and boarded the "Prince George" at seven in the evening. At eleven o'clock the ship sailed for France, but shortly changed her mind and was found tossing in Southampton harbor when day dawned.



This fact gave rise to hair-raising stories, with which the battery was forced to entertain itself as it loafed about the docks and ship throughout the day. That evening another start was made, and all hands were treated to a channel crossing in all its glory. It was "La belle France" that greeted their eyes on the morning of the 6th, and weak

but eager, they stumbled out on to dry land. A chilly rain effectively dampened all enthusiasm and after a soggy hike which made one think grimly of tales of "sunny" France, bedraggled packs were dumped in the tents of another rest camp.

In the afternoon, the rest of the regiment moved out of camp for parts unknown. "B" stayed on for five days, changing tents and bathing at the whim of the Camp Commander, mounting guard, and wondering what was the big delay. Blaszak and Kiesewetter had been dropped at Southampton, and now four more, Koch, Mier, Nikel, and H. H. Carlson went to the hospital at Tourlaville. At last, on October 11th, came an order to entrain, and at 2 p. m. many were surprised to find that the funny looking box cars were all for them to sleep in. Two days and two nights were spent in these crowded quarters, with just enough cheese



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and sour bread to keep one alive. The country was new and interesting however, and the abundance of vineyards promised well for the future.

On Sunday, October 13th, the "galloping goose" screamed into Camp Hunt and "B" detrained and occupied the new barracks. The cement floors looked rather forbidding when one thought of sleep, but at least it seemed like a permanent camp, and word went round that there was to be real American "chow" with Sergeant Dietz once more at the oven. That evening Volkman and Tunac, who had come down from LaCourtine a few days before with others of the advance party, returned from Arachon, and set out to instruct their friends in the ways of the country. Both had acquired some smart looking writing paper, small size, whereon a few lines could be crowded to pass for a letter home. No effort was made that night to take over our sector on the "Western Front," for next to food, sleep was foremost in all minds, and besides, francs were scarce.

The next month of training at LeCourneau was full of new interests and hard work. While the weakening morale of the Central Powers and the increasing military success of the allies seem to point to an early peace, all had been soldiers long enough to believe nothing, count on nothing, and keep busy. On Monday morning, the day after arrival, it became known that Lieutenant Collins had transferred to the Headquarters company, and that Lieutenant Edmondson, who had been with the battery the previous winter, would take his place. Lieutenant Versnel, a recent graduate of Samur, was also attached to the battery and proved a great help with his practical knowledge of the new gun.

About the middle of the first week, specialists of all kinds started to school. Corporal Scott headed the Machine Gun detail, which became enthusiastic with the idea of shooting down airplanes on the wing. Volkamn and his telephonists studied elementary electricity, splices, and learned to trace circuits. Lieutenant Colton coached Mears and Shadford in hither-to unheard-of intricacies of topography and they, alas, became ardent "Y-liners." The mechanics learned all of the tricks of the "soixante quinze" and just how to tell a cotter pin from a brake-segment, while Sergeant Swanton and his horsemen told the hippology instructor more about horses than he ever before suspected.

Meanwhile the gun squads under Lieutenant Edmondson and Lieutenant Versnel prospered exceedingly. Several changes in the gun drill, together with the new material threw them out of their stride at first, but by the end of the month when firing started, the old Spatra form came back. The drivers on the other hand suffered from lack of employment. They spent as much time as possible cleaning the beautiful French harness, which was never to see service, but



when that was done, they relapsed into simulated mounted drill, gas drill, and fatigue work.

A few days after arrival in LaCourneau, a number of promotions had been made, and the battery reorganized to a certain extent. Gerlicher, Frank, Hale, Hughes, Maron, and few others were rewarded for long and faithful service. O'Dell jumped to the duties of Supply Sergeant, and ably handled this department. At this time Lieutenant Colnon received his long due commission as First Lieutenant. By the end of the month, the various departments were working smoothly and learning rapidly, so that if the regiment was to see the first line, "B" would be ready to "strafe" the Hun with the best of them.

Firing practice, when it started, was the most interesting part of the work. On October 29th, for the first time in its history, the battery received its four guns. On November 4th "B" fired, using "A's" guns. The next week, on the day Germany signed the armistice, "B" fired again, using our own guns, which had been laboriously hauled out to the range the previous Saturday. Three days later came the fire on moving

targets, the guns having been hauled forward over Morresy's bridge. This was real sport, but the tank was so badly smashed that the school could see no need of repeating the performance. On the eighteenth, the gun crews worked for the last time. There was supposed to be aeroplane adjustment, but no plane appeared. Three days later came the order to turn in all equipment, and while plans for a brigade problem came tumbling down, the "75's" were cheerfully trundled off to the gun-park.

Before school and firing ceased, the football team had been begging off from hikes and gas-drill, and now the game became almost the only interest. Hayes, Rennie, Bosin, Scheiman, Gleissner, Heckstein, Ginther, Mack, Vohs, Shadford, Moores, Wagner, Gillen, Buss and Whitesides made up most of the squad which perspired daily under Mack's instruction, while Scott, Marquette, Rudd, Bennett, Zurowski, and Galloway substituted and took the knocks in practice games. Wagner





turned an ankle early in the season and hobbled to mess on the Colonel's crutches. On November 10th, "B" and "C" played an exciting game that started plans for a regimental tournament. Hayes, Shadford, Vohs, and Ginther of the near-championship basket-ball team passed the ball with surprising success. The game was closely fought, and it was only Shadford's last minute drop-kick that gave "B" the victory. Saturday afternoon, a week later, "B" defeated "E", 22 to 0, and the following week played the first game of the tournament, a scoreless tie with "A". Four days later "A" came back and put us out of the running by a three to nothing defeat. The field had been cleared of puddles beforehand by much labor with stable brooms and shovels. The game was well played, and the team showed a strong but futile come-back in the second half. The battalion championship went to the Headquarters Company, which defeated "A" thirteen to nothing, on December 6th, and the Regimental title to "D" sometime later in a game that kept the stretcher bearers all too busy.

While the routine work was interesting, the Saturday and Sunday passes were more so. Unfortunately extended leaves were scarce and Rennicke and Hayes were the only ones who got away on a real tear. LaTeste and Arcachon were

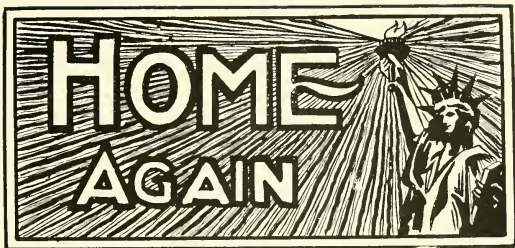


popular, however, particularly when the handsome buck privates found that they were heroes who had come to save "la patrie," and that the damoiselles admired their slim waists. Lieutenant Versnel's French class was well attended, though many considered themselves finished linguists after they had learned to order "oof-sandwiches" and ask "combien." Others got as far as "tout de suite," and learned to say "ah oui, ah oui" with easy nonchalance whenever the natives became unintelligible. "Souvenirs de France" became the rage and cluttered the homebound mails. Of "vin rouge," "cognac," and the Western Front, it is perhaps best to remain discreetly silent. After recall every evening a few came home hilarious, wobbly, and conspicuous, but the rest either got away with it better or stuck to moderation.

After the order, on November 21st, to turn in equipment and prepare to move, there followed a month of idleness similar to the last days at Camp Robinson. Thanksgiving plans were upset by the order, and therefore on Sunday three days later, after the first football game with "C," the battery had its turkey dinner in the holly decked mess-hall. It turned out, however, that we were not to leave for sometime, and so on Thanksgiving Day, another dinner persuaded many that army life had its bright side after all. Thereafter came weeks of foot-ball, foot-drill, hikes, French history, and bunk fatigue, while everyone, Polen included, grew fat. Kahlke, who had broken his collar bone in a too-enthusiastic gas-drill early in November, now reappeared in bandages. At odd times, men who had been dropped in England and Cherbourg turned up embarrassed with rifles and tin hats. Alexander and C. C. Sherman were transferred to the F. A. R. R. and on November 30th, Leo Neiss offered to stay in France and shoe horses at the Remount Depot at Sougy.

Finally, in the wake of the customary rumors, on December 20th came the long expected move. There was much waiting around in the morning, part of the time being spent under the loading platform to avoid a rain, but at noon the engine squealed, and we waved good-bye to the wine shops and Camp Hunt. Lambeth, dogged by hard luck, was again left behind nursing a case of mumps. The distance to Camp de Souge, our destination, was only 50 miles, but it was eleven o'clock at night when we arrived with none too charitable feelings for "frog" engineers. It was midnight when all baggage was finally disposed of and the battery clambered into double deckers to dream of New York and Beaver Dam.





The regiment spent but three days at De Souse. There was nothing to do but stand reveille and retreat, dash through the rain to the airy mess hall, and keep up the fires in the stoves. Everyone will remember how, on the second evening when Lieutenant Colnon was standing retreat to the music of a neighboring regiment, our own bugles interrupted with the rude regimental call and nearly broke up the formation. The morning after this event, the 333rd was seen marching out of camp, and late in the same afternoon we learned that we should hike fifteen miles the next day to an embarkation camp. The evening was spent bundling extra blankets and overcoats into squad rolls so as to lighten the marching pack, and loading them into trucks. A detail of cripples, cooks, and baggage smashers went ahead with the trucks, while the rest of the battery turned in feeling that the end was not far off.

Now there is some dispute as to who suffered most, the advance party, which spent all night in the rain, on the trucks and unloading baggage, with no place to sleep when they were through, or the main body which hiked and saw the promised fifteen miles stretch into twenty-two. The hikers have much to say for themselves, for they underwent the mental and physical torture of having to halt, utterly exhausted, at what appeared to be a perfectly satisfactory camp, only to learn that it was the wrong place and that they had gone two miles out of their way. They retraced their steps at a snail's pace, and when the final halt was made in the second camp, another disappointment would have made every



man drop in his tracks. There was no mistake, however, and a hot supper soon improved the outlook. After mess every man fell to nursing his feet or dropped asleep without further ceremony. And this was Christmas Eve.

The next day was Christmas Day, but those who hoped to sleep late reckoned without "Spike" Hennessy. Half the battery was routed out of bed before sunrise, some almost too stiff to move, and marched two miles through the rain on a fatigue detail. A few men were sent home after an hour's work, but others spent the rest of the morning stumbling through mud stacking bales of clothing. The prevailing sentiment was that if work on Christmas Day would get us any nearer home, we were willing to do it, and the fact that the 333rd embarked that afternoon made the prospect bright.

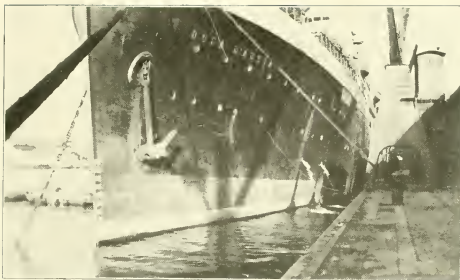
On Friday the 27th, the battery went through the "Mill." This was a long low building, outside of which the soldier discarded his pack and clothing on successive piles, and at one end of which he entered, apprehensive, and naked as the day he was born. Fifteen minutes later at the other end he emerged smiling in brand new clothing from head to toe, with arms full of new equipment, having undergone a shower, physical examination, and sometimes a shave. This operation left us ready to sail, and while the order was eagerly awaited, a whole fleet of vessels was reported in the harbor.

As the days stretched into weeks, however, with details, bed-bugs, mumps, and rain to make matters worse, we began to wonder what we had done to offend Colone! Hennessy. We groomed horses, dug ditches, loaded and unloaded trucks, filled bed-sacks, policed other peoples barracks, constructed sidewalks and bunks, attended funerals, and best of all, helped move an acre of wood-pile fifty feet. Even New Year's Day was spent at the Remount Station, where it is interesting to note, two of the horses which had belonged to the battery at Camp Robinson were found. One of these was Failla's favorite on which he used to hunt fuzes on Sunday afternoons.

In the second week in January rumors that the regiment was to be moved to Brest or Marseilles for embarkation finally crystallized into definite information that a ship was waiting for us at the latter port. At this time Eric Nelson, Stick-elmier, and Lambeth rejoined the battery, just in time to miss the work and take part in the move. On the 17th, after a day at the wood-pile, orders were issued to be ready in the morning, and the next day, hardly realizing the truth, the battery hiked down hill, across the Garonne River, and into the station at Bordeaux. Mumps and a bad heel kept six men behind: Streetz, Altenhofen, J. Johnson, Bogetka, Moulton, and Buss. There were American box cars for most of the men, but since sentiment did not make the floors any softer, it was necessary to appropriate a few bales of hay from cars on the next track. About four o'clock the train pulled out, and to everyone's surprise, made excellent time.

A good speed was maintained, so that those who were fortunate enough to sleep, awoke on Saturday to find the train pulling into Narbonne, more than half way to Marseilles. Here hot coffee, containing enough rum to spoil both coffee and rum, was served. The rest of the trip though much slower was through beautiful country and interesting towns. At Nimes late in the afternoon, there was a stop for hot-coffee again and thereafter the train loitered along until after mid-night. There is some dispute about how many tunnels we passed through, or whether we went through any at all as we neared our destination, but at last in the small





hours of the morning the train stopped along the docks at Marseilles. O'Dell and Volkman had started a fire in the water-bucket of one of the cars, and here sleepy officers, including Colonel Lambdin, took the best seats and warmed themselves until daylight.

About eight o'clock, after the Y. M. C. A. had provided some real coffee, packs were slung, and the battery marched a scant quarter of a mile to the ship's side. This time, instead of being last, "B" was the first to board, and by ten o'clock the men were filing up the gang-plank shouting their names backward in the approved manner. The quarters were forward, just below the main deck, where comfortable steel bunks, two high, contrasted favorably with the hatchways which formed the beds on the previous trip. While the rest of the regiment boarded, Sergeant Gillen with a detail loaded baggage into the hold. Mess at noon was a confused free-for-all, due to a misunderstanding to the effect that there was room for everyone to eat at once, and the food, having been hurriedly prepared, was not promising. The last of the baggage was not aboard until after dark, at which time the hawfers were cast loose, and the Duca d'Aosta churned out into the Mediterranean.

On January 20th, we said good-bye to France, and it was not until February 5th that we waved hello to Broadway. A stop at Gibraltar on the third day out from Marseilles did much to break the monotony. Here a fleet of small boats loaded with figs, oranges, fish, and silks, wheedled the last francs out of whoever would risk his money on the end of a string. Once through the straights of Gibraltar, there was very little of interest for the next week, and in fact, by reason of much pitching and tossing, very few who cared to be interested in anything but their own unhappy state. Boat drill and physical drill were soon dropped, one because it was unnecessary and the other because it was impossible. Almost the only occasion for activity was at meal-time, when waiters shouting "gang-way for hot stuff" fought to keep their feet on the slippery deck. Intervals between meals were spent in marveling at the audacity of Columbus and inventing rumors of floating mines and war with Mexico.

On February 4th, in the afternoon, land was sighted. It turned out to be not Charleston nor Boston, but New York itself. That night was spent at anchor in the outer harbor, and early the next morning we steamed up the Hudson with the band playing "Smiles" and docked at seven o'clock on the New York side. We were welcomed on the dock by gifts of food and cigarettes from the Red Cross, "Y", and Salvation Army, and Bosin immediately began to pick up the weight he had lost at sea. From the docks to ferry, ferry to train, and train to Camp



Merritt was a matter of a few hours and no inconvenience. Things moved so quickly, that it was not until packs were dumped in the clean, roomy, warm barracks, that a man could stop to kick his pal and yell at the thought that he was actually home.

Of what followed there is not much to be said. After the battery spent all of one night having the shape steamed out of their uniforms, it moved to new quarters. A few visited New York on the days that followed, but most men were saving their dollars to paint the home town red. On February 10th, thirty-five Minnesota men left for Camp Dodge, and the next afternoon, the rest of the battery entrained for Camp Grant. After two nights on the train, there was a stop-over in Chicago for a reception in the armory, a parade and review before General Wood, and luncheon at the Hotel La Salle. Many found friends in the city, but Mack was the only one to get a real soldier's welcome. That evening we reached Grant and were soon installed among familiar surroundings. The business of mustering out was undertaken at once, and after February 19th, every one was buying a derby, hunting a job, and stuffing his friends with stories of how "B" Battery won the "guerre."



331st Field Artillery



BATTERY SHUN!

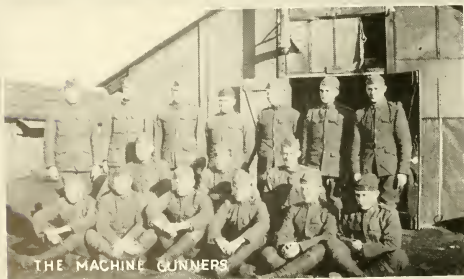


THE SERGEANTS



THE COOKS

331st Field Artillery



331st Field Artillery





331st Field Artillery



331st Field Artillery



LEAVING LE COURNEAU



COGNAC



LOADING BAGGAGE - LE COURNEAU

331st Field Artillery



NOON HALT ON MARCH TO BORDEAUX



ANOTHER REST



ALGERIAN CHAMBER MAIDS

331st Field Artillery





BATTERY C

CHARLES
SUGAROE



In Memoriam

Alonzo K. Winn
Eugene H. Hancock
Francis T. Lynch
Ben H. Smith

They Died for Their Country

Fore-Word

This is the history of Battery "C" of the 331st Field Artillery, as war-like and courageous an out-fit as ever kept out of war. It was written by men of the Battery, and intended for their comrades in arms. It is not a literary masterpiece, nor was there any intention of trying to make it one, but those who fought and drank with us will read between the lines, and seek out the delicate wit and gentle humour that the uninterested reader would pass unheeded. Why we never got into the scrap, we will never know. We were among the first to join, and we certainly trained long and hard enough, but somehow or other, something slipped. The only Germans we ever saw were in Prison Camps. The only targets we ever shot up were on the range, and yet we cannot forget those days, when we too were on the trail of the Hun, when it was "Barry's Boys, Berlin or Bust." And then to end as mere tourists in khaki!

We make no apologies for this section. It was the best we could do. If it recalls a few memories of pleasant associations and happy days, after the recollections of K. P. and stable police have been forgotten, then we shall feel that our trouble was worth while. If you don't like it—we should worry. We admit it is pretty good!

Battery Attention. First Sergeant, Call the roll!





Top Row—Heffele, Klein, Pepin, Schmidt, Vacco, Topping, Oliver, Hahn
Second Row—Benzmiller H, Buchholz, Fries, Smith A. J., Singer, Olson Ed, Nadeau, Schlotter, Becht, Stevens,
 Smith Leroy, Thorn, Langford
Third Row—Lillebo, Kramer, Pauley, Mauer, Klingberg, Nelson, Heller, Bruenig G., Binkman
Bottom Row—Wilson, Richards, Kircher, Blada, Seymour, McQueen, Everson, McGinnis, Bedford



Top Row—Will, Kuhrt, Darmody, Steinmetz, Hinkes, Miller J., Noltemeyer, Schwantz, Raddatz, Bigger, Wolters, Herzog,
 Homan, Schellum
Second Row—Moungey, Schneider, McDonald, Siebel F. A., Westerman, Wendelborn, Hannifin, Voigt, Lindquist, Brady,
 Warczak, Stettvedt, Lawrence, Smith A.H., Tiege
Third Row—Iverson, Moen, Karson, Ramacker, Waddell, Knutson, Lind L., Vegge, McKinney, Lorentsen
Bottom Row—Samsey, Webster, Jenkins, Beuzmiller L., Okerbloom, Keag, Thomson, Lee, Klund, Larson



Top Row—Robertson, Munkelwitz, Vogler, Pinks, Evenson, Wolfe, Blachowski, Gutehar, Winstrom, Trepania, Franz, Eslinger
Second Row—Radlund, Eulberg, Lind J., Miller W., Goltz, Grosser, Clayton, Hoffman, Muckerheide, Neslund, Vandusen, Samuelson, Ottinger, Lannmark
Third Row—Dangelo, Stromayer, Siebel E. M., Tipper, Sodnak, Fillmore, Pettit, Kleist, Johnson, Kneally
Bottom Row—Brown, Maurstad, Gabrielson, Kiernan, Lawson, Bruenig J., Gardner, Craigmile, Lyon



Top Row—Olson, McCrary, Brovick, Olson, Thune, Fones, Winchester, Ness, Olson, Joslyn, Ibsch, Bassett
Second Row—Pieper, Mumm, Nielsen, Buol, Bean, Detle, Lynch, Schnell, Chudzinski, Menthe, Mork, Nelson C., Ormiston
Third Row—Storr, Niebergall, Hince, Torstenson, O'Keefe, Tracy, Miller, E. W., Henrickson, Young
Bottom Row—Hoffer, McCann, Savage, Rosenthal, Radl, Olson C., Anderson, Jacobson

Roster of Battery "C"

Perry S. Wilson, First Sergeant

Carl W. Joslyn, Supply Sergeant Albert Bassett, Mess Sergeant

SERGEANTS

Seymour, Stanley H.
Thorn, Benjamin M.
Savage, William C.

Pettit, Sidney C.
Herzog, Ray W.
Wolters, Theodore H.
Hannifin, Edward D.

Eulberg, Julius L.
Hefele, August J.
Radlund, Harry B.

CORPORALS

Kliest, Herbert W.
McQueen, Andrew J.
Tracy, Leo H.
Moungay, John D.
Richards, John R.
Smith, Leroy E.
Schnell, Theodore C.
Larson, Lief A.

Benzmiller, Harry B.
Smith, Alvin J.
Franz, Arthur J.
Mumm, Carl J.
Waddell, Roy G.
Breunig, John G.
Brady, Edward J.
Fries, Charles J.

O'Keefe, Edward L.
Russell, Howard D.
Muckerheide, Martin J.
Vacco, Peter
Everson, Cyrus A.
Greunig, George N.
Langford, Vick L.
Lynch, Dennie E.

COOKS

Darmody, Mike

Hinkes, Peter J. Jr.
Steinmetz, Henry A.

Lind, John

MECHANICS AND HORSESHOERS

Ibisch, William F. Chief
Noltemeyer, Edward H.

Karson, Mike
Miller, John

Raddatz, Henry C.
Gutjahr, Edward A. Sad.

PRIVATES FIRST CLASS

Bean, Fred
Chudzinski, Frank L.
Detle, Ole H.
Heller, John
Jenkins, William A.
Kiernan, Harold J.
Lawrence, Vernon
McCann, Mark A.
Menth, Michael P.
Niebergall, Arthur H.
Oliver, Stanley G.
Robertson, Samuel N.
Trepania, Glenwood E.
Wendelborn, Chester J.

Benzmiller, Ludwig M.
Clayton, Ray D.
Gabrielson, John M.
Hoffer, John H.
Johnson, Stanley L.
Klund, Jesse J.
Lawson, Wallace A.
McDonald, Raynold C.
Miller, Walter R.
Nielsen, Soren A.
Pinks, Edward A.
Schnieder, George F.
Van Dusen, Willard R.
Westermann, Charles J.

Blada, Chester H.
Brinkmann, Otto C.
Dangelo, Math
Hahn, Henry E.
Homann, Hugo C.
Kenealy, Charles P.
Kramer, Edward
Lorentsen, Motty
McGinnis, John S.
Nadeau, George F.
Okerbloom, Carl G.
Radl, John A.
Schwartz, Otto E.
Voigt, Erwin A.
Winstrom, Ernest H.

Lee, Oscar F. Bugler

331st Field Artillery

PRIVATES

Anderson, Gustaf F.
 Bigger, Samuel E.
 Brown, Curtis L.
 Eshinger, Ludwig
 Fones, Edd
 Henrikson, John A.
 Iverson, Irie G.
 Kircher, Henry G.
 Knutson, Edward
 Lillebo, Lorentz
 Mauer, Frank
 McKinney, William G.
 Moline, Willis
 Nelson, Albert L.
 Ness, John K.
 Olson, Ed
 Ottinger, Alvin, W.
 Pieper, Anton R.
 Samuelson, Sigurd
 Seibel, Edwin M.
 Singer, John A.
 Sodnak, Oscar B.
 Strohmayer, Joseph A.
 Tietge, Henry E.
 Torstenson, Ralph D.
 Wagner, Paul G.
 Winchester, Richard

Becht, Paul F.
 Blachowski, Frank
 Buchholtz, William G.
 Evenson, Nels E.
 Goltz, Hugo H.
 Hince, Zephirin
 Jacobson, Peter A.
 Klien, Reinhard J.
 Kuhrt, William C.
 Lind, Leonard
 Maurstad, Amund
 Miller, Edward W.
 Mork, George
 Nelson, Cambel
 Olson, Conrad A.
 Olson, Herman O.
 Pauly, Archie D.
 Ramacher, William
 Schloetzer, Charles A.
 Seible, Frank A.
 Slettvedt, Theodore
 Stevens, Francis F.
 Thompson, Howard A.
 Tipper, Edward O.
 Vegge, Gilbert
 Warczak, Edward A. J.
 Wolf, Harlan

Bedford, George F.
 Brovick, Eddie C.
 Buol, Lawrence B.
 Fillmore, Walter
 Groesser, Frank C.
 Hoffman, Raymond V.
 Keag, William E.
 Klingberg, Frank
 Lanmark, Theodore A.
 Lindquist, Alfred G.
 McCrary, Perry G.
 Moen, Rueben E.
 Munkelwitz, Erich
 Neslund, Swan J.
 Olson, Albert O.
 Ormiston, Richard S.
 Pepin, Ferdinand
 Rosenthal, Fred C.
 Schmit, Bernard
 Shellum, Sivert
 Smith, Arthur H.
 Storr, Henry
 Thune, Ole G.
 Topping, William H.
 Vogler, John A.
 Will, Herman A.
 Young, Walter H.





Captain Harry F. Webster

Born October 21, 1888, at Jewett, Ohio. Graduated from Miami University in 1912. Joined Battery "B" 1st Ohio F. A., October 1915 and served on the Mexican Border with this organization in 1916. Mustered out on May 15, 1917 to attend First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill. Commissioned Captain of Field Artillery, August 15, 1917. Assigned to 331st F. A., August 29, 1917. In command of Battery "C" since October 12, 1918.

331st Field Artillery



FIRST LIEUT. CHARLES S. CRAIGMILLER

Born in La Grange, Ill., September 29, 1892. University of Illinois—electrical engineering. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, Field Artillery Officers' Reserve Corps, at Fort Sheridan, Ill., Aug. 15, 1917. Assigned to 331st F. A., August 29, 1917. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant December 31, 1917. With Battery "C" since October 12, 1918.

FIRST LIEUT. JOHN W. SAMSEY

Born in Nashville, Tenn., May 29, 1892. U. S. Military Academy, Two Years. Ohio State University, Two years. Served with 1st Ohio F. A. on Mexican Border in 1916-1917. Commissioned Second Lieutenant, Field Artillery, Officers' Reserve Corps, at First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Ill., August 15, 1917. Assigned to Battery "C", 331st F. A. August 29, 1917. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant December 31, 1917. On duty with Battery since that date.



331st Field Artillery



SECOND LIEUT. WALTER Z. LYON.

Born in Chicago, Illinois November 6, 1892. Graduated from the University of Chicago, 1914. Served with Battery "D" 1st Illinois F. A. on the Mexican Border 1916-1917. Commissioned Second Lieutenant Field Artillery, Officers' Reserve Corps at First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Sheridan, Illinois, August 15, 1917. Assigned to Battery "C" 331st F. A. August 29th, 1917. On duty with Battery since that date.

SECOND LIEUT. JAMES J. GARDNER.

Born in Philadelphia, Pa., April 4, 1897. Enlisted April 18, 1917. Sailed from the United States July 28, 1917. Took part in following major operations, Alsace Lorraine, Luneville, Toul Sector, Cantigny, Montdidier and Soissons. Commissioned Second Lieutenant Field Artillery, Saumur Artillery School, September 1918. Assigned to Battery "C" 331st F. A., October 1918. On duty with Battery since that date.





The Siege of Camp Grant

In which the show starts and good men come and go. Taming the wild horses and grooming 'em. The attack on the coal pile. Simulating war-tare and doing real work.

The history of Battery "C" falls roughly into two periods; the first dealing with the stay at Camp Grant, during which the Battery was really nothing more than a replacement organization, and the second, dealing with the Hike to Sparta and the trip to France. At Camp Grant more than three hundred men passed through the Battery, with varying degrees of training, and with more varying subsequent assignments. Some saw action as infantrymen, machine gunners, and even artillerymen; others were warehouse clerks in the southern camps, while others never got past the Utilities at Camp Grant. Three at least, Hodgson, Dooley and Merriam got commissions in different Training Camps. Taken all in all, it was very typical of the great National Army, the incessant shifting, transferring and re-assigning, to get men where they were best fitted, to fill up regiments on the priority sailing list; in short to do everything to bring the war to a close. The Battery, as a unit, never saw action, and yet the training it gave the men passing through, the splendid morale it maintained through days of real trial, the willingness to do any work allotted to it, were powerful factors in achieving the final victory.

The first quota, ten men from Columbia County, Wisconsin came in on September 6, 1917. At that time Capt. Sylvester M. Sherman Jr. was in command of the Battery, and Lieutenants Haverstick, Samsey, Gillmore and Lyon were his assistants. The regular army had contributed three experienced men: Wilson, Pettit and Newodowski. Wilson was quickly made First Sergeant, a choice that could not have been improved upon. He knew drill regulations backwards and forwards and the entire time he was with the outfit, he maintained an attitude of soldierly dignity that was a splendid example to all the other men. He was gruff and he was strict, and there is no denying that his voice lacked all soothing qualities, but he was fair and square at all times, and a real soldier. It may have taken him a few days to accustom himself to the new code of the National Army, and there was many a pained look over his face to hear the recruits address the Battery Commander as "Say, You" or answer him as "Hell. No, where do you get that stuff?"

The first two months were the most troublesome. With the possible example of Langford and one or two others, none of the men





had any idea of Army life or customs; all were willing enough and anxious to learn, but without sufficient experienced non-commissioned officers the task was a hard one. Uniforms were scarce and shoes were scarcer, but eventually they did filter in. Equipment was entirely of the simulated type; we simulated guns, we simulated horses, we simulated chow more than once. The local boards had not understood their instructions any too well, and more than one man went back, either

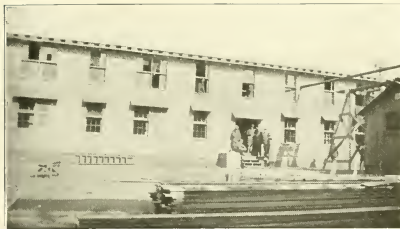


for physical unfitness or for German citizenship. The number of records that was required was enormous. Physical examinations were held at any and all times, and shots in the arm became a part of the daily routine. Any politician passing through could make a speech, and one morning we stood at attention and watched the sun gradually appear. No one knew why.

Eventually out of all the seeming disorder and chaos, the Battery began to assume definite shape. The civilian cook was discharged; we took over our own barracks and began to function efficiently upon our own responsibility. Seymour was Mess Sergeant, Miller was Supply Sergeant and Alonzo Winn was Battery Clerk.

During the winter months, despite the constant changing personnel, we managed to maintain a skeleton organization that proved extremely valuable in finally developing into a full Battery at Camp Robinson. Gun crews-sometimes only two men to a crew perhaps-were developed. The Special Detail, under Sgt. Eulberg rode far and near, usually on blankets and surcingles and assimilated all the fundamentals of communication and figuring firing data. The drivers under Lieutenant Samsey and Sgt. Thorn learned to keep their feet well down in





the stirrups, to give up the old plow horse practice of "giddy-up" and "Whoa-boy," and to drive with the reins and whip. Lectures on every conceivable subject possibly related to military education were given, including a very famous course on Infantry Minor Tactics. The French Sergeant attached to the Brigade told us all about

France and how they did it there, and while not more than ten men knew what he was talking about, still he got a cheer that warmed his heart and which nearly took the roof off.

Like all growing children we went through the stages of mumps and measles and enjoyed all the delights of quarantine. The officers, for some mysterious and unknown reason, were apparently immune to contagion for they went and came as they pleased but Rosenthal stationed in the coal box, and relieved by Kircher kept all other less fortunate persons away from danger.



Every possible kind of detail and fatigue was enjoyed from building roads that sank out of sight over-night, to unloading coal cars. The last, the famous coal pile was probably second in importance only to the Remount at Genicart. A half hour's work made even the fastidious Merriam a fit candidate for one of the colored labor battalions. The civilian carpenters and plumbers after stalling at \$1.25 an hour for four or five months were finally pulled off the job, and substitutes under Gilbertson and Gutjahr put to doing the same

work at less than that a day.

But it was not all work. Every week end saw an exodus for the Madison and Portage train and in clear weather the Camp took on the aspect



of a summer garden and resort. Every "fliver" in Wisconsin must have made the trip to Camp Grant at least once and the baskets of home cooking that piled up in the refrigerator each Monday morning made a rule limiting them absolutely necessary. Retreat was usually staged before a very admiring and interested audience and even the first sergeant had to grin when after he had made his report a child's voice piped out "Ma, what did he say?" A pool table was purchased and the lower floor of the barracks given over to a recreation room. Books and magazines were subscribed for, and the two rooms furnished with a lot of remarkable plush and parlor furniture. The crowning success however, was a dance, a dance that should live in history but which for reasons unknown, was never repeated.

With the coming of Spring the calls for men decreased and although there were only about sixty five men left they managed to get all the work done, even the grooming of 160 horses. Saddles were obtained and Sunday cross-country rides became popular. Each Battery in turn, would use the equipment and harness and hold mounted reviews. In the famous Rockford parade we furnished one gun section and a part of the cavalry escort.

The period at Camp Grant was valuable in a great many ways, because even though we were not allowed to build up a Battery, we were enabled to train the non-coms so that when the men were received at Camp Robinson, we had an organization to handle them. Making soldiers out of civilians is not the work of a day or a month, and in the old Army it was three or four years before a man got to be a Sergeant. All the more credit is due these men for their application to duty, and their earnest attempts to make good. They made mistakes, of course, and that was to be expected; but they showed the right spirit and the right stuff when they shared the work with the privates, and when they kept trying to learn. They were symbolic of the great work that was going on all over the country, and the credit is theirs. The officers merely pointed the way and made helpful suggestions; the non-coms and the first sergeant kept up the morale and developed the right kind of spirit. How successful they were is shown by the few cases of disciplinary action that were necessary and the insignificance of the offenses. They would have done as well under fire, and would have made as fine a record in action as they did in the training camps.



The Advance on Sparta

In which the Gypsy Caravan moves out. Portage and Eulberg's Best. The party at Madison. Shooting dice for ice cream at three in the morning. Sneaking out of Kilbourn. "Hello Val."



It was about half-past three o'clock and the first white shafts of dawn were rising over a line of silver in the Northeast when a heavy thud smote our ears. Those sleeping closest to him knew what had happened, pulled the blankets over their heads so as not to allow the roars of laughter to escape,—1st Sgt. Wilson had fallen out of his bunk. Three minutes elapsed before he fully recovered himself, then he let out a few strong words in his anger, peered at his handcuffed Waterbury and seeing it was time for the men to hit the floor, stooped over, picked up his whistle, blew several short blasts and cried out in a stern and commanding voice, "Roll out of them blankets you Wagon Soldiers for its May 14th and we're Sparta bound."

We slipped into our "Khakis," clambored down the stairway, performed a hasty toilet and were in proper formation at "Assembly." Careful instructions were given by Capt. Sherman as to the task that lay before us, for this was not an hour of equitation, he said, but many days of hard riding. "First Sergeant take charge of the battery," Sgt. Wilson repeated the Captain's words as usual, but it would have been better if he had said nothing, for he always got things gummed up, even down to the "Mendoranda." "Dismissed." Everyone dashed for the chow line, and we were very much astonished to find sixteen new recruits, who were assigned to the Battery the previous day, already in line. Heading them all was little plump-faced, watch-eyed Bassette. We asked him what his occupation had been in civil life and he replied that he had counted the eggs in his father's grocery store. Sgt. Seymour, who usually made a "mess" of things, thought he would give the boys an extra good feed to prepare them for the first days march, so he ordered Cook Darmody to strengthen the hash with a dozen or two of eggs. We did not tarry long over this meal, for a microbe with a pair of field glasses would have had an awful time trying to remove all the egg shells from the hash.

We were then rushed down to the stables and were busily engaged saddling our horses when a crash was heard. All eyes turned just in time to see 1st Class Private Chester L. Blada, mounted on his trusty steed, trying to remove stable and all, as he had cinched his horse, forgetting to omit the partition. Lt. Samsey strolled over to the scene and kindly informed Chester L., in a musical tone of voice, that he would have him court-martialled and busted if it ever happened again. "My mistake, Sir-r-r," replied Chester.

Saddling completed, each man was given an extra horse or two to keep him company, with the exception of the recruits, who were to entertain the public with their perilous feats on a blanket and surcingle. Nine privates who knew the difference between a "near" and "off" horse were selected to keep the "lead," "swing" and "wheel" pairs in draft. The drivers hitched their pairs to the numerous pieces and caissons, assisted by a Sergeant and a Horse Corporal, led out of the corral into the street, followed by the gracefully mounted recruits and the remaining battery. Lt.





Miller, stationed at the gate, with the pose and attitude of a general, let his keen eye fall on each and every man, horse and equipment, occasionally uttering a few harsh remarks, until the whole battery has passed by. He then spurred his horse and galloped around the corral for a final inspection. Everything appeared in tip top shape, but as the lieutenant was about to pronounce it perfect, his eyes stared in wide surprise for there was No. 107 still in its stall.

At that supreme instant, Lt. Miller's thoughts were all but pleasant. Pvt. Franz was called back and ordered to make a pair of reins out of a halter shank, mount the animal and ride in the rear, which he did.

The bugle sounded its last call. The Adjutant galloped to the head of the column, and we were off. The horses offered a little hesitancy at first, but under the careful guidance of the Sergeants, we soon had them under control and were off on our first day's journey.

We passed in review before General Martin, stationed on a small knoll at the outskirts of camp. Everything went exceptionally well as we passed the reviewing stand, each man with his head erect, eyes to the front sweeping the horizon, reins carefully draped over one hand, as per Drill Regulations. As we neared the Kishwaukee River, things were going so smoothly that the officers had a feeling that something was soon to happen. It did; just as we reached the bridge. Our famous No. 97, a fiery steed with a reputation of defying any bronco buster's lariat, became irritated by a fly or some other domestic cootie and tore loose from one of the men. Arthur Franz, the dare-devil, bare-back rider caught the dangling halter shank, but No. 97 became more excited as he glanced at Art's little stub mustache, and tore on with renewed energy. "Heads up everybody for I am coming your way" cried Arthur, as both horses dashed up the centre of the column. Men and animals were scattered in all directions. Cyrus Everson went down horse and all, in typical "Toner fashion," but No. 97 was not to be stopped by a sprawling horse and with a wild leap, followed by Franz still clinging to his mount, left everything in the rear. The roses faded from Cy's pink cheeks, then and there. Tracy was some distance behind, prostrate on his back, engaged in astronomical wonderment, and therefore oblivious to all that was taking place. Jack Richards was also in hard straights, as he found himself desperately clinging to the railing, debating with himself as to whether he should drop to the water below, remembering that he could swim like a iron duck, or trust his luck under the feet of the maddened animals. Sam Robertson did not stop for a railing and when discovered a few minutes later suspended on the girders below, none the worse for the experience, admitted that at least it was a "close shave." Lt. Morrison galloped after the terror-stricken horses with both arms waving in the air, throwing his hat up at the same time and shouting at the top of



his voice. Lt. Brown, an old soldier who knew something about horses, checked Lt. Morrison and asked him if he was in any way related to Jesse James. "No," he replied, it was just his way of stopping runaways.

Rockford was reached an hour later and here the recruits started their series of entertainments. Bas-sette tried a triple loop the loop, but missed his horse and struck the pavement, resulting in a sprained ankle, thereby losing his place among the trick riders. He retired to a caisson to complete the trip as a pack holder. John Breunig proved that he had dealt in hops all his life, and at every hop there was a foot of sunlight between himself and horse. The little pack sack which he carried on his back continued to bounce up and down, hitting him each time in the back, until it finally became undone and everything from tooth brush to a grooming kit was strewn along the pavement.

In spite of the fact that Rockford was daily crowded with soldiers, we felt complimented over the enthusiastic throng of people that lined the streets, cheering us as we passed. Every window was dotted with feminine beauties with searching eyes endeavoring to locate a familiar face and throw a parting kiss to their gallant artillery boys. Many arguments arose as to the intended destination of certain missiles of winged affection. Bean in his characteristic manner would cry out "Oh! Boy! Ain't she a darb, she's mine."



We passed thru Roscoe, Ill. about 4:00 p. m. and knew the camp site was not far away, for the guidons were ordered forward and "Charlie" Russell made a Paul Revere dash to the head of the column. We turned into a large pasture and soon lined up in "Battery Front."

The day's ride had been exceedingly pleasant, but now there was nothing but work in sight. Each officer, in his great desire to show his efficiency and experience in pitching camps, gave different orders and the air rang with commands, such as "Right Dress," "Dress on the Right Piece," "Second Piece Up," "Fries get those horses on line and don't be beefing around," "Steady-Front," "Picket Line Detail, Fall Out," "Latrine Sergeant take your post," "Put that Ration Wagon here," "K. P's Report." Next in order was the unsaddling, after which horses were lead to the nearest creek to water. Upon returning we tied to the picket line and grooming followed. By this time a savory odor from the field ranges occasionally reached us and we felt that the horses were receiving entirely too much attention. Grooming completed, hay was next fed and then came the greatest task of all, putting on the nose bags filled with oats. The





horses were fighting over their hay, biting and kicking each other. You watched your chance, rushed by their heels and grabbed the picket line. Every horse within reach crowded toward the grain. You waved them back and with the nose bag in one hand, grasped the horse's mane with the other and proceeded to ensnare his nose in the bag and fasten the neck strap. Some horses not satisfied with this service, after one mouthful seriously rebelled and nodding their heads violently, shook off the sack and scattered the oats in all directions. The rookies would look to the wise sergeants for advice, and they, exercising their usual intelligent authority, would snap out: "Throw it on the ground." The care of the dear horses being completed, we were allowed to see somewhat to our own comforts. Our little kennels were erected with the saddles stacked in front. Our hunger by this time was

almost unbearable and with shrieks of "Come and get it," we madly rushed for the steaming field ranges and although possibly a little worse for smoke, the beans, potatoes and even stew, had never tasted better.

The evening brought crowds of visitors from the surrounding country and nearby towns, who watched our every movement with mingled interest and curiosity. Taps sounded at ten and the first day, of the greatest cross country hike since the Civil War ended.

Reville came all too soon, but found everyone eager to start on another day of our now eventful life. The horses being fed and watered we ate a hurried breakfast, rolled packs and had barely completed harnessing and saddling, when we heard the musical sound of the Battalion Commander's whistle and with the command "Fours Right," we swung into column and were again on our way. We safely crossed the State line and passed thru Beloit, Wis., about noon. The national colors



were displayed from homes and business houses. We received the best wishes of the noon-day throng and many a package of cigarettes was passed up to us as we rode by. Our camp for this night was located on the slopes of two adjacent hills, which in the dusk of evening, covered with countless rows of tents, gleaming kitchen fires, long line of horses and groups of khaki-clad youths, was indeed a sight long to be remembered. As we passed off to slumber that evening, we could still hear the cry of the newsboys in our ears: "Read all about the big hike on page three."



Morning dawned bright and clear. In the early forenoon we passed thru Janesville, where we received a very warm welcome and our attention was attracted by the fair war workers, garbed in overalls and jumpers, who smilingly cheered us on our way.

A grove near Leyden was our next stopping place for this night and the following night we spent at a small town known as Brooklyn, where we encountered our first bad weather, a heavy rain. We were now accustomed to our daily duties and things moved along in regular old time campaign fashion.

The morning of May 18th found us within sight of

the dome of the Capitol Building and we were glad, when after a hard pull over heavy roads, we drove into the Fair Grounds at Madison. Judging from the crowds which were there to welcome us, it would seem that the fair itself was in session. Pretty Red Cross Ladies in their uniforms of white hurried in all directions, distributing chocolates and cigarettes. As we hustled thru our work, we were often interrupted and in spite of cross looks from the officers, could not resist pausing long enough to enjoy a kiss (candy) from many a fair giver. At



mess an order from our good Colonel was read stating that passes to 1:00 a. m. would be granted and waiting autos were quickly filled to over-capacity. Everyone seemed anxious to do something to make our visit pleasant. The co-eds smiled invitingly, happy couples were soon much in evidence, and for once at least, soldiering was a most enjoyable occupation. Many tired, altho happy faces appeared at Reveille and the distorted "about-face" which Sgt. Wilson executed when reporting: "er accounted for, Sir" proved that it had been a "big night."

The horses were fed, but breakfast being delayed by the over-sleeping cooks, a canvas was stretched over a few bales of hay and a "little game" started. "Shoot two-bits" said Waddell. "Shoot" replied McQueen, throwing out a five spot. Roy "Sevened," shot the half and lost the dice to Lynch. Dennie "came out" with a "four" and followed the next shot with a "seven." Newodowski, whistling the "Livery Stable Blues," reached for the dice, threw down a dollar, "passed" shot the two, "crapped" and then made several unsuccessful attempts to throw a "five." McQueen grabbed the bones—"Shoot two dollars." "Faded" said Turk, "Ace Duem for your first shot." "Seven" "Shoot the four." "Faded" "Little Joe" "Jodey picked the cotton in the sunny South." "Ace Tray" "hit 'em a door Pop." "Ah!" "Shoot five" "Gotcha" "Eleven, dice and we'll shoot the ten." "Nine" "Ninety days" "If I don't make it with a five-four I don't want the money much, but I will take it with a six-tray" "Nine up and stop," but instead "sevened for his daddy" at the wrong time. Nielson started with a dime and when he handed the dice to Wilson, had all the small change in the crowd. Wilson was pleadingly asking the "bones" to "ten" when Schwantz from the nearby picket called "TENTION." Money was pocketed and everyone stood up to find themselves facing the "O. D." Wilson was ordered to open



his hand and there lay the "little bones." Wilson then explained to Lt. Bauer that they were not gambling, but only shooting for ice cream and pop. The lieutenant remarked that it was rather early in the morning to be shooting for ice cream. Sgt. Eulberg, who had been an innocent bystander, owing to the fact that the dice had not yet reached him, was ordered to take charge and report the bunch to the captain. Court-Martial proceedings did not



follow, but this particular crowd was never known to gamble again.

Many invitations for joy rides and dinners were received and the day passed all too quickly. On our way thru the City the next morning we found the business houses closed and every one lined up to see us pass. The college grounds were covered with hundreds of waving, smiling co-eds and led by Sgt. Herzog, we greeted them with the famous "Wisconsin Yell." We received enough cigarettes and candy to last for several days. Hastily scribbled addresses were collected from all sides, bearing the underlined notation: "Please Write Soon."

We reached Poynette, May 21st, having spent the previous night at Token Creek. Work completed, we were preparing to make ourselves comfortable for a much needed night's rest, when without warning, a terrific wind swept down upon us. Its fury increased, trees crashed to the ground, flying shelter-halves, shirts,

leggings, hats, socks, officer's pink pajamas and military equipment in general filled the air. To add to our discomfort, the rain came down in torrents. Cold and wet to the skin, we despairingly viewed the ruins about us. Sentinels were calling "Corporal of the Guard" and a detail was rushed to the picket line to look after the frightened animals. Roll was later called to determine if anyone had been blown away. We were then advised to seek shelter wherever possible. Churches, school house and homes were soon filled with refugees. We expected to spend the following day gathering up and drying wet equipment, but to our great astonishment we accomplished the almost impossible, and hit the road on schedule time. The severity of the storm impressed us more forcibly as we detoured fallen trees and viewed many wrecked farm buildings.

As we drove into Portage shortly after lunch hour, Lt. Brown wheeled his horse and proudly cried, "here's your boys." "Oh! There's Julie," shouted some one. "Here's an apple for Herbert" "Hi, Zeke" "Atta boy, Shock" "Why, Ray Herzog" "Hello, Vick" "Don't you see me, A. J." "Eddie, Eddie" "Hello Pickles" and similar greetings were shouted by enthusiastic friends. After pitching camp, every available hanging place was adorned with blankets and wet clothing. The Red Cross Ladies proved that they were not to be outdone by the Madison Chapter and tendered us the best yet received. Thousands of home-made cookies, ice-cream cones, candies and cigarettes were only too gladly accepted from the most attractive girls in white. Lt. Brown used up a note book writing



passes for town and then upon Sgt. Eulberg's request, accompanied him home for a little farewell party, as the lieutenant was ordered transferred and would leave the following morning. Needless to say "Eulberg's Best" was much enjoyed by all present. York's big mill was the scene of a "Military Ball." The crowded floor made dancing difficult, but nevertheless did not interfere with the fun. "Tramp, Tramp" resounded along the road back to camp throughout the night and angry disputes were heard when someone fell over a rope and pulled a few pins, trying to locate his own tent.



As we rode out in the morning, many a trooper looked too tired to ride, but could not help smiling as the glister of a "dead one" along the roadside caught his eye.

The drivers had their skill taxed to the utmost with no road to follow in dodging trees and pulling up a very steep slope, that was our camp site at Kilbourn. We had finished work and were preparing to enjoy a cool refreshing smoke, when the Top ordered the Battery to line up and in his usual stern voice advised: "There will be no smoking in this camp. Dead leaves cover the ground and we don't want no fires. The first one I catch smoking, etc.—." Those living in town were allowed all-night passes and when the list was handed to the Captain, he found that a large percentage of the Battery claimed Kilbourn as their home. We were to lay over here the following day in order that the horses might have a rest. After the strenuous night at Port-

age, this was welcome news. Sgt. Wolters spent most of the time visiting his neighbors and Val Baggott demonstrated the Dodge. The next forenoon was spent in cleaning up caissons, washing harnesses and saddles. The horseshoers were also busy and Lischka was the centre of an admiring crowd as he clanged the anvil.

McQueen gave a wild west exhibition by riding a horse belonging to "A" Battery, which their men have never been able to mount. It was an exciting fight but "Mc" stuck to the finish. In the afternoon the citizens offered their autos and many of us saw the famous Wisconsin Dells. The day's program concluded with a pavement dance which was attended by our usual crowd. We sauntered leisurely back to camp at 10:00, but upon coming in sight of same it was a scene of great activity and excitement. We were to move at midnight! Roll was called and several were found absent. Someone slipped out and phoned for Eulberg and Millard, who had advised that they would not be back until late as they were going to have a "little party." Many difficulties were encountered in making rolls in the dark and several fellows dismounted when they discovered they had saddled the wrong horse. A freight train pulled in as we passed under the R. R. bridge and Tracy, Heinze, Charlie, Chaplin, Russell and a couple others whom we do not care to mention, hurried toward the moving caravan. The commanding officer directed them to the rear of the caisson and gave orders that they should not be allowed to ride, but to lay down a "hob-nail barrage" on the road. As we passed under the last arc light the darkness ahead looked far from inviting. Hour after hour the long night passed with no sound to break the silence, save the tramp of horse's feet, the rattle of trace chains, the clink of the spurs and creaking saddles. When the gray of morning came on, we had completed half of our journey. A short rest, with breakfast for men and horses, and we were off again. The forenoon was sultry and every few minutes a horse would stray to the roadside, the rider sound asleep in the saddle. Camp was reached at noon and as soon as horses were taken care of, we threw ourselves on the ground, without putting up shelter halves, and the hot sun rays pouring into our faces did not prevent us from sleeping. Late in the afternoon, a hard rain added to our discomfort, but upon visiting the picket line, we decided the horses were being fed too much hay and we appropriated much of it to our own use for bedding.

The balance of our journey was accomplished without any particularly unusual events. In the morning it was



331st Field Artillery

"shake it up men, we're the first Battery out." "Harness and saddle while they are eating." At noon, "Pull out to the right, uncinch and feed grain." We would then eat our own lunch consisting of two squares of compressed wheat, with a layer of "gold fish" between. The weather was rainy and each camp proved worse than the one before. We finally came within sight of Camp Robinson the afternoon of May 28th, after Sergeant Pettit had informed us throughout the day that it was just beyond the next hill. "I got your Camp Robinson right here" he said, and we saw he was right. The horses seemed to realize with us that the end was near and we pushed onto the range with renewed energy. There was a song in our hearts, prompted by a feeling of duty well done—we had reached our goal.





The Camp Robinson Campaign

In which we spend a pleasant summer. Week ends and side door Pullmans. The raid on Sparta and the Fall of La Crosse. The tale of the Ford. The end of Turk and Millard.

On the fourteenth day of our hike, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we pulled in and took possession of Camp Robinson. The men, in spite of the grind and hard work of the past two weeks, were with a few exceptions, in very good condition and spirits. Gibson still had the look of agony on his face, that he had worn from the first day of the trip; Dangelo had resorted to a caisson several days before, where decidedly the worse for wear, he had gathered everything in the shape of shock absorbers to relieve his suffering—"look at 'em, boils and everything," he would say, with a voice that melted your heart. The twenty gallant, rough-riding rookies, who had covered the two hundred miles with a blanket and surcingle, came to life with a whoop. William Topping, our boy with the Cheshire face still wore his inevitable grin, but as Russell remarked, that meant nothing, because undoubtedly "Top's" only regret on facing death, would be the fact that he could not grin at his own funeral. John Breunig, who had arrived in our midst with a decidedly un-military waist-line, had not lost the last pound enroute; at least he showed signs of having lost the first few. Sgt. Herzog, our Beau Brummel, a little the worse for dust, still wore his winning smile which had won the hearts of many a fair one along the route. It was a question as to who welcomed the termination most, Sgt. Pettit or his horse.

Coming into camp, we passed over part of the Artillery Range. On our left, we noticed numerous rifle butts; to our right, and farther away, what was identified as the Pistol Range. Voight thought it pretty small for 3 inch shooting, but was open to conviction. The country was sandy, covered with a chain of small hills. There were no signs of life, except the waiters in the officers' mess who had gone ahead. An Artillery Camp exclusively. Camp Robinson, had been occupied the previous summer and fall, by the 8th, 16th, and 17th Field Artillery. Stables and Barracks built for summer use only, were found in very good condition. We were one hundred and sixty miles from St. Paul, and La Crosse, which later turned out to be an oasis for many of us, was only thirty miles to the north. Portage, Kilbourn, Columbus, the homes of a great many Battery "C" men, were within a few hours run, so that in regards to situation, we were very fortunate indeed; as old timer "Zeke" would say, it was "Jake."

Sparta, the city of towering buildings, smoke stacks and famous tobacco works, was visible from any nearby hill. A special train service was put into operation between camp and Sparta; trains leaving after Retreat and returning by Taps. Sparta proved to be an aggressive city. Immediately after our arrival a "Soldier's Club" was opened, entertainments and dances announced and to our churchgoers Sunday dinners were promised as a reward





for being good little boys. We found her merchants to be wide awake and up to the minute in regards to goods, as well as prices. They did all in their power to make things pleasant for us, pay-day included.

The Battery at this time consisted of three officers, ninety-two men and one hundred and forty three horses. Our official staff had been considerably reduced. We had left Camp Grant with six lieutenants, but Lieuts. Brown, Haverstick, and Morrison had been transferred during the hike, much to our sorrow. Lt. Samsey, altho still a member of the Battery, was attending the School of Fire at Fort Sill.

Our first few days were spent in getting settled, policing and cleaning up in general. It was announced that a list of clothing and equipment lost in the Poyette storm should be handed in immediately. Pvt. Tucker reported as having suffered the most heavily. Sgt. Joslyn suggested that he hand in a list of articles

that he had left, thereby reducing the matter to a simple problem of subtraction. After several bunk inspections, the individual losses of each man were determined, with interesting results ranging from one pair of socks, value ten cents, to hats, shoes and even breeches. Affidavits were drawn up and the deponents assembled before the Adjutant to swear to their losses under solemn oath. As the seriousness of the situation was emphasized by Capt. Tisdale, we recalled vividly the night of the terrible storm and heard again the roar of the maddening winds as the said articles were torn from us and hurled into the darkness. To one at least the scene was not so vivid. Private Ole Detle stepped forward and looking the Adjutant squarely in the eye, said, "Sir, I did not lose those socks in that storm." "Anyone else" demanded the Adjutant, sternly, but we all stood firm, took the oath and thereby evened up on our clothing and equipment account, from the time of entering the service.

On our first night's scouting expedition into Sparta, Sergeants Herzog, Pettit, Thorn and Langford reported that a large Red Cross Benefit Dance was held at the Jefferson Tobacco Factory. (Soldiers half price).



They also made an important discovery in that a train left Sparta regularly from the Northwestern depot at 12:55 a. m. The next question was getting by the guards. Pettit said they never had any trouble getting by the summer before in the "old outfit" and did not see why it should be different now. Langford at once thought of at least fifty ways of slipping by the sentinels; but no one paid any attention to him as we knew Vick of old. It might be stated here however, now that the war is over, that during our stay at Camp Robinson, interior guard duty was carried on in a most friendly manner and it was possible to come in at all hours of the night and in many conditions, without ever being halted, unless the O. D. happened to be making an inspection.

Training soon began in earnest. Battery "C" was the second battery of the Regiment to try its skill at firing on the Range. The Range, from an Artillery point of view, was nearly an ideal one. There were Reverse Slopes, Counter Slopes, Forward Slopes, defilade for the limbers, natural



B C stations, and always the old reliable Selfridge Knoll. Early in the morning of firing, the range guard would be posted, and the firing battery would then be drawn up in the Battery Street. At three blasts of the whistle the Special Detail, headed by Lieut. Lyon, astride his faithful charger "Barry," would dash up, and at the command "Right Front into Line" form a circle around the Colonel, Major, Captain and other officers assigned to the problem. The Battalion Commander would then read the problem of the day. No one could understand him, and "Questions?" only brought a look of blank astonishment. At the command "Posts" the detail would swing into their saddles and with B C instruments, megaphones and telephones flying in the breeze, disappear in a cloud of dust headed for Hill 1060. The Battery would wheel into position, prepared to administer shot and shell to the pestiferous "Reds" whom our eagle-eyed Cavalry had spotted the day before. The limbers would hurry away and the drivers settle down for a quiet sleep.



At each turn of the road Sergeant Wilson would bawl out "Marker" and the rear man of the detail would drop out in order to direct the Battery on its way to the position. The remainder would speed on to their destination and put things in readiness so that the Battery could open fire immediately upon arrival.

The boys of the gun crews were naturally somewhat nervous the first day, altho none cared to admit it. Corporal Miller was pale around the gills and put enough cotton in his ears to stuff a pillow. Tracy at No. 1, looked as if he thought the gun was going to blow up like an infernal machine each time he pulled the lanyard. But our first day's work was reported as having been satisfactory.

When not on the range, our time was well taken up with grooming, equitation, gun drill, buzzer, semaphore and the hundred and one other things that an artilleryman is required to know. Some of the stunts we were put thru by Sgt. Wilson in monkey drill were worthy of a three ring circus. Standing and kneeling at a trot, mounting at a gallop, playing leap-frog over "No. 147," were the easiest tricks we were gently requested to do during the most enjoyable hour. The manner in which Ludwig Benzmillier mounted from the rear made it appear as if he had an anchor attached to both feet. Winstrom and Vacco never had a chance as we had no spring boards to furnish them. Corporal Toner on No. 49, must have incurred slight internal injuries from the shaking-ups he received during these equitations. His motion was all straight up and down and he seemed unable to ease the jar by using his knees and after a snappy ten minute trot was in such a daze that he had to drop out to recuperate.



A few days after our arrival members of the Battery began to take advantage of the "side-door pullman," service between Camp Robinson, Tomah, Kilbourn, Portage and Columbus and as far south as Milwaukee. Raincoats seemed to suddenly become very popular and at first it appeared somewhat strange to see Herzog, Langford, McQueen, Millard, Homann, Franz, O'Keefe, Heinze, Seymour and sometimes even the reliable Eulberg, heading toward the depot on a bright sunny afternoon with slickers buttoned from top to bottom. Gutjahr tried to duplicate some of the feats of mounting on the run learned in equitation, but when he awoke later he realized that on the face of it, it was more difficult than he had anticipated. The government



had recently reduced the fare for soldiers by putting into effect the wonderful "one-cent" rate, and Headquarters issued an order stating that because of this fare, outside riding must cease at once. It now became evident that coal-stained slickers would not do for Saturday inspection, but fatigue suits were substituted and the popular denim was much in evidence on the "head end" and "blinds" regardless of the order and the one-cent fare.

The days passed all too quickly and we saw to it that the intensive training of the daylight hours in no way interfered with the evening's pleasure and excursions. Thus it happened that after one of these "mornings after," Corporal Millard in his haste to make reveille had to be persuaded by Corporal Langford that blankets were issued to sleep under and not to wear. Another morning about 3:00 p. m. we were

rudely awakened from our slumbers by a noise that resembled a gas engine missing every other explosion. It was not at all conducive to a good night's sleep. Tracy was immediately advised to return to his bunk and to postpone his training as a runner to a more sensible hour.

On the 15th of July, seventy-five new rookies were added to Battery "C" roster. These men came from the 61st Depot Brigade, Camp Grant. Some of them claimed Minnesota for their State; others were from Illinois and Wisconsin. Rock Island, Ill., contributed Schloetzer, Storr and Young, whose fondness for travel and desire to see La Crosse resulted in their being members of the Battery at meal time only. That Samuelson was from Min-ne-so-ta, we did not doubt after he had once opened his mouth. Maurstad did not have as hard a time learning his general orders as he did saying them, altho the ninth one was always a sticker for him. The welfare of these rookies was at once entrusted to the gentle care of Sgt. Pettit, assisted by Corporals Hanifin and Radlund. The Officers realized the necessity of having a couple of trained men in the ranks to steady these future cannoners and showed their usual sound judgment by detaching Tucker and Groesser, (Privates of the rear rank) for this important task; both men having shown remarkable ability in foot drill. Tucker had received "Favorable Mention" in counting off.

About this time gas masks were secured by the regiment and gas drill became part of our daily schedule. Sgt. Eulberg was appointed as Gas non-com. Two hours per week of this instruction was required of every man; cooks, mess sergeants and stable orderlies included. Our course was inaugurated by an inspiring lecture by Lt. Lyon on the importance of taking this phase of training most seriously. It was stated that if anyone got into the habit of promiscuously hollering "Gas" he would be shot at sunrise. The old men learned again from Sgt. Eulberg and the new men for the first time, how to inspect the mask, the trick of putting it on in six seconds and how to care for it properly. Games were played, races run and hikes taken, in fact, we learned to do everything except eat, while wearing the mask. Night hikes were undertaken and during one of these Pvt. Dangelo, in the excitement of the moment, became lost in the darkness, only to come stumbling into camp an hour later positively affirming that he had not removed his mask. Masks for the horses were reported to have been ordered, but fortunately for them, they never arrived.

The evening of July 26th, brought thirty seven additional selected men shipped from Camp Grant to bring



the Battery up to war strength. The barracks were inadequate to accommodate them and it was necessary to cover every available foot of ground with squad tents while the length of the "chow" line became alarming. The "mess hounds," Waddell, Muckerheide, Baggott, followed next in line by the Horseshoers and Mechanics, now took post at the screen door at "Recall," in order that they might hastily devour the liberal first portion and head the line for "seconds."

About this time another important event in the history of the Battery was the arrival of Mike Darmosy's Ford. Sgt. Seymour hailed the arrival of Mike's "Tin Lizzie" with much enthusiasm and immediately excused Mike from afternoon duty, in order that they might make a daily trip to Sparta, thereby enabling Seymour to catch the early afternoon mail for Tomah or Portage. One evening found the Ford headed on its regular nightly schedule for Melvina, with passengers, "Pop," "Schloppem," and the fond brothers "Jip" and "Feets." The peaceful little rambler might well have been a "tank" that evening. "Feets" had recently a reimbursement from a local brewer at home in the shape of a check for \$10.00, which he desired to circulate in the same channels. Now when "Feets" spends ten at one shot, something is sure to happen and the evening promised to be a big one. In the first act of our little tragedy, the party disembarks and takes retreat in the nearby willows, leaving Mike, disguised as a day laborer on the State road, to continue the journey to Melvina alone, where he was to perform a very important mission for those left behind. The second act finds Mike on his return trip, accompanied by an additional "Flivver" carrying two suspicious looking characters, who turn out to be the County Sheriff and his understudy. The cars stopped precisely in front of the aforesaid willows and the sheriff in a friendly voice calls out "Everything is O. K. Boys, come on out and take a ride." They obey in silence and the "little tank" now looks like the "jug" to them. The third act shows the interior of a District Attorney's Office, with the attorney present, the evidence occupying a prominent place on the table before him. The State immediately opens a severe cross-examination, followed by a long moral lecture, to which our culprits listen in meek silence. At its conclusion, they are dismissed and file quickly out of the room, with a last sorrowful glance in the direction of the forfeited evidence, which the attorney grudgingly retained in lieu of a monetary fine. The closing scene shows our joy riders gathered around the kitchen sink, enjoying a refreshing drink from a hydrant.

As the weeks passed, the firing and routine of training were kept up with persistence and energy. The forepart of July saw the arrival of several brand-new British 75 Field Pieces. Decked out in their camouflaged war paint, they brought to our minds more seriously the purpose of our training. These guns differed in many respects from our own U. S. pieces, and it was necessary for Lieut. Miller to spend many weary hours explaining their mechanism and training the gun crews. It was not long however, before these British guns were being fired on the range with our usual accuracy.

Rumors became more frequent in regard to our departing for overseas, and they were confirmed by the fact that four-day passes might now be secured by those having business matters demanding personal attention. As a result, it was suddenly evident that the Battery was made up of men, whose business affairs and possessions had been of surprising importance in civil life. The disposal of farms, houses, lots, motor boats, Fords in one case, cigar boxes and collection of bad debts were a few of the reasons given in the request for passes. Dangelo, in an interview with the Captain, stated that it was necessary that he go at once to West Bend, Wis., in order to sell a wagon, harness and horse, that he had left tied to a post on his uncle's yard the day he departed for the Army. Upon being questioned, he remembered that the horse had died and admitted that the harness was probably in the barn, but insisted that the wagon was still standing where he had left it. The pass was granted. In many cases the allotted four days skipped

by too quickly and telegrams began to arrive at all hours requesting extensions. Warczak seemed to have been the originator of this idea, when thru his, hitherto unsuspected, acquaintance in the political world, a demand for extension came direct from Washington. Tracy and Gibson were unfortunate in having their mothers decide to move during their stay and Baggott remembered considerable money was still due on the one Dodge car sold before his induction into the military service. "Slim" Blachowski forgot that telegrams were used as means of information and caused considerable speculation as to whether he intended returning at all. He showed up after a month or so, and the Guard House yawned.

Suddenly the word came out that the horses were soon to leave us. On Saturday morning, they were lined up in numerical order by Sgt. Wilson and in a slow procession, proceeded via Ramour Pass to the C. M. & St. P. siding, where a long line of box cars awaited them. The old men felt a tinge of regret at seeing them led, urged or forced into their slatted pullmans: No. 97 and No. 150 as usual remaining obstinate to the last. The new men however, freely expressed their satisfaction over the fact that grooming, stable police and "monkey riding" were now things of the past. Guns and Caissons were also turned in. Battery equipment was checked and packed in boxes marked "A. E. F." Everywhere was hustle and bustle with the preparations for moving. Two standard boxes were thoughtfully laid aside in which to pack knitted goods, recently donated by

the Red Cross, or sent as last presents by loved ones and sweethearts. The boxes were filled to the limit with these precious articles and we thought of the fond memories they would recall when we unpacked them on the shores of France, never suspecting that they were to be seized by the Q. M. and appropriated for use at the Front by some hero of the S. O. S.



Everson and McGinnis were working overtime in the orderly room with the service records, insurance papers and numerous other documents and it was not an unusual event to be questioned daily regarding the person you wished notified in case of emergency, and as to whom your insurance was payable. Even Lt. Lyon appeared to be busy and then we knew that something unusual was soon to happen. Overseas clothing was next issued, including wrap leggings and short trench coats. We were glad to be relieved of the canvas leggings, but garrison shoes were not parted with

so willingly, as one glance at the hob-nails showed that they would be welcome at pavement dances only. The new blouses were heavier than our former issue and made us long for cold weather, as an order had been issued some weeks before requiring the wearing of blouses during meal hours and after retreat. During the early spring at Camp Grant, blouses could not be worn and we shivered in the cold, but not so at Robinson. No matter how hot the weather the blouse must be worn and we suppose the purpose of army discipline had been accomplished.

The rush of packing being over, it was seen that bunk fatigue should not become too much of a habit. A regular schedule consisting of Physical Exercise, Foot Drill, Semaphore, and Guard Duty was inaugurated. Packs were rolled a dozen times in as many different ways. Gang Plank drill was practiced diligently and afforded quite a little amusement for all. Klingberg carried with him to all formations a slip of paper showing his name and address. Thune, Ole G., and Darmody—Mike, never failed to get a smile out of the Captain upon announcing

themselves. Even fly-killing was added to the daily routine after "Zeke" Hofer appeared in formation fanning himself with a fly-swatter. "Berlin or bust" was forgotten and "Swat the Fly" became our slogan; each section in turn, hammered a lively tattoo on the tables and rafters of the mess hall without appreciably diminishing the number of flies, as Ibisch was a week behind in repairing windows and doors.

Week ends found Sparta and Camp Robinson crowded with relatives and friends who had journeyed from far and near to bid their heroes farewell. Home made pies, cakes and real fried chicken eased the pain of parting and more than one cannoneer drowned his grief with one last drag from Dad's "Little Brown Jug on the Hill." On a Sunday evening the mess hall looked like a fashionable restaurant and not like a "chow-house" and Retreat and Guard Mount were staged before an interested audience.

An order from Headquarters suddenly appeared stating that passes from then on would be granted to Sparta only. Names of men who had never enjoyed the charm of this little village, and what is more, swore they never would, still appeared on the pass list and the line-up grew larger. Nevertheless the trains Ease still continued to be heavily loaded and La Crosse entertained its usual number of soldier friends.

As the time of our eventual departure drew nearer, two of our distinguished Corporals, drawn into the snares of matrimony, took unto themselves wives, and their spending money was accordingly reduced to "fifteen per." Smith, A. J., after burning up the wires between Camp and Portage finally brought Esther to Sparta and there the ceremony was performed. Martin Muckerheide's reputation as a lady's man was hurried trip to Winona, a blushing bride upon his this rash act was encour motion to Corporal.



Passing in Review now day's program and after one memorable afternoon thru the dust, under the joining cow pasture, passed in triumphant manding presence of Briga

became a feature of the a series of practise parades we marched with full pack "high bridge" to an ad- where in gallant array, we review before the com- dier General Spaulding.

Our training was next the proper method of training. The Colonel had called upon some of his best engineering talent to plot and stake out a "make-believe" train. One bright sunny morning we fell out with full packs and the First Sergeant advised that we would now be taught the proper methods of boarding a train, an art which most of us had of necessity continuously employed throughout the summer. Upon our arrival at the scene of action we looked in vain for something that looked like a railway coach, but upon closer observation we discovered stakes placed here and there, in the ground, very much resembling a miniature graveyard. Capt. Sherman warned us that it would not be fair to enter thru the windows, or sky-lights; but as regards Sgt. Pettit, this advice was not necessary. The rear door was to be used for entering and the front for exit. The process was repeated twice that morning and finding the results satisfactory, we marched back and were dismissed—still wondering what it was all about.

diversified by assimilating

September 5th a definite rumor was confirmed that the regiment would leave the next day. After having heard at least five hundred different rumors regarding departure in the short space of three weeks, it was not strange that this one should

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be regarded somewhat skeptically. Throughout the day members of the Battery could be seen heading for the parcel post depot to send home the last of their "not absolute" necessities, which during inspections had been concealed under the barracks and numerous other hiding places.

The following morning, bright and early, found us on our knees occupied in the delightful process of rolling packs. Bunks were stacked to the ceiling in one corner of the barracks and the entire premises was turned over to the care of the Development Battalion. Pvts. Newodowski and Millard being sentinels, with Corp. Baggott, Acting Sergeant of the Guard.

For dinner we were served sandwiches and coffee and soon after finishing this bountiful repast, the order was given to "sling packs" and "line-up." Then began the short walk to the Milwaukee tracks where a long train of sleepers awaited us, ready to speed us on our way to New York.





The Flight to France

In which we sail on the not-so-good ship "Lapland," British rest camps and other details. Meet the Fin Brothers, Rouge and Blanc and their stronghold the Western Front. "Vive les Americains" and "Combien, Mademoiselle?"

Thanks to our previous instructions in entraining, we managed to get aboard without accident. We anxiously waited for No. 6 to pull out ahead, and as it went by, we could not help but notice that for once there were no Battery "C" men riding the "head-end." Our first stop was at Portage and the station platform was crowded with relatives and friends. Portage lived up to its reputation of real food and came thru in great shape. There were many tear dimmed eyes and we who had relatives there felt as if something might "bust" any minute. We wished the train might stop longer and yet were thankful when it pulled out for those last moments were simply terrible.

From the time we first entered the army, we were taught that secrecy in all things was of the gravest importance to our safety, especially as regarded overseas movements, but when we reached the outskirts of Milwaukee, we found that they did not appreciate the great value of silence. Whistles shrieked all over the city and the crossings were lined with people. At the station, Red Cross ladies gave us whole cartons of "Camels" and big thick chocolate bars. When we pulled out the whistles again shrieked as if to tear themselves to pieces and even the fire tug cut loose, but we were happy rather than nervous, for we realized that Milwaukee knew her own Wisconsin boys were leaving and we appreciated their wild sendoff.

The next morning found everyone in good spirits and many of us had spent our first night in a Pullman. The Sergeants and two or three over-grown Corporals occupied the state rooms and showed by their haughty and dignified manner that they realized they were truly traveling like millionaires. Little did we realize the difference we would find in the mode of travel thru France. We detrained at Battle Creek, also Port Huron, where we enjoyed a short hike and a few minutes of physical exercise. The Red Cross Ladies were on the job with candy, cigarettes and even ice cream cones. At Port Huron we were pulled, by an electric motor, thru the longest R. R. tunnel in the world. We stopped a few moments on the other side and those of us who were fortunate secured postal cards from Canadian youngsters, which we hurriedly wrote and handed back to be mailed, thus sending home our first messages from a foreign country. We were under orders not to mail cards, hand out addresses, or give any information whatever might reveal our identity or the locality of our homes, as this would help the Kaiser. People along the way seemed to understand. They would ask: "Where are you from?" and then add quickly and, half apologetically, "I suppose you cant tell." They also understood about mailing postals and gladly offered to mail them for us and even furnish the stamps. But, we were under strict orders; nevertheless, as we left each station, handfuls of postals and even letters were thrown from the windows, to be picked up and hurried to the mail box by people who were so anxious to do something to "help the boys."

Saturday afternoon we were informed that we would reach Sayre, Pa., about noon and everyone would "fall out" with a towel, piece of soap and mess cup, which we did immediately upon arrival, 2:00 p. m. A "Y" man escorted us several blocks thru the city and then led to a field bordering on the Susquehanna.

Every fellow seemed to try to beat the other undressing with the result that we all started for the water at about the same time. It was a good sight to see; some two hundred "kids" scrambling over the pebbles. The proverbial "ole swimmin' hole" never echoed with heartier yells and laughter than when we struck the cold mountain water. It was a fine refreshing bath, ever to be remembered. We marched back to town and stopped at the Red Cross canteen for hot coffee, sandwiches and fruit. The balance of the day we traveled thru the mining towns of northern Pennsylvania. We were surprised and amused by the great number of children who lined the tracks, holding their hands above their heads so that we might reach down from the car windows and slap them as we whizzed past.

We detrained at Jersey City at 7:00 a. m. Sunday morning and marched directly onto the Ferry. The famous sky line of greater New York greeted us across the river and soon someone discovered, to the right, the Statue of Liberty. This was the climax. Fellows who had never been known to "snap out of it" before, now swore that they would not miss this trip for a million dollars. Even Tucker was smiling and seemed to "like it." Going up the River we saw our first Camouflaged liners and also the wreck of a boat that had been torpedoed. We left the ferry at Long Island City and entrained for Camp Mills. Klingberg thought we were now in France, altho he admitted he expected it would take longer than this to "cross." Upon detraining at Mills we found there was an airplane flying directly over us. We all looked with eager eyes, but a few days later had become so used to them that we would not look up unless the roar of the motors was so loud that we thought they were going to take the tops off our tents.

For weeks we had been dreading the rigid overseas inspection we were to receive at the Port of Embarkation, but we found it much easier to get by there than with Colonel Perkins on Saturday morning. We had an easy time of it at Mills. Did not have but one drill formation each day. The First Sergeant would bawl: "Outside and line up." "Call Roll" "Front Rank, forward march." "Halt." "About Face." This was not "close order" drill but a very open formation. Did not have to keep step or carry packs and after a few minutes of calisthenics, "with the count" and breathing exercises, done by taking a long deep breath and saying "Ah!", we would "fall out" until the next formation, usually "Retreat."

As soon as we were issued our full equipment of clothing, including the "over-seas cap," the Battery was placed on "pass" basis and we started out to see New York and to have a look at things along Broadway. Lack of space forbids telling of the individual experiences which were encountered there, even tho we knew them, but the City seemed to have made a different impression upon everyone. Some fellows came back looking bad, but saying they had had a wonderful time; others said they had seen nothing and looked it; they were still unable to see. There were wonderful tales of the Bowery, Ghetto, China Town and pictures taken at Coney Island, in a tank.

About noon September 16th, we again entrained for Long Island City and there transferred to a ferry boat which carried us back along the same route we had taken when we came in. At many docks along the way we saw transports loaded with troops. Our ferry made an "About Face" when opposite the White Star Line pier. On account of a boat unloading a bunch of Marines ahead of us, we were forced to remain out in the River until late in the afternoon. We would float a short distance with the current and then the engine was started to bring us opposite the docks again. For the first couple of hours, every time the engine started the fellows would put on their packs, thinking we were going to get off. After this had been done a few times, we gave up and decided that Battery "C" was out of luck again and no doubt we would spend that night back in Camp Mills. In the dock warehouse we received a final cup of coffee and lunch from the Red Cross and the Postal Cards, which we signed, to be mailed to the folks at home as soon as the news was cabled back that our transport had landed safely at a foreign port.

We were the last Battery to board ship. The first half of the Battery received

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Staterooms, but the rest of us were "out of luck." We realized this more and more in the next few days. At Mess that evening we learned from the obliging English lads who gladly offered to wash our mess kits, that we were on a British boat, which always landed at Liverpool, the good ship, "LAPLAND." We laid at the docks all night and promptly at nine in the morning, after a long blast of the whistle, a deep sound which seems to come from "way down" and makes the cold shivers run over you, or at least did every time we heard it on the trip, we moved out into the River. We were waved many good-byes from passing Ferries, skyscraper windows, in fact from everyone in sight, something like a million people. It seemed strange to us that we should move out in broad day-light in sight of all these people, after all we had been told about keeping our movements so secret. Everyone of us attempted to crowd to some part of the ship from which we might get a passing view of the Statue of Liberty. From the few who expressed themselves aloud, it would be interesting to know the many thoughts unexpressed, as we saw the monument disappearing in the distance. Would we ever see it again, and when? We were too happy and excited however over the many interesting things which were rapidly taking place to ponder for long on any one subject. At the outer harbor we joined the other boats which were to make

up our convoy. There were two large battle ships on either side and little submarine chasers circling about us, as well as observation balloons and airplanes roaring above.

Up to this time we had been too busily engaged with what was going on around us to take particular note of our own immediate surroundings and the boat which was to be our home for the next two weeks. Now we began to look around and there was much in evidence to hint that before we landed, the trip was not going to be the joy ride we might have imagined the night we came aboard.



The first four or five days out we all found much about which to complain and talked things over with each other in a sympathetic manner, but now certain individuals cried out louder than the rest stating their proof as to why they were in worse shape than anyone else on the boat. Jack Radl claimed he hadn't eaten a mouthful since we started; Wagner

said he was all right and felt good when he was in bed, but the minute he stood up or walked on deck, he felt so funny that he had to hurry back to bed; he was still glad he enlisted however and didn't care when we landed; Langford had been all over the ship and could tell the proper name of each part of the boat and in general, knew everything; Bruenig Bros., Homann, Blada, Lawson, John and "Jip" Miller were M. P's. Their insignia was a handkerchief tied around the left arm. They ranked with the Brigadier General as far as privileges went, as they had free access to all parts of the boat. Their duties were to enforce all orders and to see that there was no crooked work. Blada and Homann soon reported that they knew where you could get anything you wanted. There was a Regimental Guard mounted daily and there were some sixty posts, located at every door and passageways and every other imaginable place throughout the ship where there was any vacant space (and the guard was ordered to keep same vacant) which otherwise would have afforded more crowding room for the rest of us. In addition to the Regimental Guard and the M. P's. from each Battery, there was an officer on duty with the Battery day and night to maintain discipline and see that everything was in order. There were several companies of Marines on board our ship and they took care of the Submarine Guard. Each organization was assigned to a particular part of the ship, or rather, the larger part of any organization that were in any one place were informed that they would occupy that space

and could go nowhere else. Battery "C" was assigned to the well deck, due to the fact that when we stepped off the gang plank, we were on the Well Deck and were never able to crowd any farther. Later reports showed that part of the Battery fell in line with a company of Marines and shared their quarters on an upper deck. We soon found that all was not well on the "Well Deck." It was hot in the daytime, cold at night and it required a Sergeant with a detail to pick up the matches and other evils adjacent to the use of tobacco, which continually floated down from the upper decks. We often tried to find more comfort in other parts of the boat and discovered that if we kept moving it was possible to cover a good deal of territory in spite of the guards, but about the time you thought you had escaped the crowd and proceeded to make yourself "at ease," the guard informed you in his own style that you couldn't stop there. From morning until night it was "move on, move on" until we felt that life on the waves was as restless as the waves themselves.

Boat Drill and Inspection was held twice daily throughout the trip and helped to make life more uncomfortable. In due course of time everyone was assigned to a Life Boat or Raft. At "Call to Arms" we were to proceed directly, quietly and with all possible speed to our station. Everyone was trying to reach some particular place on the ship at the same time and only a football fiend could enjoy the jamming and crowding which resulted. After we had reached the designated place, roll we waited, or tried to (running in place stunt) until the Brig his Staff, together the Boat, made the stress was laid upon tresses folded a cer must be off the floor, policed. At "recall" back to our regular servers had to be meals included and in arm's reach at night. They were covered with white canvas and from the looks at the end of the trip, they surely saved our clothes from a great deal of soiling.



Mess on the Lapland was held three times daily: Morning, Noon and Night. It was the proper time for meals, but that was about all that was strictly right. It was evident from the start that the "grub" question was going to be a serious one and it was. Oatmeal and syrup was the favorite dish for breakfast. The Oatmeal had a hint of cereal in it, but the syrup had surely deviated from the name. The meat served at noon was of two kinds, namely, red and black. There was no argument as to the red meat having originally served as motive power for overland freight hauling or even pleasure riding, before automobiles came into general use, but the black meat was harder to name. Lying dormant in a mess kit, it had the appearance of asphalt pavement, but under pressure of the knife, it had the elasticity of rubber. From the effect produced upon the few who succeeded in "getting it down" it would prove invaluable as an antidote for poisoning. It was called many names, some of them even vulgar, but we give up to its real identity. Pickles and Cheese was the old standby for supper. The vinegar had evidently been forced into the pickles under pressure, judging from the shower of brine which sprayed in all directions when you bit into one. The cheese was harmless enough in appearance, but when a portion was brought toward the nostrils, it was an interesting study in human nature to observe the different facial expressions which it provoked. Suffice to say, Limburger in all its glory could never compare with one of the Lapland Cheeses. The few who drank it, made no particular complaint on the "Tay," except that what was left from one meal was poured back into the bucket for the next.

Our journey across the pond continued without any particularly exciting happenings. No submarines were sighted and each day was simply a repetition of the previous day. Muckerheide reported that one of the crew had interfered with the welfare of some of his squad and he was forced to "lay him cold." McQueen showed he was a wrestler as well as a boxer and Dangelo defended his reputation as "Champion of his Weight," by knocking out three British Lads, much to the satisfaction of all present.

The morning of the twelfth day we were in sight of the Coast of Ireland and it surely did seem like a little bit of heaven. McCann was the information bureau for the balance of the day. Next morning found us in the harbor of Liverpool. We left the boat about 1:30 p. m. and were taken to the dock in a tug. Here we wrote our first letter home, or rather signed same, as the message was already written. After we had lined up on the dock, the Doctor came along and those who were unable to walk, he ordered to a motor truck. After all the sick had been loaded he advised that there was still room for a few packs if anyone did not feel hardly able to make the hike. Everyone seemed to want to stick it out, until someone murmured "werry well, sir" and Sgt. Thorn hurled his pack on been sick on the boat and dently his feet didn't feel been cold.

As we marched thru

we were surrounded on all "Got any sense?" We asking this question, yet we felt we couldn't have a trip and we wondered if entirely void of reasoning, that the children were nies for souvenirs. We the way and each time were farther to Camp. We group of pyramidal tents wall and let out a thankful column turned in. That best stew we had ever after all, stew was a pretty



muddy and weather chilly, but we were on land at last and felt kindly toward "Knotty Ash," our first English Rest Camp. The next day the entire regiment preceded by the band, marched to a nearby park and there we listened to an address of welcome by a British Lord and each of us received a personal letter from King George, a much prized gift and the first of the many souvenirs we were to collect while overseas. Tuesday morning we fell out with full packs and hiked a short distance to the R. R. station. The English coaches are divided into small compartments, of two seats running crossways, facing each other. Eight men with packs fill them to about 100% capacity. The ride thru England was very pleasant. The neatly trimmed hedges, fine roads and tidy farm homes were welcome sights after fourteen days of ocean scenery.

We made a stop at Birmingham and here occurred the only accident of the trip. We arrived at 1:40 p. m. and were told by the 1st Sgt. that we could roam around the station platform until 2:00 o'clock as the train would not leave until then, but it was clearly explained that we were not to leave the station; however "Ale" signs across the street were very inviting and several soldiers hurried in that direction. The engine whistled a little before two o'clock and we pulled out almost immediately. We tumbled into the cars from all sides and several mounted on the run, but Sgt. Langford and 1st Class Private Dangelo were not in the shuffle, as they had strolled so far up the street that they didn't even hear the warning whistle. They came on a later train and joined the battery in camp that

night. One's loss is another's gain and so while they lost the train, the Battery gained two buck privates. We reached Romsey about 8:00 p. m. and before the train had hardly stopped, the doors were jerked open by strange officers who ordered us to get our packs on quickly and line up. As fast as we scrambled out of the cars, we were rushed up a dark street in rapid confusion. After a few blocks of this, we were halted and soon our officers came along and got the battery together. There were searchlights covering the heavens from all directions, but buildings and streets were dark, autos passed without headlights and we knew that we were being bombed by the Zeppelins in much the same brutal manner in which we had been gassed at Camps Grant and Robinson. It was a long mile hike up a steep hill, before the tents of Camp Woodley, another Rest Camp, came into view. We ate a supper of bread and jam, drew additional blankets from the Q. M. and another day's work was done. Just as things were getting quiet, Sgt. Seymour rushed in with the announcement that the K. P's. and cooks would have to work all night. This was hard luck for them, but meant good eats for us and we went to sleep with visions of steaks and pies before us, but bacon was served for breakfast, and for dinner and supper—stew. John Miller, Gutjahr, Windelborn, Ibisch, Mike Karson and Kircher ate so many rutabagas from a field adjoining camp that it took \$15.00 from the Battery Fund to settle with the owner.

Friday morning we started out bright and early on the twelve mile hike to Southampton. The packs soon got heavy, and it was stiff work, but everybody "hung tough." We stopped on a sunny hill near a British Rest Camp at noon and took on a liberal portion of Corn Willy. Red Cross ladies helped out with hot coffee and biscuits and a few British Newsboys furnished Cabaret Entertainment with songs dedicated to the Kaiser and the "Boys of the Village." It seemed another twelve miles thru the City before we reached the Docks. Southampton seemed to have as many girls as Liverpool, pink cheeked and smiling so sweetly with the friendly "thumbs up," but we could not stop. We marched into a large freight house and unslung packs. In many instances shoes were removed and first aid given blistered feet. The rest of us were too tired to move. The afternoon wore along slowly. Someone discovered a canteen at the entrance to the docks, but we were ordered to remain with our packs, as we might load any time, and besides there would be plenty to eat on the boat, so the Captain explained. The lights were turned on at dusk and revealed a troupe of acrobatic rats playing over the building and we watched their maneuvers until the order was given to "Sling Packs."

We filed up the Gang Plank and then down three decks to the very bottom of the boat. We stacked our packs on the floor and then went to the upper deck in order to allow the remainder of the regiment to crowd down and leave their packs. The boat had been freshly disinfected and if the dope was as strong as the odor which permeated the air, a few drops would purify the entire German army. Before pulling out, we again put on Life Preservers. They were so soiled however that in case of disaster, it is a question as to whether it would not have been better to throw them overboard and thereby rid yourself of any chance of a dirt ballast. The trip across the channel, altho only requiring one night, practically includes all the discomforts of the two week's trip across the "Pond." There was no supper served, which no doubt was recommended by Hoover, as there was a very strong tendency before morning to utterly disregard his instructions about saving, and food was freely wasted on all sides. Sleeping Quarters were found wherever there was room to lie down, or rather wherever there was room to get part of your anatomy in a reclining position and let the fellow next to you uphold the balance. Once you located, there was no changing and all decks were covered with tangled forms, seeking rest in every position imaginable. Morning found us in good spirits however as another hazardous part of our journey had been passed in safety and we had reached Cherbourg, our landing place on the long-hoped-for soil of France. After a breakfast of hardtack, coffee and a piece of

cheese the size of a loaf of sugar, we slung packs and proceeded down the gang plank.

Headed by the Band and with Colors uncased, we started up another two mile hill to another British Rest Camp. It was steep going and the packs seemed the "heaviest yet," but we "cut it," through and were all present at the "Halt." After we had deposited our packs in the squad tents, our first thoughts were to get cleaned up. We were informed that a good bath would be procurable and after a little delay, were marched to the Bath House. Wonder filled our eyes as we watched the long stream that was flowing from the overhead fixtures. It was like the stream that trickles from the wooden faucet when the barrel is going dry. The British Sgt. in charge immediately advised us not to "stand around like a bunch of bloody fools" if we wanted a "bawth" as the water would be shut off in ten minutes. We accepted his advice in regard to standing around and immediately hurried back to our tents. We had learned that water was to be very scarce in France. The usual Rest Camp ration of mutton stew, bread and jam was served for dinner and supper. We enjoyed a much needed night's rest and after two more meals of stew, "fell out" with full packs and hiked back down the hill to Cherbourg. We halted at a platform adjoining the R. R. tracks and waited in suspense. In due course of time a string of box cars came rolling down the track and stamped on the sides in large white letters were the words: "Hommes 40, Cheveaux 8," about which we had read so much in "Over the Top" and "Private Peat." Everyone started bawling like cattle and the scene was very realistic indeed.

The Captain ordered us to the cars which were assigned to Battery "C", placed two Sergeants in charge of each and told us to climb in and make ourselves as comfortable as possible. The tone of his voice hinted that this might not be an easy task. Candles were lighted, blankets unrolled, packs hung up in the car so as to be out of the way and then the real trouble began; How could we distribute ourselves so that everyone could lie down? Several fellows seemed to have solved the problem for themselves and had already grabbed up far more than their share of room. Several suggestions were offered but it was soon evident that it would have to be a practical demonstration. We stretched out crossways of the car, and four men were left standing. We tried it again, crowding closer and only two were left upright. The Sergeants looked things over and decided that two men would have to lay across the legs of the others, in the center of the car. The two smallest men were picked out and wished "good luck." Everyone was hard-boiled and curses rent the air. About the time things would get quiet, someone would advise the fellow across the way to "pull in your feet and keep them out of my face." Gradually the swearing died out and everyone was asleep, or at least trying to sleep. The train made many stops during the night and seemed to remain a long while at each place.

Daylight brought new hopes and ambitions. Travel rations had not been issued and our hunger was keen. The train continued to stop at every small town but it was noon before we were ordered to send two men back to the last car to draw rations. These rations must last three days and it required careful computation to determine how many cans of beans and tomatoes might be eaten at one meal. We were long on Corn Beef and everyone was urged to eat all possible of the delicious "willy." A few showed more ability than others in stowing away this canned "bread of life" and Edd Olson has been known ever since as "Corn Beef Olson," while Ibisch was a close second. Night brought a new problem, as the rations were occupying the sleeping space of two men. This was overcome by distributing the can goods throughout the car and having one man sleep upon the bread. The stops continued to be numerous throughout the night, as well as all next day. The country we were passing thru was covered with vineyards. The luscious grapes were being hauled away in cartloads, but even with all our stops we were never quite near enough to make the fence.

About 7:00 p. m. we reached Bordeaux. The depot and train sheds signified

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that this was a regular city and we all decided that on our first thirty-six hour pass, we would visit Bordeaux. We again moved on after an hour's delay and were having the usual argument over the sleeping space, when the Captain came thru and ordered us to make our rolls, as it was only twenty miles to camp. This was great news indeed and the fact that we would not have to spend another night in the box cars, caused blankets to be rolled in short order. Three hours passed before we reached our supposed destination. It seemed almost too good to be true; in a few minutes we would actually be in camp, but the minutes grew into hours and still we waited and shivered. The cold increased toward morning and the horseshoers and cooks could stand it no longer. They ventured from the box cars in search of fuel. A bonfire was soon blazing and immediately surrounded by dancing, half frozen, warriors. Morning finally dawned and revealed a typical French village. High on the walls of the station in raised stone letters were the words: "La Teste." About eight o'clock, without warning, our train started forward and soldiers, among them the Colonel and Personnel Adjutant, came hurrying in all directions from adjoining streets, regardless of the fact that it was against orders to leave the cars. The Adjutant grabbed a Red Flag from the French brakeman and proceeded to wave same furiously, but speed increased instead of slackening and he and the Colonel grabbed the last box car as it rattled by.

La Courneau station was reached after an hour's ride thru a murmuring pine forest. The barracks of Camp Hunt on one side of the track and on the other, the famous "Western Front," which was destined to be the scene of our only battles in the days to come, when the M. P's. took La Teste, only to be driven back by our men at Vin Blanc and Cognac, fell into our hands.

At last we had reached the end of our journey and the hardships and inconveniences of the trip were instantly forgotten. We had gained the prize which we had been looking forward to since the day the U. S. entered the Great World War for Democracy—Our letters home would now be headed: "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."





The Retreat From Hunt

in which we take a little walk, and build a remount. "Finis la guerre." Spagetti and garlic, and not much of anything else. Hail the Conquering Heroes. Red Chevrons and good bye. Back to the farm.

Tired, dirty, hungry, and with beards that would unnerve our veteran Battery tonsorial artist, we piled out of our "French Pullmans" and had our first glimpse of what was to be our home for nearly three months, Camp Hunt, situated at La Courneau Station. The old French barracks with their thatched roofs looked better than palaces to us after our experiences with the English "rest" camps. After a delay of what seemed hours, but which was really only a few minutes, we were invited to our new home and we needed no second invitation. Our first thought, after depositing our packs, was water—we needed it externally and sure applied it vigorously.

Dinner was prepared from what was left of our luxurious travel ration—no more explanation is necessary. We then raided the surrounding barracks for bunks, tables, wash-basins and anything we thought might be of use to us. Most of the bunks were of the double-deck variety and several heated arguments arose as to who would receive the lower berths. These were soon settled however and it is still an unanswered question as to which had the more advantages.

Only a few went "over the hill" on the first nights of those long battles of "Vin Blanc" and "Cognac" fought along the "Western Front." The fact that we had received our last pay just before our visit to New York had more to do with this than Captain Sherman's warning to us to "watch our step" in regard to French liquid refreshments.

A few days after our arrival we were favored by the return to the Battery of Sergeants Hefe and Herzog and Lieutenant Miller, our contribution to the advance party of the Brigade. Hefe and Herzog were physically qualified to give us "the long and the short" of their experiences here.

It was along about the twelfth of October that the first Battalion felt the need of a new adjutant and our own Captain Sherman was the chosen one. Now a Battery without a captain is like a ship without a rudder, so Captain Harry F. Webster was rushed to the scene and saved the situation. It was at this time also that Lieutenant Miller and Mitchell were transferred to Headquarters Company. These vacancies were filled by Lieutenant Craigmile from Headquarters Company and Lieutenant Gardner, direct from service at the front. This marked the beginning of real drill and from then on "bunk fatigue" was a thing of the past.

"Don't be late for school" warned Sergeant Wilson as classes were formed in the various branches of artillery service. Materiel school opened first with such apt scholars as Sergeants Seymour, Radlund, Herzog and Hefe and Corporals Franz, O'Keefe, A. J. Smith and Tracy. "Sort of takes me back to my kid days again," says Art, "but I don't think I will take a chance at playing hooky. That 75 is sure some baby." The "Hullo Girls" more commonly known as the Telephone Detail included Sergeant Miller, Corporals Harry Benzmilller, Russel Richards, and Waddell, and Privates Klund and Lawrence. A good collection of "ear and mouth" specialists, they were, and sufficiently able to "hold up" any telephone communication our Battery might need. Sergeant Miller, however proved too apt a pupil and learned so rapidly that the instructor, fearful that Ted



might get his job, had him transferred on October 27th to the Officer's Training School. Sergeant Eulberg who up to this time had been a "dark horse" filled the vacancy to perfection.

Sergeant Savage and Corporals Schnell and John Breunig were selected to tame the "Y" line and went along with one of the "loots" to learn all about it. This was Lieutenant Craigmile and we all knew that our "instruments" would be well taken care of with this shrewd and energetic quartette on the job.

Next came the "suicide club" candidates class—fourteen stalwart, dare-devil "bucks" under the leadership of Corporals Mumm and Moungey. MacDonald, A. L. Nelson, Nadeau, McGinnis, Gibson, Topping, Tipper, Storr, Schloetzer, Buol, Thompson, Rosenthal Trepania and Schneider—all anxious to master the mysteries of those "248 shots per minute," airplane wreckers.

Corporal Langford and Silent Hoffman joined the Painter's Union and started in to learn all about camouflage and finally were able to pronounce it, all went well for a few days. Then the doctors stepped in and decided to do a little camouflaging themselves in the vicinity of Ray's throat, so Ray was unceremoniously yanked from school and sent to the hospital.

As a hospital patient Ray proved to be a good assistant wardmaster, with the result that we saw no more of him, until rumors of our returning home brought him back to the Battery in double-time fashion.

The radio school called for two more of our men so Corporal Klesit and Private Stevens responded to the call. Hub is small and all that, but when it came to "radioing" or learning to "radioate" or manipulating the "Radioer," we are of the opinion that he could get away with just about enough "bunk fatigue" as his able-bodied understudy "Red."

Back in the States we had played with the old "three inch" and the British 18 Pounds, so it was a safe bet that we would get French "seventy-fives" to smash the Huns and blaze away to glory, via Berlin and all points north. For the first few weeks these guns proved to be scarcer than American cigarettes in England, and we were lucky to get within talking distance of them, for one or two hours each day. However, each Battery soon received its full equipment and it was not long before every man in the outfit was bouncing on and off limbers in lively fashion.

Firing was begun very soon, and it was a different kind of training from the open war-fare we had practiced in the States. The range was very flat and with few real positions. There were no hills for the B C station like LaFayette and Selfridge Knoll. The officers conducted fire from a wooden tower 100 yards behind the guns. Communication was by telephone—more for training than anything else, as the gunners could all hear the original data. The old days of "aiming point—one tree on right front" were forgotten and we used aiming stakes, and the now well known "Y azimuth."

The "swazant cans" proved an easy gun to handle and a very accurate shooter. After the first nervousness wore off, we could pick off a sparrow at a 1000 meters, while Sergeant Savage spoke of "Phi Over





Omega" and "unusual preponderous of shorts" as if he really knew what he was talking about.

Of course there were bad days. The reliable Pettit lost track of his seconds and was given a seat in the gallery. Tracy balled up his deflections occasionally, and all the gunners mystified the Colonel with some high and mighty shooting at a captive tank.

Balloon observation and adjustment from airplane came in for a share, and we were all set for the front,—when the word came in that it was "finis la guerre," so we took another shot at target No. 9 and called it a day.

The old comparison between day and night was proven true beyond a doubt. Although we drilled and studied hard during the day, we banished work with the last sounds of Retreat and the evenings were spent in various ways of merry-making. On one of the "mornings after" Cy awoke wondering how he

came to be sleeping between cooks Steinmetz and Lind when his own bunk was in the adjoining room.

Rolling the bones and shuffling the pasteboards were the main evening indoor sports and although we all knew there was to be "no gambling or drinking within the confines of this camp"—still we managed to "get away with it" as long as we kept the "long green" pretty well camouflaged and the light turned out at the proper hour. Shock, Whitey and several others of the old gang became too enthused one evening with the ivory cubes and forgot that there was such a thing as bedtime in the army. It so happened that our Captain, returning to his quarters after a long debate with the Top deciding whom to put on permanent K. P. saw the light shining where all should have been dark, and doubtless thinking someone must be ill, stepped in to lend his assistance. Whitey, the first to see him, yelled "attention," but Shock was more interested in arousing the attention of the dice and greeted the B. C. with a "come on you seven, shoot the six." The Captain spoke briefly, but to the point, and the next day the erring men were confined to Regimental area and their financial hopes shattered.

A couple of weeks passed before Sam, our Battery barber, awoke to the chances before him, kicked the cooks out of their quarters, and hung out his shingle. Business was rushing and as he worked mostly on the credit basis, his list of names grew larger each day. Sam's reputation soon spread and he was surprised one morning to find at the head of his waiting list no less a distinguished personage than the Lieutenant-Colonel. "Hope he pays cash," said Sam to himself as he plied his clippers cautiously. Sam's dream came true for as the Colonel stepped from the chair he handed Sam one and one half francs as carelessly as though money meant no more to him than white bread meant to the French. Not knowing that Lieutenant-Colonels were exceptions, we were some surprised when pay-day came and we were charged two francs for our haircuts. The thoughtful Sergeants, wishing to protect the men under them from this exorbitant graft, refused to pay this price, but a little reprimand from the Captain quelled the threatening mutiny. "Nothing ventured nothing won," however, and a few days later it was announced that haircuts could be obtained hereafter at one and one half francs each.

After being fed so long on travel rations it was no





small luxury to get back once more to garrison chow. The mess improved each day and we were especially elated one Sunday morning when the news reached us that pancakes were being served for breakfast. "Won't believe that until I see it myself," muttered Corporal Schnell, as he grabbed his hash pan and beat it by the shortest route to the mess hall. "Somebody prick me with a pin to see if I am really awake," was his next remark, as he lined up for his sixth helping. "they must have gotten the menu for the officers' breakfast mixed up with ours." The pancake king was able to be up and around again about noon, but this was one "chow-time" that he was not hungry.

"Gas!!! The shortest command in the army, but when given it put more life into us for about six seconds than any dozen other commands put together. We all loved gas-drill just about as much as a Frenchman loves a German, but they told us that it was for our

own good. Cooks, mechanics, horse-shoers, and all other gold-bricks had to take it as regularly as an Italian takes his macaroni. During the latter part of October and up to the middle of November we had to carry bags at all times except when sleeping and then to have them within easy reach. To make it worse, several gas-alarms were stationed around the Regimental area, and blew at all hours of the day and night.

It would be needless to try to describe our feelings on that memorable eleventh of November when the news reached us that the armistice with Germany had been signed. Armistice, pay-day, and tobacco and candy rations all came on the same day and the Camp Commander, having some respect for the general conditions of things around camp, applied some real headwork and promptly closed the "Western Front." This put a damper on our original plans for celebration, but we were about as far from being down-hearted as a recruit with his first pass for home.

The rumors reached us next day that four "picked" men from each Battery were to be sent to the Front for a short time. Not much belief was put in the rumor until evening when Sergeant Wilson ordered Tucker, Brovick, Bigger and Shellum to have their packs rolled and be ready to leave by seven o'clock the next morning. "I don't mind so much breaking up the Battery," said Shellum, "just as long as they don't send me to some part of the Front where the news of the armistice has not yet reached the Huns." Tucker took the news calmly, little realizing that it was to be his final adieu to Battery C. Such proved to be the case, however, for on November thirtieth, Brovick, Bigger and Shellum returned after an extended tour of the front with the news that Tucker had been "lost in transit."



Now that our drilling days were over, football became the main event of interest around camp and by the middle of November every Battery and Company in the Regiment had organized a team and began practicing. We looked invincible with such men as Eulberg, Larson, Mumm, John Breunig and George Breunig in the backfield and Savage, O'Keefe, Hannifin, McQueen, Hefe, Franz, Clayton, Lynch and Waddell on the line. But somehow something went wrong. We lost to Battery B and Battery A by the close scores of 3 to 0 and 6 to 0 respectively, but were not discouraged

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and on November 19, we defeated Battery D in a hard fought game by the score of 6 — 0. A schedule was then arranged to decide the Regimental championship and we were eager to clear-up our record on the new start. Our first game was with Headquarters Company and although we kept the ball continually near their goal, we were unable to land the "knock-out" punch and the game ended with a nothing to nothing tie. Rainy weather prevented the playing off of this tie until December 19, when to the surprise of the entire Regiment we were humiliated by this same Headquarters Company to the tune of 13 to 0. This was the end of our football ambitions and our only comfort was in the boast that ours was the only team that defeated the Regimental champions, Battery D.

With all of us in a most curious and anxious state of mind as to what would be our fate now that the war was won, imagine the excitement when on the morning of November 21, orders came to turn in everything but personal equipment and prepare to leave for a port of embarkation. Vin Blanc and Cognac fell before us and the entire camp rang with our cheers of approval. The thought of returning so soon to our beloved United States seemed too good to be true and even Vegge wore a grin that reached from ear to ear. Everybody worked enthusiastically for the next few days and soon the guns, ammunition, helmets, and gas-masks were turned in and everything put in condition for leaving on short notice.

The next Thursday was Thanksgiving Day and thinking they would be on the boat by that time, several Batteries celebrated this Holiday on Sunday so as to be sure they would not lose out on a big feed. Captain Webster, probably having some inside dope, held out on the food proposition with the result that Thanksgiving Day found us still on the job and with plenty of time to do away with all the goose and dressing they dared hand out to us. It was some feast, too, after which candy and cigars were passed around. But of course we did not go; then came the "watchful waiting" and as days and weeks passed and we remained here we began to think that the 161st Artillery Brigade had been forgotten on the last revision of the homeward bound sailing list.



But the long looked for day came at last and at twelve o'clock noon on December 20th we boarded our "box-car special" for a forty five mile ride to Camp de Souge, and arrived there at ten o'clock that evening. We were tired and sleepy, and after walking from the depot to the camp and enjoying a cup of hot coffee we were glad to turn in for a good night's sleep. Our short stay here was uneventful.

On the second day the Colonel got word that a boat was waiting for us at Bordeaux, and it was only a question of getting on it. The 333rd had left ahead of us, and according to all rumors, were on the way. Packs were lightened, and the surplus sent ahead in trucks with Wagner and Brady as guards, and with Bassetti's gang to cook up some slum.

And it was some walk. They told us it was only seventeen miles, but that was only a guess. "Keep closed up, don't straggle and remember it is fifty per cent psychology, and the rest pure guts." The seventeen miles stretched out into twenty three. Twenty three miles over French cobblestones, with marching packs, and rain every half hour. It was "over hill and over dale" with a vengeance. We made it all right, but the last hill nearly ruined us, and it was only Lieutenant Samsey's friendly advice to "snap out of it, and show something" that pulled Benzmillier and others through.

At five thirty we reached Genicart, six miles outside of Bordeaux. Tired, does



not express it. Our feet were ruined and we were sore and lame in every joint. The boat we were to sail on, had left two days before. But we were to all in to cuss and after a little mess, we all turned in, and forgot it was Christmas Eve and that back home Santa Claus was climbing down the chimney. We were told that there would be no Reveille the next morning, but at six thirty the bugles tooted, there was a sharp blast of the whistle, and Wilson's "Outside, you wagon soldiers, and line up." There were only about fifty men who could pull their shoes on over their swollen feet, and these stumbled outside to hear their names read off to be ready to go on detail at seven thirty. We were now beginning to realize that going home was far from being a pleasure trip and that we had to earn every mile of the way.

On the morning of our third day at camp Genicart we rolled our packs once more, but this time it was for our trip through the "Delouser" an ordeal through which all troops must pass before leaving for the states. The "Delouser" was more than the name implies, although not nearly so horrible as the name sounds. One of its features was a physical examination in which we lost Gibson and Loun. It was here that we received an entirely new outfit, and we closely resembled a bunch of rookies with their first uniforms as we lined up for the march back to the barracks.

As we all felt certain that we had nothing else to do now but wait for a satisfactory boat to carry us back, we were considerably surprised when on the evening of December thirty-first, orders came in for the entire Battery to report for duty the next day at the Remount Station, about one mile from camp. This proved to be another never-to-be-forgotten day for us all. We had encountered plenty of mud since our arrival in France, but this was the first time we had been compelled to wade up to our knees in it. Grooming horses and mules was the main diversion of the day and although we had groomed dirty horses before, we were sure that most of these had not been groomed for a month or more.

After three long weeks of waiting, every day of which the Battery built roads, carried lumber or unloaded ships, we received orders to leave for Marseilles and catch the steam-ship Duca d' Aosta there for New York. The news proved to be straight dope and at three o'clock in the afternoon of January eighteenth we left Camp Genicart and marched to Bordeaux where we piled into the side door specials for our rides to Marseilles. There were only eighteen of us to a car, and after scattering a few bales of hay around the floor we "pulled out" at a quarter of eight for the most comfortable ride we had had since our arrival overseas.

We passed through Carcarson, one of the oldest towns in France, thru Nimes, and finally pulled in along side of the docks at Marseilles about midnight. After waiting a couple of hours, we reached the boat, and were loaded by noon. We sailed that evening. Chow time came at last, and many chow times followed, that we will never forget. The less said about it the better but "rotten" would be a compliment.

We sailed through the Mediterranean and on the second morning were anchored in the harbor of Gibraltar. Klein looked in vain for the "Prudential" advertisement, and we had trouble convincing him, it was not there. At the foot of the rock lay the town



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of Gibraltar and the water around us was filled with boats of all sizes and descriptions. It was a profitable day for some of the natives who made numerous trips from shore to our boat in launches loaded with oranges, figs and other eatables, which we gladly bought at a reasonable price.

After loading with what seemed to us enough coal to last for a trip around the world, we were on our way again at six o'clock for the last lap of our journey. The trip was eventful enough, but space forbids mentioning the details of how most of us "fed the fishes" during our first experience in rough weather; how the water came through a porthole early one morning giving a few of our men an unexpected salt water bath; how McGinnis barely missed being court-martialled for taking an onion out of the bin; and how we all counted the days and hours through which we had to "exist" before reaching "God's Country," which

was getting to be the popular name for the United States.

We had our first sight of land at four o'clock in the afternoon of February fourth and what a feeling of relief and joy to us all. We anchored at six o'clock and soon a tug steamed up alongside of us from which an officer boarded our boat with the information that we would not dock until early the next morning. Although we were considerably disappointed we had hopes that such might be the case, and after an anxious and almost sleepless night we were up early the next morning and crowded on the decks so as to get an eyeful of all that was going on. We steamed up the river, and it certainly felt great. Real buildings, real trains, and real people who spoke English and understood us, waving and cheering as we passed. At the pier there was a doughboy band, and honest-to-goodness American girls—"Oh Boy!" said Herzog, "ain't it a grand and glorious feeling," and it sure was.

We unloaded quickly and the Red Cross came through with American coffee and rolls. The Salvation Army was on the job as usual and the Y. M. C. A. handed out free chocolate. The ferry to the Jersey side was waiting and by noon we were in Camp Merritt. Early the next morning we went through the mill, and then moved to another part of camp. Passes were issued freely and we all got into New York.

The end came quickly. The regiment was split up according to States and the Battery ceased to exist. Wilson went back to the Regular Army, Pettit to Jefferson Barracks, and the Iowa men to Camp Dodge. The rest of the battery went to Grant, stopping in Chicago for a parade and a reception. Four days at Camp Grant, and it was all over. Another chevron—this time a red one—and the 331st Field Artillery was only a memory, but one that will not soon be forgotten.

This closes the narrative. The Battery is no more—only a memory, but the influence of good fellowship and kindred ties will survive. Out of the National Army, evolved a truer understanding of mutual obligations, a keener insight into the true meaning of American Citizenship, and a firmer resolution to protect the ideals for which we were ready to die.

The uniform has been put away, and we are back again in the old grind—in factories—offices, or on the farm. Memories and associations will not die, and when we meet each other, we'll stop in our daily work and find time to talk over the "old days," and wish deep down in our hearts that we could all get together once again.







In Memoriam

John R. Bauer
Edward O. Lund
John A. Richter
Wencle J. Sprosty
John L. Thompson
Edward O. Unterholzner

They Died for Their Country



Captain Henry P. Isham

Battery Commander. Born in Chicago, Ill., on Dec. 6, 1894. Graduated Yale University 1917. Commissioned 1st Lieut. F. A. at First R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan, Ill. and served there as Instructor at Second Training Camp. Assigned to Regiment on Nov. 29, 1917. Promoted to Captain on Aug. 15, 1918 and immediately assigned to Battery "D".

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FIRST LIEUT. FREDERICK S. WINSTON

Reconnaissance Officer. Born in Minneapolis, Minn., Commissioned 1st Lieut. F. A. at Second R. O. T. C., Ft. Snelling, Minn. Attached to Regiment Dec. 20, 1917. Assigned to Battery "D" Oct. 12, 1918.

FIRST LIEUT. LEONARD H. WHITNEY

Executive Officer. Born in Downers Grove, Ill. on Feb. 22, 1894. Graduated College of Engineering, University of Illinois in 1917. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. F. A. at First R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan, Ill. Promoted to 1st Lieut. on Jan. 2, 1918. Assigned to Regiment at its organization and to Battery "D" on Aug. 1, 1918.



SECOND LIEUT. DOUGLAS P. WELLS

In charge of Department "C". Born in Chicago, Ill., on March 17, 1895. Graduated at Williams College in 1916. Attended Government Training Camps for Infantry at Ludington, Mich. and San Francisco, Calif., during summers of 1914 and 1915, holding grade of 2nd Lieut. Infantry at close of latter. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. F. A. at First R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan, Ill. Assigned to Battery "D" at its organization.

SECOND LIEUT. THEODORE P. SWIFT

In charge of Department "B". Born in Colorado Springs, Colo., on July 12, 1891. Graduated from Yale University in 1915. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. F. A. at First R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan, Ill. Attached to Regiment at its organization. Assigned to Battery "D" on Jan. 25, 1918.



Ex-Officers of Battery "D"

CAPTAIN RONALD WEBSTER. Commissioned Captain F. A. at First R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan, Ill. Commanded Battery "D" from date of organization to Feb. 18, 1918, when he was sent to Ft. Sill School of Fire. Retained there as Instructor.

CAPTAIN GEORGE G. GOLL. Commissioned 1st Lieut. F. A. at First R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan, Ill. Served as Executive of Battery "D" until Jan. 2, 1918, when he was promoted to Captain. Commanded Battery "D" from June 24, 1918 to July 29, 1918 when he was transferred to the 311th Supply Train.

FIRST LIEUT. WERNER H. BRABBE. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. F. A. at First R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan, Ill. Attached to Battery "D" at its organization. Promoted to 1st Lieut. on Jan. 2, 1918 and served as Reconnaissance Officer of Battery until July 10, 1918 when he was transferred to Headquarters Company. Commanded Battery on hike to Sparta.

FIRST LIEUT. NORMAN E. STERLING. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. F. A. at First R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan, Ill. Immediately attached to Battery "D" and promoted to 1st Lieut. on Jan. 2, 1918. Supervised work of Department "B" until Oct. 12, 1918 when he was transferred to Headquarters Company.

FIRST LIEUT. PAUL ROBERTS. Commissioned 1st Lieut. F. A. at Second R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan, Ill. Served with Battery "D" from Dec. 20, 1917 to April 29, 1918 when with Lieut. Mayall he was transferred to Camp Jackson.

FIRST LIEUT. ROBERT MAYALL. Commissioned 1st Lieut. F. A. at Second R. O. T. C., Ft. Snelling, Minn. Served with Battery "D" from Dec. 20, 1917 to April 29, 1918.

SECOND LIEUT. VERNON M. WELSH. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. F. A. at First R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan Ill. Attached to Regiment at its organization and served with Battery "D" from April 15, 1918 to May 22, 1918 when he was transferred to Camp Jackson.

Battery "D" History Committee

CPL. HOMER D. SMITH, Chairman

CPL. WALTER D. YAEGER

CPL. CLEMENS M. LINS

CPL. JAMES D. PETERSON

SCT. JOSEPH A. COLEMAN

MECHANIC GLEN B. WENZ, Artist

For the contribution of a number of small sketches, grateful acknowledgement is made to Cpl. Dudley R. Wells of the 337th F. A.



WHITCOMB, LEO E.	1st Sgt.—2063441—Ent'd Service Sept. 7, '17; Btry "D", Sept. 8, '17; Mess Sgt. Oct. 1, '17; Sgt. Feb. 11, '18, 1st Sgt. May 13, '18. "Beast of Berlin."
THALACKER, ALBIN C.	Mess Sgt.—2063454—Ent'd Service Sept. 8, '17; Btry "D", Sept. 9, '17; Cook Sept. 19, '17; Sgt. April 1, '18; Mess Sgt. June 1, '18; "Rice and bacon, bacon and rice."
KAUPHUSMAN, EMMETT R.	Sup. Sgt.—2063438—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D", Sept. 19, '17; Corp. Nov. 30, '17; Sgt. Feb. 4, '18; Sup. Sgt. Feb. 11, '18. "Ragpicker."
MARLOW, EDWARD C.	Stab. Sgt.—2063439—Ent'd Service Oct. 2, '17; Btry "D", Oct. 3, '17; Corp. Dec. 18, '17; Sgt. Feb. 4, '18; Stab. Sgt. Feb. 11, '18, "Horseologist."
STUEBER, ROLAND	Sgt.—2063443—Ent'd Service Sept. 4, '17; Btry "D", Sept. 5, '17; Corp. Oct. 2, '17; Sgt. Nov. 30, '17. "Whitcomb's Chief of Staff."
MCCARTHY, MARTIN	Sgt.—2063444—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D", Sept. 19, '17; Corp. Nov. 30, '17; Sgt. Jan. 8, '18. "Cognac King."
DICKIE, BURR H.	Sgt.—2063447—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D", Sept. 19, '17; Corp. Nov. 30, '17; Sgt. June 1, '18. "The Old Steer."
HUEBBE, JOHN F.	Sgt.—2063446—Ent'd Service Sept. 4, '17; Btry "D", Sept. 5, '17; Corp. Oct. 1, '17; Sgt. Aug. 14, '18. "Roll your tail."
ALT, ANDREW	Sgt.—2063437—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D", Sept. 19, '17; Corp. Oct. 15, '17; Sgt. Nov. 30, '17, 1st Sgt. Jan. 14, '18; Pvt. May 13, '18; Corp. June 1, '18; Sgt. Aug. 1, '18. "Whicker-bill."
MCDONNELL, GLENN J.	Sgt.—2063452—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D", Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl., Jan. 15, '18; Corp. Feb. 1, '18; Sgt. Aug. 1, '18. "Buzzer."
COLEMAN, JOSEPH A.	Sgt.—2078715—Ent'd Service July 11, '18; Btry "D", July 12, '18; Corp. Oct. 17, '18; Sgt. Nov. 25, '18. "Silk Hat Harry."
SCHALLA, WILLIAM F.	Sgt.—2818023—Ent'd Service April 29, '18; Btry "D", May 13, '18; Corp. Nov. 15, '18; Sgt. Nov. 25, '18. "Buck to Sgt. in ten days."
HINDES, LAUREN F.	Sgt.—2065326—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D", Sept. 19, '17; Trfd Vet. Det. Jan. 24, to Apr. 8, '18; Lance Corp. June 1, '18; Corp. Aug. 1, '18; Sgt. Nov. 25, '18. "Stacia."
QUINN, EDWARD G.	Sgt.—2063469—Ent'd Service Sept. 20, '17; Btry "D", Sept. 21, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 15, '18; Corp. Aug. 1, '18; Sgt. Nov. 25, '18. "Nigger."

331st Field Artillery

VAN AIRSDALE, EARL H.	Corp.—2063450—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D," Sept. 19, '17; Corp. Nov. 30, '17. "Here I am. Agnes."
CARBERRY, JACOB	Corp.—2063462—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D," Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 15, '18; Corp. April 1, '18. "Gas."
PROCHASKA, GEORGE W.	Corp.—2063468—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D," Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 15, '18; Corp. April 1, '18. "Salvage King."
SMITH, HOMER D.	Corp.—2063505—Ent'd Service Dec. 11, '17; Btry "D," Dec. 11, '17; Corp. Apr. 1, '18. "That reminds me."
CONNOLLY, JOSEPH E.	Corp.—2063463—Ent'd Service Sept. 20, '17; Btry "D," Sept. 21, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 15, '18; Corp. Apr. 1, '18; "Get those heels together."
BANTA, GEORGE V.	Corp.—2076493—Ent'd Service Jan. 10, '18, Btry "D," April 19, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 10, '18; Corp. June 7, '18. "Gentleman from Indiana."
TIEDEMANN, PETER T.	Corp.—2080668—Ent'd Service Feb. 26, '18; Btry "D," Apr. 19, '18; Corp. Aug. 1, '18; "What did you think of me when I came into the Army."
SCHUIZ, EMIL	Corp.—2063470—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D," Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 15, '18; Corp. Aug. 1, '18. "Goosie."
EGERER, CLARENCE M.	Corp.—2063464—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D," Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 15, '18; Corp. Aug. 19, '18. "Purity."
AMACHER, FRED	Corp.—2063473—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D," Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. June 1, '17; Corp. Aug. 19, '18. "Kamouflage Kid."
CHRISTENSEN, WALTER J.	Corp.—2063477—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D," Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. June 1, '18; Corp. Aug. 19, '18. "The Thoughtful Dane."
MCDONALD, MARTIN E.	Corp.—2817993—Ent'd Service Apr. 29, '18, Btry "D," May 13, '18; Corp. Oct. 17, '18. "The Star Half."
PETERSON, JAMES D.	Corp.—2078716—Ent'd Service July 11, '18; Btry "D," July 11, '18; Corp. Oct. 17, '18. "Are you the mascot or one of the men?"
BEYL, HERMAN F.	Corp.—3751077—Ent'd Service July 23, '18; Btry "D," Aug. 10, '18; Corp. Nov. 15, '18. "One of those Marines."
MYLLER, LENUS S.	Corp.—3339065—Ent'd Service June 27, '18; Btry "D," July 7, '18; Corp. Nov. 15, '18; "Powder-monkey."
SCHLACHTER, GEORGE H.	Corp.—3340548—Ent'd Service June 23, '18; Btry "D," July 26, '18; Corp. Nov. 15, '18. "The Fighting Sentinel."
DAPRA, OSWALD	Corp.—2063480—Entered Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D," Sept. 10, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. June 1, '18; Corp. Nov. 25, '18. "Nigger Falls."
DENNIS, GEORGE A.	Corp.—2063481—Entered Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D," Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. June 1, '18; Corp. Nov. 25, '18. "A week in the kitchen for an hour's sleep."
HINDES, DARREL P.	Corp.—2063487—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D," Sept. 19, '17; Bugler Mch. 11, '18; Pvt. Nov. 16, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18; Corp. Nov. 25, '18. "Pukler."

LINS, CLEMENS M.

YAEGER, WALTER D.

WARD, CHARLES S.

YORK, FRANCIS L.

VAN EVERY, THOMAS H.

BLUEMCHEN, WILLIAM F.

KRUGER, EMIL H.

VOGEL, ALBERT B. J.

WORMET, JOHN F.

MIKODA, EDWARD A.

CUMMINGS, ROBERT B.

GAHAN, JOHN J.

SCHLUTER, GEORGE F.

BUSSE, EMIL

FARRIES, JACOB

WENZ, GLEN B.

GILSTER, HENRY W.

KROPP, GEORGE J.

SWENEY, ARTHUR R.

Corp.—2063453—Ent'd Service Nov. 12, '17; Btry "D" Nov. 12, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 15, '18; Corp. Feb. 1, '18; Pvt. Aug. 27, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18; Corp. Nov. 25, '18. "The Soap Box Orator."

Corp.—3337431—Ent'd Service June 27, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18; Corp. Nov. 25, '18. "The Diminutive Quarter."

Corp.—3336104—Ent'd Service June 26, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18; Corp. Nov. 25, '18. "Loud and Lusty."

Corp.—2063518—Ent'd Service Nov. 2, '17; Btry "D" Nov. 3, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18; Corp. Nov. 25, '18. "The Cinnamon Bear."

Corp.—3333629—Entered Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18; Corp. Jan. 3, '19. "The Golf Kid."

Cook—2063455—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Cook Jan. 7, '18. "The Hobo Cook."

Cook—2063490—Ent'd Service Sept. 20, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 21, '17; Cook Jan. 7, '18. "The famous Stew-cutter."

Cook—2063513—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Cook June 1, '18. "Slumgullion Bert."

Cook—2063517—Ent'd Service Sept. 7, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 8, '17; Cook June 1, '18. "Lardas."

Hs.—2063492—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Hs. June 1, '18. "Boney."

Hs.—2822301—Ent'd Service May 25, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Hs. June 20, '18; Pvt. July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18; Hs. Jan. 3, '19. "Mother Cummings."

Hs.—2063483—Ent'd Service Oct. 2, '18; Btry "D" Oct. 3, '18; Corp. Apr. 1, '18; Pvt. Aug. 27, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. '16; '18; Ms. Jan. 3, '18. "Jack, the Giant Killer."

Hs.—2063501—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18; Hs. Jan. 3, '19. "Put a pair of field shoes on that horse."

Chief Mec.—2063457—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Mec. Jan. 14, '18; Chief Mec. Nov. 16, '18. "The 75's wet nurse."

Mec.—2063458—Ent'd Service Nov. 12, '17; Btry "D" Nov. 13, '17; Mec. Jan. 14, '18. "The Swiss Navy."

Mec.—2091003—Ent'd Service Apr. 29, '18; Btry "D" May 13, '18; Mec. Nov. 16, '18. "Windy Wenz."

Mec.—3336858—Ent'd Service June 27, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18; Mec. Jan. 3, '19. "What's the matter, old girl?"

Saddler—2063459—Ent'd Service Sept. 4, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 5, '17; Saddler Jan. 14, '18; "Scarletina Snakes."

Bugler—2063511—Ent'd Service Sept. 20, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 21, '17; Bglr March 11, '18; "A bugler's job for me every time."

HADA, CLARENCE M.	Bugler—2079732—Ent'd Service Mch. 29, '18; Btry "D" Mch. 29, '18; Bglr. Nov. 16, '18; "—you, Cap., who in—said I drove that — nail?"
SHORES, WILLIAM C.	Bugler—2079708—Ent'd Service Mch. 18, '18; Btry "D" Mch. 18, '18; Bglr. Nov. 16, '18. "Toughy."
BROWN, JULIUS A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063460—Ent'd Service Sept. 7, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 8, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 15, '18. "Tom Thumb."
BURLINGAME, BERT B.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063461—Ent'd Service Sept. 20, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 21, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 15, '18. "Bert B. Burlingame, the Baraboo Barber."
STROEDE, EDWIN C. W.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063510—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. June 1, '18. "Chief of the Brush Detail."
CROSBY, ERVIN S.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063479—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "Santa Claus."
GONSOLIN, JOSEPH E.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063485—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "The French Kid."
RODOCK, JOE J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063500—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 18, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "Huckleberry Finn."
GROSKLOUS, EDWIN H.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063486—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "Lardas the First."
WAGNER, THOMAS V.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063514—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "Long Tom."
STEINHORST, ARTHUR F. F.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063508—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "The Kaiser."
NIGH, LOUIS G.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063451—Ent'd Service Oct. 2, '17; Btry "D" Nov. 3, '17; Corp. Jan. 8, '18; Pvt. June 1, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "Slewfoot."
TRONNIER, EDWARD A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2818047—Ent'd Service April 29, '18; Btry "D" May 13, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "Who put a nickel in Ed?"
OSTRUM, RALPH	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063465—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 15, '18; Corp. Apr. 1, '18; Pvt. Aug. 27, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "The Broncho Buster."
QUARNESS, CHARLES G.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2079549—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "Have a cigarette boys."
TRAXLER, JOSEPH P.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2018046—Ent'd Service Apr. 29, '18; Btry "D" May 13, '18; Pct. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18; "Who's Irish in here?"
CHAPMAN, LEON H.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3336221—Ent'd Service June 26, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "See, I told you."
OLSON, GUSTAV A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3333497—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "The Gymnastic Swede."
PLUMMER, WILLIAM E.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3746611—Ent'd Service July 22, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 10, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "Let the other guy do it."
WEHRMAN, ROBERT	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2091092—Ent'd Service April 29, '18;

	Btry "D" May 13, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "ZZZZZZ, hit him."
MADER, JOSEPH	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2831716—Ent'd Service May 28, '18; Btry "D" July 16, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "I don't need a middle name."
QUINN, WILLIAM J.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3754006—Ent'd Service July 23, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "S-S-S-top your kidding me."
FRANK, FRED W.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063482—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 16, '18. "Old Sleepy Eye."
BAKER, CHESTER A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063474—Ent'd Service Oct. 2, '17; Btry "D" Oct. 3, '17; Corp. Apr. 15, '18; Pvt. June 1, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "I'd rather read than work."
BEERLING, ANTHONY	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2072878—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 3, '19. "Your the kid that kidded the kid with the kid gloves."
BERTRAM, RAY R.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3744096—Ent'd Service June 22, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "The Prohibitionist."
BIERMANN, GEORGE M.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3335193—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 3, '19. "How big is the man in Biermann?"
CAREY, LEON A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2831687—Ent'd Service May 25, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "Jaggwagon," starts the day with a joke."
DEMARS, FRANK	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3339411—Ent'd Service June 27, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "An American 'Frog'."
WALZER, GEORGE W.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3336311—Ent'd Service June 26, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "The Illinois Slugger."
DUNCAN, MURRAY G.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3333191—Ent'd Service June 23, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "Chicken Charley."
FAIRCHILD, WILLIAM E.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3339334—Ent'd Service June 27, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 3, '19. "The Privates Mainstay."
GUSTARSON, ROBERT L.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3336866—Ent'd Service June 27, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "The guy that sold the Army Swift's Premium Bacon."
KIRMSSE, WALTER H. A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3340722—Ent'd Service June 28, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "I want to go home to my wife."
KLATT, ALFRED A.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3332667—Ent'd Service June 23, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "I'm lonesome for the waving grain."
MCDONOUGH, JOSEPH M.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3334854—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "The Smashing Full."
MONGERSON, ALBERT R.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—3335762—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "I love the lowing swine."
MOSKALIK, JOHN F.	Pvt. 1st Cl.—2814766—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "The rough and ready right guard."

NURNBERG, RICHARD C.

Pvt. 1st Cl.—3332721—Ent'd Service June 23, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "Hawkshaw from Aurora."

OLSON, INGVAL

Pvt. 1st Cl.—2814429—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "The Novelty Man."

PENDERGAST, JAMES H.

Pvt. 1st Cl.—3752308—Ent'd Service July 25, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 10, '18, Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "The Vin Blanc Connoisseur."

PETERSON, HAROLD J.

Pvt. 1st Cl.—2818020—Ent'd Service April 29, '18; Btry "D" May 13, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "Everybody picks on me."

PENA, EDWARD

Pvt. 1st Cl.—3334310—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "One stew is enough."

PLACE, MELVIN S.

Pvt. 1st Cl.—2818015—Ent'd Service April 29, '18; Btry "D" May 13, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jan. 3, '18. "First Place."

PONTO, EDWARD A.

Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063498—Ent'd Service Sept. 20, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 21, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "Canteen Fixture."

SCHOMERUS, CHARLES W.

Pvt. 1st Cl.—3341743—Ent'd Service July 10, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "Happy."

SEYBERT, JAMES R.

Pvt. 1st Cl.—3341747—Ent'd Service July 10, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "Happy's Barber Partner."

STOMNER, ARTHUR J.

Pvt. 1st Cl.—2063509—Ent'd Service Oct. 2, '18; Btry "D" October 3, '17; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "A. W. O. L. plus M. P.=S. O. L."

WESTERDAHL, ELMER G.

Pvt. 1st Cl.—2091095—Ent'd Service April 29, '18; Btry "D" May 13, '18; Pvt. 1st Cl. Nov. 25, '18. "Dusty."

ALWIN, ORA C.

Pvt.—3334166—Ent'd Service June 28, '18; Btry "D" July 16, '18. "A heart of gold."

AMUNDSON, CLARENCE M.

Pvt.—3746288—Ent'd Service July 22, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 10, '18. "The Holmen Kid."

ANDERSON, EDWIN C.

Pvt.—2084797—Ent'd Service June 23, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18. "Sedate Edwin."

ANDORF, JOHN W.

Pvt.—3335545—Ent'd Service June 26, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Hey, Cap. come back here."

BARNES, CHARLEY W.

Pvt.—2816399—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "A man among men."

BENIK, LARRY W.

Pvt.—3333973—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18. "Bowlegged Benik."

BERQUIST, ARTHUR B.

Pvt.—2817540—Ent'd Service April 29, '18; Btry "D" May 13, '18. "Pass the jam."

BILLETT, OSCAR

Pvt.—2825037—Ent'd Service May 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Willing and worthy."

BRUNGART, NORMAN E.

Pvt.—3335759—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Robinson Caruso."

CASTLE, CHESTER C.

Pvt.—3339479—Ent'd Service June 28, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18. "Chesty Chester."

CLICKNER, LOUIS

Pvt.—3753897—Ent'd Service July 25, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 10, '18. "A poker shark."

COUGHLIN, EDMUND

Pvt.—3333541—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Just my luck."

CRAW, GEORGE W.	Pvt.—2063478—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17. "You need a cleanin."
CRAWFORD, SHERMAN C.	Pvt.—2079746—Ent'd Service April 8, '18; Btry "D" April 8, '18. "Shiftless Sherman."
DUKLETH, OSCAR J.	Pvt.—2081457—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Holy Yasus."
EUPER, GEORGE W.	Pvt.—2828848—Ent'd Service May 29, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18. "Always 'sea-going'."
HAFTORSON, BENODIN	Pvt.—2820699—Ent'd Service June 24, '18, Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Hafty."
HOLMBERG, THURE J.	Pvt.—3337604—Ent'd Service June 27, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18. "Quiet as a mouse."
JENSEN, HANS W.	Pvt.—2063488—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17. "Merit unrewarded."
JOHNSON, ALFRED E.	Pvt.—2077174—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 22, '18. "Hungry Johnson."
JOHNSON, FRANCIS A.	Pvt.—2080047—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18; "F. A. fooled again."
JOHNSON, OLE P.	Pvt.—3338248—Ent'd Service June 26, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18. "Ay tank it ban sheap graphophone."
KAMOWSKI, ALBERT H.	Pvt.—2082919—Ent'd Service May 9, '18; Btry "D" May 9, '18. "K. P. Kamowski."
KAMOWSKI, WALTER H.	Pvt.—2063489—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17. "He rose and fell with the tide."
KITTI, HARRY	Pvt.—3339654—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18. "Did you ever see a kitty that wasn't hairy."
MARTIN, MORRIS M.	Pvt.—2831830—Ent'd Service May 25, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "He has a cadence all his own."
MURPHY, CHARLES C.	Pvt.—2063495—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17; Mec. Nov. 18, '18; Pvt. Jan. 3, '19. "King of the Goldbrickers."
MUTTERS, WILLIAM G.	Pvt.—3335765—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "The bloody blubbering Englishman."
McFARLAND, CLYDE	Pvt.—3337516—Ent'd Service June 27, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18. "Freckles."
O'BRIEN, GLENN W.	Pvt.—2832966—Ent'd Service May 29, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Beefsteak smothered in onions."
O'CONNELL, JOSEPH P.	Pvt.—3340798—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 22, '18. "It's a very simple Obijietical."
OLSON, EMIL V.	Pvt.—3746608—Ent'd Service July 22, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 10, '18. "Agricultureologist."
OLSON, OSCAR S.	Pvt.—2816308—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Specs."
OTTO, ALFRED C.	Pvt.—2818008—Ent'd Service April 29, '18; Btry "D" May 13, '18. "He ought to work harder."
PAULSON, SVEN	Pvt.—2816381—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "One knee says you go your way and I'll go mine."
PAULSON, HENRY M.	Pvt.—2080957—Ent'd Service June 23, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "The Sphinx."
PEASE, GEORGE C.	Pvt.—2063496—Ent'd Service Sept. 18, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 19, '17. "Who said There's no such thing as perpetual motion, listen to him talk."
PETERSON, ALBIN W.	Pvt.—2081583—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Hot water bottle kid."

331st Field Artillery

POLAJCZUK, ANTONIC
 PIVETTE, HAROLD L.
 QUAM, SELMER S.
 RADEMAKER, HUBERT S.
 RICKLI, FRANK J.
 RINGERING, IRA J.
 ROUZE, MERLIN G.
 RUDE, SELMER J.
 SALMON, MELVIN O.
 SAVAGLIO, HARRY
 SCHROEDER, FRED C.
 SCHROYER, JEHU S.
 SCORE, PETER M.
 SMITH, OSSMAN P.
 SPARKS, WILLIAM
 SPRINGBORN, HENRY M.
 STAVIG, OTTO M.
 STOSKOPF, ALFRED C.
 STRAKA, JOE
 STUMPF, HARRY A.
 TAYLOR, JOSEPH E.
 TEATS, CAMIEL
 THIES, GEORGE F.
 UPTAGRAFFT, ALLIE J.
 VERPAELE, EDWARD
 VIKEN, BJORGULV
 VIKTOROWSKI, FRANK
 WAHLBACK, WALFRED E.
 ZIEGENNAGEN, WILLIAM F.

Pvt.—950254—Ent'd Service Dec. 6, '17; Btry "D" April 27, '18. "Where you got that—"
 Pvt.—3746612—Ent'd Service July 22, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 10, '18. "One of the K. P. twins."
 Pvt.—3333209—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Friends of the English."
 Pvt.—2081021—Ent'd Service June 23, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "The other K. P. twin."
 Pvt.—3746925—Ent'd Service July 21, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 10, '18. "Conscientious."
 Pvt.—3336881—Ent'd Service June 27, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Sergeant, you didn't call my name."
 Pvt.—2081032—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Futurist."
 Pvt.—2083308—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "The 'Fighting' Parson."
 Pvt.—3746929—Ent'd Service July 21, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 10, '18. "The Army Goldfish."
 Pvt.—3337022—Ent'd Service June 27, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 22, '18. "A friend from Italy."
 Pvt.—3335243—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Cheerful Fred."
 Pvt.—3336831—Ent'd Service June 27, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18.
 Pvt.—2818029—Ent'd Service April 29, '18; Btry "D" May 13, '18. "Placid Peter."
 Pvt.—2063506—Ent'd Service Sept. 20, '17; Btry "D" Sept. 21st, '17. "Bring out the relief."
 Pvt.—3335918—Ent'd Service June 26, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "I. W. W."
 Pvt.—3335641—Ent'd Service June 26, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Grandma."
 Pvt.—2079681—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; July 17, '18. "Where was Otto when the fight began."
 Pvt.—2080988—Ent'd Service June 23, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18.
 Pvt.—2080095—Ent'd Service June 24, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Tie your little bull outside."
 Pvt.—2831717—Ent'd Service May 28, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18.
 Pvt.—3754389—Ent'd Service July 31, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 22, '18. "Pull up the sheets and spanker."
 Pvt.—3336084—Ent'd Service June 26, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Our little Belgian Boy."
 Pvt.—3746620—Ent'd Service July 27, '18; Btry "D" Aug. 10, '18. "The Philosopher."
 Pvt.—3334312—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 26, '18. "This is a great big world."
 Pvt.—3336055—Ent'd Service June 26, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "A friend from Belgium."
 Pvt.—2080915—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Snuff sed."
 Pvt.—2078705—Ent'd Service June 4, '18; Btry "D" June 4, '18. "The Old Regular."
 Pvt.—2080997—Ent'd Service June 25, '18; Btry "D" July 17, '18. "Carrots."
 Pvt.—2063472—Ent'd Service Oct. 2, '17; Btry "D" Oct. 3, '17. "Thirty days a first class private."

331st Field Artillery



FIRST PLATOON

Bottom Row—Theis, Berquist, McCarthy, Hinds D. P., Steuber, Banta, Ward, Loughlin, Taylor.
Middle Row—Dukleth, Haftorson, Castle, Olson, L., Benik, Stavig, Andorf, Kamowski W., Teats, Brungart.
Top Row—Mader, Clickner, Straka, Rickh, Olson G. A., Holmberg, Springborn, Otto, McDonough, Salmon, Sweney.



SECOND PLATOON

Bottom Row—Dickie, Huebbe, Dennis, Schroeder, Smith, O. P., Lins.
Second Row—Van Airdale, Gustafson, Fairchild, Mutters, Beerling, Moskalik, Polajczuk, Crosby.
Third Row—Carberry, Kamouski, Chapman, Barnes, Gahan, Stroede, Steinhorst, Schluter, Poquette, Pease.
Top Row—Alwin, Wehrman, Olsen, E. V., Gilster, Frank, O'Brien, Paulson, Olsen O., Verpaele.

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THIRD PLATOON

Bottom Row—Alt, Schlachter, Amacher, Schalla, McDonald, Peterson, Walzer.

Second Row—Amundson, Quinn W. J., Johnson F. A., Place, Grosklous, Burlingame, Westerdahl, Gonsolin.

Third Row—Crawford, Billett, Pexa, McFarland, Uptagrafft, Savaglio, Pendergast, Score.

Top Row—Nurnberg, Duncan, Biermann, Viken, Wagner, Quam, Craw, Klatt, Rademaker.



FOURTH PLATOON

Bottom Row—Marlow, Schulz, York, Quinn E. G., Christensen, Beyl.

Second Row—Sparks, Quarness, Wahlback, Hada, Baker, Brown, DeMars, Rodock, Stomner, Paulsen, Rude.

Third Row—Traxler, Kropp, Schroyer, Schomerus, Seybert, Victorowski, Ponto, Anderson, Rouze, Peterson A. W.

Top Row—Johnson A. E., Ringering, Peterson H. J., Jensen, Johnson O. P.



FIFTH PLATOON

Bottom Row—Kauphusman, Connolly, Hindes L. F., McDonnell, Coleman, Prochaska, Van Every, Myller, Smith H. D., Yaeger.
Middle Row—Tiedemann, Farries, Shores, Carey, Kirmsse, O'Connell, Tronnier, Ostrum, Dapra, Martin, Nigh, Thalacker.
Top Row—Kruger, Murphy, Busse, Stumpf, Mongerson, Euper, Bluemchen, Vogel, Wenz, Bertram, Mikoda, Cummings, Wormet.

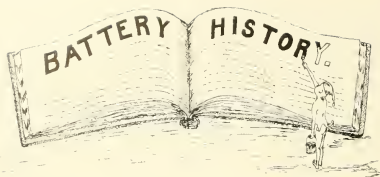


FOOTBALL TEAM

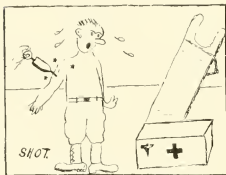
Bottom Row—Van Every, Coleman, Bertram, Yaeger, Shores.
Middle Row—McDonough, McDonald (Capt.), Moskalik, Banta, Quarness.
Top Row—Capt. Isham (Coach), Beyl Whitcomb, Quinn, W. J., Lins, Beerling, Quinn E. G., Thalacker, McDonnell.

Ex-Members of Battery "D"

Amara, Paul	Hummel, Carl	Riski, August S.
Anderson, Andrew	Huntley, Clifford E.	Rogers, Stanley
Anderson, Clarence G.	Huntley, William E.	Rohde, August
Anderson, George F.	Huth, Walter	Rohde, Jesse A.
Anderson, George H.	Jennings, Charles E.	Sandland, Berent
Arquilla, Luigi	Johnson, Carl A.	Savre, Lawrence W.
Attleson, Carnot F.	Jungenberg, Theodore	Schmidt, George M.
Aurell, Charles F.	Jungenberg, William F.	Schmitz, Charles F.
Aurell, William L.	Kennedy, William L.	Schmuggerow, Herman
Bahrke, William A.	Kleinschmidt, Ewald G.	Schneider, Hubert
Barnhart, J. W.	Kluth, William F.	Scholes, Samuel F.
Bauer, John R.	Knapp, Henry W.	Schutz, Harry W.
Beaver, Elkanah	Knudson, Iver H.	Schwachert, Frank A.
Behn, William H.	Kortas, Alexander	Schwartz, Arthur
Bell, Galen F.	Korth, William	Femorow, John F.
Benford, John M.	Korsack, Ernest	Shurpitt, Leon, W.
Berthing, Joseph A.	Lakin, Archie L.	Smith, Bert B.
Biegick, Joseph	Latta, George W.	Smith, Daniel M.
*Blakewell, Edward R.	Lehman, Carl H.	Smith, David H.
Bohn, Chester	Lewis, Chester S.	Smith, Edwin
Briski, Joseph	Lins, Edward A.	Snider, Edwin M.
Bruce, Adolph	Long, Robert M.	Solterman, Jacob
Buelow, George F.	Lowry, Ivan L.	Sparks, David J.
Buelow, Raymond W.	Ludwig, Edward A.	Spiele, Thomas
Burmester, Ewald	Lund, Edward O.	Spino, Angelo
Buschke, Theodore	Maas, Benjamin	Sprosty, Wencle J.
Butler, Warren	Makela, Taavetti	Stading, William E.
Capek, Anton	Mathers, Edward L.	Stanford, Lee E.
Chmielewski, John	May, Joseph	Stasny, Josef
Coon, Warren	Miller, Arthur C.	Stevenson, Lester F.
Cotter, Joseph F.	Milligan, Benjamin	Strabel, Walter W.
Crocker, John A.	Mishelow, Edward D.	Tierlinch, Raymond
Czapleski, Joseph	Mitchell, Roy	Terry, Ivan B.
Davies, Albert D.	Morgan, Raymond	Thompson, Hartley
Dewitt, Arthur E.	McIntosh, Oren L.	Thompson, Hiram C.
Dhaenens, Edward	McNamara, Vincent	Thompson, John L.
Donohue, Roy L.	McNeil, William P.	Thompson, Verne W.
Donovan, Patrick E.	Nikolai, Jacob	Thorstad, Oscar L.
Douglas, Rufus L.	Norton, Elbert V.	Timm, Albert W.
Dretske, Carl F.	Nygaard, Einer	Toepfer, Raymond
Dubois, Walter D.	O'Connors, Louis P.	Torzewski, Constaintion C.
Dwars, Walter E.	Osten, Joe	*Towne, Francis H.
Eckstein, Conrad	Ostrum, Carl A.	Trachsler, Bern
Eckstein, Leonard	Overland, Olaf	Tucker, Walter
Elsing, Benjamin	Page, Roy C.	Unterholzner, Edward O.
Evans, Thomas J.	Page, Clarence E.	Upstad, Tarjei
Falk, Edward	Pawlish, Charles F.	Vantassel, Paul M.
Fessler, William E.	Pease, Warren	Van Wormer, Archie E.
Fey, Joseph	Peterson, Walter O.	Vercauteren, Achiel
Fish, Forrest A.	Peterson, Saaren C.	Vercauteren, Camiel
Ford, George A.	Phelps, Willis E.	Volz, Frank
Gale, William A.	Pierce, Bert	Wacholtz, Edgar A.
Galewski, Frank B.	Pierce, Thornton	Webster, Earl A.
Gerlach, Phillip E.	Pietz, Walter A.	Webster, Leon U.
Georgi, Theodore J.	Pike, Freeman L.	Weisjohn, Albert H.
Goldberger, Joseph	Plasschaert, Emiel	Welch, David G.
Golleher, John	Pollard, Clarence T.	Wendt, Leonard
Grady, John R.	Pommering, Otto F.	Werner, Walter A.
Grennan, John E.	Porter, Clarence	Westead, Ewald
Hage, Walter	*Potter, Andrew E.	Whyte, James
Hamlin, William M.	Radke, Herman M.	Wierschulowski, Edmund S.
Hannagan, Cole H.	Ransom, Fred W.	Williams, Julius
Hartwig, Herman	Rauk, Arne L.	Williams, Lewis L.
Haskins, Claud H.	Raymond, Edward W.	*Williams, Russell
Hein, Erwin E.	Regel, John K.	Williams, Verne O.
Hilleker, Hugh M.	Renaud, Ernest C.	Williams, William
Hinz, George F.	Resheski, John E.	Wright, Jesse R.
Hoard, Clarence	Richards, Elmer	Wurtz, Edward G.
Hogue, Harley	Richter, John A.	Zant, Carl
Hoiland, Henry	Rieser, Edmund L.	Zuelke, Mike
Hudzinski, Anthony P.		



Battery "D", 331st Field Artillery, 86th Division, became an organization September 7th, 1917, with Ed. Blakewell, Roland Steuber, Ed Lins, Earl Webster, and George Hinz as a foundation and with Slim Kropp for corner stone. This group of selected men arrived at Rockford at 6 p. m. with Kropp in tears; said he had a toothache but he may have left some one at home,—“For all that worries me is that someone else might be there while I'm gone.” The men were taken in trucks where, in spirits much depressed, they found incomplete barracks, no beds and no grub. The Regimental Mess Sergeant fed them on condition that they would wash dishes for him but he made the old maid's mistake of feeding the tramp before the work was done. Within three days, four more pillars, Leo Whitcomb, Johnnie Wormet, Francis Towne and Bert Pierce, had been added to the structure. Leo also had a toothache which was quickly cured at the Regimental Infirmary by the usual prescription “Two C. C. pills.”



The next day the mess section arrived, Al Thalacker and Julius Brown. Colonel Lambdin (next morning) “Did you sleep warm last night?” Al Thalacker, “You bet, you bet.” This little incident proved the need for an intensive course in drill and military etiquette. For this reason, Frank Galewski, Ed. Mathers and John Benford, all old regulars, were assigned to the organization.

These men arrived just in time to assist the officers with the big contingent, composed of one hundred men, which arrived on September 19th. Sgt. Mc Carthy tried to introduce a new style of pajamas but acting Lieutenant Huebbe convinced him that he could sleep better with his pants off. The next morning, after trying to pronounce such names as Torzewski, Tulke, and Hudzinski, Lieut. Sterling gave each man a number as a more convenient means of calling roll. Drill commenced in earnest at 7 a. m. that morning. Julius Brown won a permanent position in the kitchen for his novel performance of “About face.” “Whitcomb, you're the only man in step, you may be mess sergeant,” said Lieut. Goll.

It was at this stage of the drill that Battery “D” almost ceased to exist. Lieut. Simmons, commanding the battery with Pollard as right guide, commanded “Double time”. They did. “Quick time” followed but tended only to increase the gait. “Halt!” “As you were!” “Come Back!” “Stop!” The last command, ear piercing in its intensity, heartbreaking in its despair, reached the battery just as they were disappearing over the horizon bound for lands unknown. The officers were dismayed at the ease and speed of the maneuver, and after a council of war decided to read the boys the Articles of War, placing particular stress upon that article which makes “retreat in the face of the enemy punishable by death.” No more chances for escape offered. The battery was now

given instructions in leading and mounting the vicious wooden horses. Bill Bluemchen showed special ability at this sort of riding but required a stepladder to mount the beasts.

About this time the infantry called and our battery responded by sending forty men to Camp Pike, Arkansas. This wholesale transfer left the outfit in a pitiable condition. The next morning in falling out for reveille, Lieut. Sterling queried, "What section is that, Sgt?" "That's the battery, sir," replied Sgt. Galewski. From time to time more calls were made until our battery finally dwindled to some sixty men. Guard duty fell heavily upon this small number of men, of whom about twenty really did the work. During the Christmas holidays every man in the battery, including mechanics, buglers and cooks, did guard. Several humorous incidents enlivened the first days of guard duty:—

Jake Farries, on guard at the stables, "Halt, who goes there?" Officer, "Officer of the Day." Jake, "What you doing around here at this time of night?"

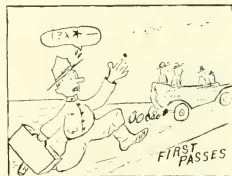
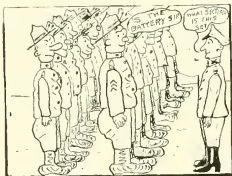
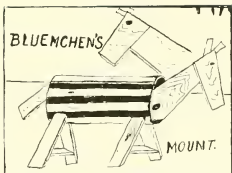
Bugler McIntosh, halting two officers, "Advance one to be recognized." Both advance. "— you, can't you count, I said one."

Bugler Sweeney, to general wearing gold hat cord, who had asked him why he didn't salute, "You can't fool me, you're one of those damn cavalry guys."

Guard, to approaching soldier, "Halt! Who's there?" Soldier, running into "D" Battery barracks, "Stasny, Stasny."

Sentry, on post at stables, "Halt! Who's there?" Answer, "Stable Sgt. Marlow." Sentry, "Advance Stable Sgt. Marlow to be recognized," Marlow advances. Sentry, "Halt! (sniff, sniff, sniff) Advance Stable Sgt. Marlow."

With the arrival of 164 horses Kilbourn Ed's Wild West Show went into training in earnest. Assisted by such broncho busters as "Wild Bill" Ziegenhagen, "Slewfoot Bill" Nigh, "Reckless Ed" Blakewell, "Chesty Chester" Baker, Pockem" Crosby and Stasny the Bohunk," Ed soon had many trick horses trained to perfection. "Dynamite" very willingly shook hands with any one; the Man-eater" showed a fondness for human flesh; "Baldy," "Wildfire" and "Curly" all performed their little tricks exceedingly well. "Slim" Kropp and "Heafy" Hada, the "Goldbrick" twins, featured in a bareback riders stunt. The cow girls, "Pretty" Van Airsdale, "Angelface" Banta, "Clara" Egerer and "Kate" Gahan showed marked adaptability in "hitting the dirt." The feature act, "Grooming by Detail," developed to perfection. "Feeding the Animals" was found to be an amusing feature. For the Grand Finale, which was to exceed 101 Ranch in magnificence and splendor, it was necessary to engage a trainer of exceptional ability. Lt. Roberts introduced snap and pep to the game. "Break up that tea party!" Lively now, men, lively!" "Hold it! hold it!" "Snap out, men!" "Ride that horse, don't let him ride you." Such commands soon had the outfit working in feverish haste so that when the show finally took the road on May 14th, 1918, every

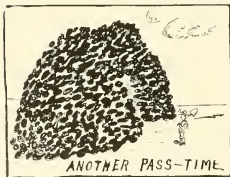




horse, man and woman, was in the best of condition. Horse breaking certainly occupied our daily attention, but several heart-breaking acts were also featured during the nights. "D" Battery's recreation room provided an excellent opportunity for the entertainment of the Rockford ladies. Truly western in style was the "Camp 49" introduced by Corp. Lins, with "Tedious" Tiedemann pounding the piano and "Go-Devil" Gahan beating the traps. The dancers swayed and swirled to the tunes of "Pony Boy," "Cheyenne" and "Ragtime Cowboy Joe." "Heart-breaker" Van Airdale led the quadrilles which were called by "Anthracite Andrew" Alt. Refreshments were served by "Treatem Rough" Thalacker, the hash slinger, and "Slumgullion" Vogel.



The Thanksgiving revels passed all too swiftly, followed by the Christmas and New Year's holidays, but alas with the measles sign upon the door social events took place no more. For six weeks the scourge of this dread disease laid heavy toll upon the good will of the show. The celebration of the lifting of quarantine was one of the biggest social events in the history of the battery. Among the many celebrities present were Major Gaddis and Capt. Webster. Blakewell entertained with a goose step assisted by Ed Marlow. Kropp and Van Wormer specialized in a blindfold boxing match. Sgt. Dickie won the peanut rolling contest. "Rag peddler" Kauphusman issued shoe strings to officers and men alike. Cider flowed freely and then came the big spread.



Evil events always happen by trios. A week later we were again in quarantine for the same disease. Hiding our envy, we kissed the sick who departed for the hospital. Measles meant to us a two week's rest in a hospital followed by a week's furlough home. However there must be an end some time to everything and when the Easter Holidays arrived the quarantine was again lifted and every man was given an opportunity to visit home.



On the 17th of April our Regiment took a leading part in one of the biggest military parades ever seen in Rockford. Our daredevil riders, Blakewell and Louis Nigh again favored the populace with their aerial acts. Training was renewed in this month, vigorously reaching the climax in a night hike to a nearby town.

Before taking the road for the spring drive 18 new bareback riders, donated by Uncle Sam, joined the show. These men had received previous training under "Murderous" McCarthy, the "Cognac King," and his burly band of booze fighters.

All was excitement that night and at early morning the preparations for the first move were entered upon

with feverish expectations by all members of the troupe. Sgt. Pollard lost his horse and elected to ride "Jumbo," the only elephant with the show. He had some difficulty in mounting but finally after much coaxing succeeded. "Dynamite" and "Wildfire" had their usual frolic, but on schedule time, 8:00 a. m., May 14th, the show moved out, crossed the river and said good-bye to Camp Grant. For the entertainment of the Depot Brigade, "Goldbrick" Charles Murphy, in true knight-hood style, dashed upon Roland Coeur De Steuber, hurling him to the ground and piercing his horse thru the fetlock with the guidon spear. Kilbourn Ed, mounted on his favorite horse Jimmy, uncorked a new one by landing saddle, accouterments and all in the ditch. On entering Rockford "The Dirty Dozen" headed by Archie Van Wormer opened up a comedy sketch which lasted through the trip. Burr Dickie counted 25 red headed girls, and lost his heart to a big, auburn-haired Swedish girl who dropped him a sunflower from the Hotel Nelson window. The remainder of the day's trip was quiet until Ralph Ostrum saw a gopher go for a gopher hole and then the music started. Camp that night was made near Beloit. The next stop was made at Leyden near the Rock River to which officers and men fled at the first opportunity to wash off the dust and dirt collected on the trip. A party of Beloit girls, knowing Slim Kropp's aversion to water, especially when it is cold, passed up the river in a launch. Slim's modesty forced him to go under but when the girls, enjoying the fun, returned, Slim strategically camouflaged himself as "September Morn" and remained standing unnoticed.

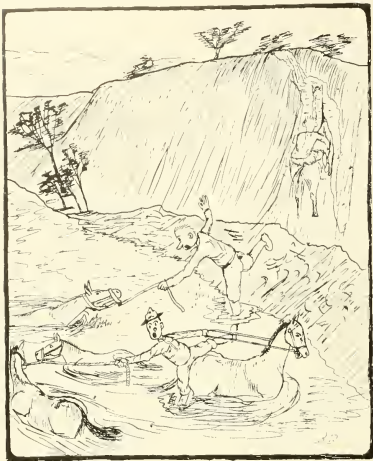
A good supper and a good night's sleep put everybody in good humor for the next day, during which we crossed the Wisconsin Illinois boundary line without a mishap and entered Beloit for our first opening, which was a huge success. Janesville, played the next day, received the show with equal acclaim. The only drawback during the first three days was the lack of water, it being so dry that we had to pull up the pumps and put them through a wringer to get a drink. While passing the Brooklyn Cemetery the next day following a remark by one of the men to the effect "that people were just dying to get in that place" so disgusted Lt. Welsh that he returned to Camp Grant immediately, leaving the battery after its arrival at Madison.

People here surely gave us as pretty a welcome as we ever received. In the words of the Mayor, "the keys of the city are in your hands as well as all cars



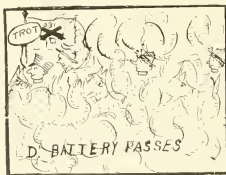
in the city." All day Sunday the Madisonians vied with each other in entertaining the artillery men. The next day, with regrets, we pursued our journey onward and reached Token Creek, a branch of the Wisconsin River, emptying some

600 gallons yearly into that stream. A new stunt was here added to our repertoire. John F. Huebbe, the Ableman Bearcat, dashed up to the stream astride his prancing pet and dove in true Annette Kellerman fashion into three feet of sticky Wisconsin gumbo.



The next night, with the show safely and comfortably encamped and playing successfully to the people of Poynette, Kilbourn Ed received a setback from which he has never recovered. Only by the grace of God was human life spared. Without a moments warning a terrific cyclone seized upon all tents and laid them flat or carried them to the Lord only knows where. So terrific was its force that the picket line, horses, Lt. Swift and Kilbourn Ed, were lifted bodily and carried 100 yards before being dropped. So strong was the

wind that the ground around the gopher holes was carried away leaving the gopher holes standing alone. A rye straw driven by the wind pierced a 600 lb. hog thru the ribs, killing it. Clothing was strewn about the camp and several kitchen stoves were missing the next day. Sleep in the tents was impossible that night. The show was told to shift for themselves. Some found refuge in the Poynette Church, some in the village, others in hay mows. Martin McCarthy picked the prize; tossing a mother-dog and her pups out into the elements and occupying the kennel himself.



The next morning the buglers managed to get the men together in some miraculous fashion so that on schedule time the show moved on to Portage where the Red Cross deluged us with apples, cookies and ice cream. Mike's

place ran all night while the M. P.'s nobly worked other sections of the town. Those two lady killers Banta and Van Airsdale descended like a killing frost upon the Apple sisters, Corrie, Seedie and Stemie. Thursday we reached Kilbourn to remain over Friday. The M. P.'s had learned a lesson by this time and air-tight, water-tight, booze-tight surveillance prevailed; so tight in fact that Slim Kropp and Company were forced to make a pilgrimage to Lyndon to obtain the necessary substance wherewith to moisten their whistles.

331st Field Artillery

Friday night at 11:00 o'clock the bugles sounded "strike tents" and at 12:00 o'clock midnight the show was moving out slowly and silently like a ghost train, for Mauston. Sleep could not be denied and as a sleeping man has a very slight touch on the reins, "Hobo Bill" Bluemchen wandered astride his equally sleepy horse into a ploughed field and was lost to the show for the day. Lunch at 4:00 a. m. in the morning was a dreary affair. As Roland the Lion Hearted felt the need of slumber he counseled his friends that "If you're waking, call me early; to be or not to be; the curfew must not ring tonight; oh woodsman, spare that tree." The Mauston Marshy Mudhole was reached without other mishap and as early as 7:00 p. m. the camp was quietly resting. Much refreshed, the show reached Hustler early the next day and camped in the old lake bed. At 2:00 a. m. the nightly thunderstorm arrived and before many hours the camp had become a lake. Sleep was impossible. The time before morning was spent in floating around from tent to tent visiting friends and comparing this modern inundation with Noah's ancient deluge.



Damp but cheerful the troupe, less Van Airsdale and Carberry, who mindful of the strain upon their horses decided to walk the remaining distance, reached Camp Site No. 13 the next night, which site lay upon a side hill where it was necessary to dig heel holes to keep from sliding down into the valley. The last march, made over long stretches of sand and more sand, brought the show on Tuesday afternoon, May 28th to their home at Camp Robinson, near Sparta, Wis., where summer quarters were provided and practice for a new show entitled "Putting the Run on the Kaiser" was begun.

For this game we had three serviceable pill pushers for six batteries. As everybody was anxious to get in the big game across the water, practice began immediately. Within three days after our arrival, everything was in readiness to open fire. Nothing was left to chance; all possible emergencies were provided for. The Colonel foreseeing a solar change issued this memorandum: "The Battery will move out when the sun rises. The sun will rise at 6:00 a. m. By order of Colonel Lambdin." It did. Battery "E" of the 331st and Battery "A" of the 332nd moved out on the minute to the South Range, each intent upon getting off the first shot. The 332nd won, but being Chicago-bred, failed to consider the presence of their horses with the result that a stampede ensued which endangered the lives of all horses and riders and delayed their problem for some hours.

Firing of problems occupied our time during the months of June and July. Battery "D" won distinction in more ways than one during this time. Lt. Winston testifies that our accuracy was excellent. His evidence is first hand. Feeling confident that the Battery had reached perfection, he established himself and range party on an observation point. Lt. Sterling after estimating the range and deflection gave the command to fire. His sensings were "over," "short," "doubtful." "Dammit," he cried "they ducked that last one. Right 600—if I'd had a range finder I'd have got them sure." Colonel Lambdin was excited. "Gaddis, Gaddis, did you see that, did you see that? They've shot up the range party," he shouted.



The party had indeed ducked and a new target was attacked for the remainder of the problem. After the problem, the Colonel anxious to comment upon the



accuracy of the battery, determined to hold a critique. Corp. Prochaska repeating the information which he had received over the wire informed the executive and the gunners "that there would be no fatigue for the officers until after lunch."

When Capt. Goll took command of the battery, things began to hum. Big problems, such as attack and retreat, were attempted. The Battalion advanced in the morning to Selfridge Knoll where they occupied a position strengthening the infantry. In establishing communications between the Battery and B. C. Station, Corp. Ostrum, operator inquired over the 'phone, "Prochaska, can you hear me?" Prochaska (on the other end) "No." As everything was thus seen to be all right, the Battalion opened fire and soon had the enemy on the run. Our infantry advanced across six miles of open country under heavy fire. To assist the infantry it was necessary for us to move up to Pine Ridge Knoll, in support. This move was accomplished without loss but it soon became evident that the infantry was



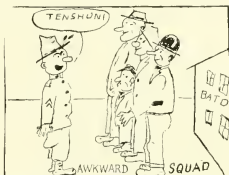
weakening. An order was given to retreat. Everything was accomplished in good order without confusion. Selfridge Knoll was reached and the Batteries were swinging into position to cover the retreat of the infantry. Not until then was it discovered that Capt. Goll and his battery were missing. No trace of them could be found. We returned home hanging our heads and feeling pretty blue. At noon the Captain and his battery, still intact, put in their appearance. The game had ended disastrously for our reputation.

Our artillery work was excellent. All that prevented our sailing was a lack of men to replace any casualties which might occur. For this reason we received on July 17th an additional 60 men, July 26th another 17 and by August we totaled 196 men and officers. We still had 164 horses which we donated to the new men for pleasure purposes. They took to them like a hen to water. "Slewfoot Bill" Nigh's stunt, "Hitting the dirt," was copied and improved upon by more than one Rookie. As philosopher Glenn J. McDonnell once remarked,

"The force of gravity became very evident when the new rookies attempted to mount." Not to be outdone Truthful "Fat" Schroyer informed us that "a singular soreness next to the saddle was everywhere making itself evident." Riding and more riding soon remedied this and the first practice ride of the rookies was taken. They did well, encouraged by such remarks as: "Go home, Viktorowski, go home. You couldn't ride in a box car with both doors shut." "Hada, don't ride his haunches, get in the saddle." "Nurnberg, pick up your feet, don't let them drag like that." "Shores, where are you going?" "Ask the horse sir, he knows."



A week of such strenuous drill was bound to have results and when Saturday's inspection rolled around, the rookies endeavored to favor some portions of their anatomy, at the same time standing at attention. They didn't succeed. Capt. Goll was dissatisfied. "Each section chief will take his section out for drill the rest of the day," said he. Sgt. Thalacker, in charge of the 8th section, imitating the commands of the others, moved out in perfect order. Growing somewhat bolder as more moves were made, he struck out for himself and with the section moving along in perfect column of squads commanded "Right by squads." Outside a slight break in step the column continued in the same formation. "Why in hell don't you do as you're told?" he shouted, and thereupon for the remainder of the day varied his commands of "Squads right," "Squads right" with an occasional "Squads left."



Preparations for the trip east proceeded rapidly. Inspections, issues of new clothing and gang plank drill occupied most of our time. "It is necessary," said Capt. Goll, "that everything be exact in all details. The slightest infringement of the rule will result in a transfer to the casuals. Whispering only will be allowed at Camp Mills. No loud talking or singing. If anyone is caught smuggling so much as a straight-edge razor, the same punishment will follow. A loose thread, dust on the shoes or a loose strap end will not pass."

About this time Capt. Goll was transferred to the Ammunition Train and Lt. Whitney took charge of the Battery. Only two week-ends remained in which to visit home. Passes could not be issued to all men but the call of home could not be denied. A. W. O. L. became very prominent letters of the alphabet only to be supplanted later by S. O. L. in the guise of K. P. and G. H. G. H. remained popular until S. C. M. decided in favor of 3 and 30. Seven men were confined to the guard house at the Monday morning following the week-end visits home but a squad must have a leader and on Tuesday morning Corp. Lins was detailed to take charge of the Guard-house Squad for the remainder of the stay at Camp Robinson.

Bigger things were in the air, however. The preparations to move were going forward rapidly. Inspection followed inspection. The big day arrived. Farewell letters were written and farewell tears shed. At exactly 2:00 p. m.



Sept. 5th, the Battery moved out, boarded the train and said goodbye to the sands and wastes of Camp Robinson. A pathetic and heartrending scene occurred as the troop train speeding at 60 miles an hour passed through Kilbourn, the home town of many of our boys. Stacia, the fiancee of Sgt. Hindes, had come down to the depot to bid her lover a last fond farewell. As the train sped by, she threw a kiss, but too late—it fell short. Poor Lauren could stand it no longer. Hurrying to his room he remained there in melancholy until the crabs drove him out. Our spirits rose when we stopped at Portage where the Red Cross provided cigarettes and apples generously. Good old disloyal (?) Milwaukee came across with a reception far surpassing any so far received. Our entrance into the city was heralded by a thousand locomotive and factory whistles tooting incessantly. At the depot thousands of people bade us Godspeed. The Red Cross was again out in force. The underground railroad once more became a factor of liberty, and many cold, shivering descendants of Miller and Pabst found their way northward into the arms of friends. As we passed thru the outskirts of Chicago we witnessed the burning of one of the large mills. The Jackies from the Great Lakes and soldiers from Ft. Sheridan were effectively assisting the fireman in fighting the blaze. We did not stay to see the outcome, but sped on eastward. As our sense of hearing had informed us that we were entering Milwaukee, so did our sense of smell inform us that we were entering the stockyards of Chicago. Night and darkness prevented our seeing anything of this great city. We therefore prepared our beds and to the unceasing, regular monotony of clicking rails we dozed off into slumber to awake the next morning to the tune of "Back home again in Indiana" sung by the "Gentleman from Indiana." George Veyne Banta. It wasn't long before Harry Kitti started "In Michigan, back on the farm."

Towards noon we stopped at Battle Creek, the home of the 85th Division. Here the battery fell out for an hour's exercise. This being a soldier city, little enthusiasm was shown by the populace as we marched through the streets. Michigan showed few points of interest, so we journeyed onward. We soon reached Port Huron where an electric motor car pulled us through the tunnel under the St. Claire River to Sarnia, Canada. The Canadian people were very friendly and

accommodating: At Strathory a little romance which was to have its conclusion in France entered Harry Van Every's life. The conclusion of the romance, if untimely, was fortunate, as Harry is married, and not yet a Mormon. Night fell and everyone retired early, only to be awakened suddenly to discover that during the night the train had transferred to Africa and we were now passing "Nigger Falls," as announced by "Smiley" Dapra. The remainder of our nights sleep was broken by wild dreams of African negroes and jungles. When we awoke the next morning we were back in the States. At Sayre, Penn., we again fell out and marched out of the city to nature's bathhouse, the Susquehanna River. The dark, naked African negro was well dressed compared to us as we plunged into the river to remove the stains of travel. Not so, modest Leo Whitcomb. Twice a year was enough for him and he had taken his bi-annual bath July 1st, why should he suffer in the cold and stony river. Returning to the town, we were treated by the Red Cross to hot coffee, biscuits and bananas. "Heartbreaker" Van Airdale again lost his heart, this time to a little Quaker girl in whose honor he now sings "There's a Quaker down in Quaker town."

Leaving Sayre we entered the Lehigh Valley, which is known for its great coal mines. Our train ran slowly as we were beginning our climb over the Allegheny Mountains. Barefooted and bareheaded foreigners lined the track to shake hands and help us on our way. The crossing was completed that night, and the next



morning we awoke in Jersey City. Here we detrained, marched to the docks and boarded a ferry for Long Island and Camp Mills, our embarkation camp. A week more of inspections and we would be ready to sail, but not before everyone was given a chance to see the largest city in the world, New York. Slim Nurnberg and Stoskopf had it all over "Twinkle," Bronnie and Jimmie Peterson in viewing the skyscrapers. "Preacher" Rude made a trip to Chinatown, but only to be able to lecture more forcibly from first hand evidence.

Monday, September 16th, we boarded the English steamer, Lapland, and on the next day sailed out of the harbor in a convoy of 13 ships protected by one cruiser, two battleships and five aeroplanes. Some poet, remarking upon the usual luck of the Battery, subscribed the following:

Engineers for bravery,
Infantry for grit,
Coast Artillery for Home, Sweet Home,
But Battery "D" for the coal hole.

or as it later turned out the hell hole. We slept and ate (?) in the same room. The hammocks were hung above the tables to save whatever supper went overboard for breakfast the next morning. The place was unbearable. The men looked forward to guard duty as an opportunity to escape the stifling heat for one night at least. The grub was the limit in the wrong direction. Waiters were not necessary. The meat and eggs walked down in the hole unassisted. Since water runs down hill, the coffee also found its way down. The bread dropped down the stairs and bounded unaided upon the table. Conditions were certainly ripe for an epidemic of seasickness and we sure had it. Leon Carey expressed the reciprocal feeling of the men when he remarked: 'I fed on fish last night so I'll feed the fishes now.' "Tuffy" Shores feeling worse, said:

"My breakfast is spread o'er the ocean,
My dinner is spread o'er the sea,
Oh, hell, I don't want any supper."

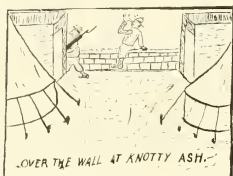
Homer D. Smith, moralizing on his experience, spoke thus: "So eat, that when the summons comes to join the innumerable horde which lines the railing of the good ship Lapland thou go not like a dyspeptic at night, empty and sick, but rather like one who having eaten his fill is willing to part with same for the benefit of the fish." Harold J. Peterson cried in anguish: "If mother could only see me now." But the sea only got rougher, the breaking waves dashed higher and the ship rolled from side to side. At times the stern came up to meet the bow. At the same time many stomachs came up to meet the fresh air. "I don't want to die, but if I have to die for my country, why can't I die now," cried Uptagrafft. The misery lasted for three days; when the epidemic stopped; but the grub went on for the remainder of the trip.

Sleep in the hole was impossible. It had to be made up somehow. The hot decks, although crowded, offered a comfortable if dirty place. Our slumbers were too often interrupted by the uncertain movements of the restless ones. Boat calls, too numerous, also interrupted, but most numerous of all was Sgt. McIntosh calling "395th downstairs for 'foot' inspection." If sleep was impossible, the grub was more so, but "an army lives on its stomach" and we had to have something. A boat canteen supplied the lacking nourishment provided a summons to the railing didn't call us out of a line which required hours of serving. What was not supplied by the canteen was supplied secretly by the crew at an exorbitant price.

Not content with disturbing us with boat drills, inspections and the wearing of "life disturbers," the commanding officer saddled us with one of the greatest nuisances in the American Army, the M. P. They regulated our kind, place and time of smoking. They told us where to stand and on which foot. They attempted to control most everything and did in a way, but several of the boys on guard had a comeback and used it advantageously. Only one break in the monotony occurred. About half way over, while running through a dense fog, one of

Our sister ships decided to change its course without notifying the rest of the convoy. Only quick thinking by our ship's captain prevented a collision which would have without a doubt cut our ship through the center and sent us to live with the mermaids.

After 13 days of hell, we pulled into the harbor of Liverpool, but the water was too shallow for docking and we had to wait for the tide to come in. Preparations to vacate the coal hole were being rapidly made when without warning a loud report, like the explosion of a machine gun, rang out. The ship trembled and rocked. "My God, we've been torpedoed," cried "Hard Luck" Coughlin, as he cleared seven tables and made the stairs in one bound, followed by the whole panic-stricken outfit. The anchor was successfully lowered, however, and the less timid returned to the hole to complete their work. We disembarked at noon by the ferry method, leaving many of our comrades in the boat's hospital.



The first hike in a foreign land was of course interesting. Some of the men were a little insulted at first when the English kids asked them in the English brogue "Have you got any cents?" "No," replied Lee Chapman, "if I did have I wouldn't be over here." The first little beggars received their penny but 5,000 in less than 5 blocks could not be supplied. Race suicide may be a problem in England but the city of Liverpool need never worry. About 5 miles hiking through a road lined with children brought us to Camp Knotty Ash, better called "The Camp of Muddy Lane."

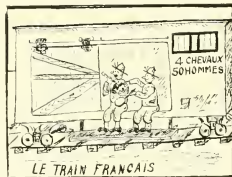
Conditions here were little better than those on board the ship.

"The British grub we had to eat
Was mouldy cheese and raw horse meat.
The coffee which we had to drink
Was not fit to cleanse the sink.
Our quarters, they were crowded, too,
Which helped to spread the Spanish 'flu'."

That night "D" Battery went on guard to prevent, with the assistance of a high stone wall, the departure of any men for town. But the attraction of good British ale was too great; led by the ablest leaders, the battery went over the top, entered "No Soldiers Land," attacked the enemy and returned without the loss of a man. Taps blew just as "Happy Jack" Gahan and Joe Rodock rolled up the street and entered their tent. "Joe, Joe, d'you hear them bells blow?" hiccupped Jack. "No," alcoholically breathed Joe. "Gee gosh, you must be blind," sighed Jack as he tore up a tent or two and went out to sleep in the open air. For two days we floundered around in the mud, but on the third day we received the orders to move. We left camp to find no train awaiting us. We returned to camp to give the British time to rustle around and find a train. The next day we again hiked to the depot, boarded third class coaches and moved to Romsey. The same shortage of food prevailed but a crop of rutabagas nearby was raided by the men acting as mess sergeants to empty stomachs. The city of Romsey lays claim to one of the oldest cathedrals in the world, and some of the best ale in England. The first we agreed to after seeing the ancient structure; the second, as testified to by the sergeants, the only men privileged to test its veracity, was also true. The sergeants claimed that in discovering the best ale joints they had been forced to wander so far and long that when orders came to prepare for an eight-mile hike to the port of embarkation next day, other means of locomotion than the legomobile must be furnished them. Consequently they rode in a special train. The men made the hike in good shape, singing and cracking jokes most of the way. At noon, having covered the greatest share of the distance, we stopped for a dinner supplied by the American Red Cross.

We boarded a small cutter that night and at 9:00 p. m. stole out of the harbor on the last lap to France. The Channel was crossed in a hurry but not before the fish had received their allotment of the day's rations. We landed at Cherbourg the next morning and hiked to another rest camp where no one rests. Three days later we hiked to the station, boarded our side door pullmans and rattled away towards Bordeaux.

The French pullman or troop car is a miracle of accommodations. Unlike the U. S. A. two companies run the entire railroad systems of France. The 40 Hommes, 8 Chevaux Company owns the greatest share and they supply all troop trains for the use of the government. The souvenir craze of the American soldier, who insisted upon using the cars and engines for watch fobs resulted in such a car shortage that a condition was placed in the armistice forcing Germany to provide for more rolling stock. The larger engines, similar to our peanut roaster, make good time going down hill. Our train ran well, averaging ten miles an hour. For two days and three nights we bumped along, speeding down grade and crawling up grade. The cars were crowded. "Gee," said "Tufty" Taylor as a train load of horses sped by, "8 horses to a car, pretty soft for them horses, I'll say, what?" We were so crowded that sleep could only be had standing up. For grub we had hard tack, canned willy, tomatoes and bread. At certain stops the French provided coffee for our meals. "Who put the iodine in the coffee?" yelled Kropp returning it to the earth from which it came. The first day we passed through Le Mans and Angers.



At the latter place several of the boys left the train in search of stimulants and missed connections but by steady hiking caught up with us at the next station eight miles away. At Saintes the French brought the liquor to the cars in lots of 12 quarts each. Twelve quarts of cognac for forty men is quite a generous ration. "That stuff's got no kick to it," murmured Sgt. McDonnell as he slumped down into a corner and went to sleep. Darrel Hinde lived up to his nickname and made many trips to the doorway. Bordeaux was reached the next night and at 10:00 a. m. the following morning we detrained at Camp Hunt, where we were to make our final test before entering the big game at the Front.

Camp Hunt is an old French camp leased to the U. S. A. for artillery training purposes. "The damn old sand comes up to your knees" and "you couldn't raise your voice on it, much less a good crop of sandberries." It was however, to be a more or less permanent camp and was, therefore, thrice welcomed by us. Our first efforts were to clean up and wash up. Before the end of the first day thirty-five days of accumulated dirt had gone drifting down Napoleon's canal. Even 1st Sgt. Whitcomb took a bath.

Refreshed by a bath and with clothes cleaned of traveling stains, we fell out Saturday for inspection, and to meet for the first time our new Battery Commander, Captain Henry P. Isham. His first talk was short but to the point. "Discipline," he said, "must be obtained in this battery. Discipline is not only obedience, but is obedience without question. The orders of the non-commissioned officers must be obeyed, and I will back them to see that they are obeyed."

At his conclusion he dismissed the battery for the day, whereupon they all proceeded to the "Western Front" to spend "beaucoup" money for vin blanc. That night "vin blanc" and "King Cognac" ruled. Little Jimmie Peterson became possessed of many miraculous powers. "I am the master of light," he raved. "When I say 'Lights Out', they shall go out." Sgt. Alt became a leader again. "Those are my shoes," he shouted. "Who says I didn't bring the Battery home safely, me for Top Sergeant." "Jagwagon" and "Homerus Davidus" didn't think vin blanc had a kick. It didn't. It used the solar plexus and put them

both to sleep, not before "Jagwagon," on his knees, said his prayers. The Heart-breaker" returned to camp that night on hands and knees. At 10:00 p. m. the barracks were in a uproar. Sgt. Alt could stand it no longer. He fled from the barracks but in so doing ran into a sentry. "Halt!" shouted the sentry. "I'm here. Where in hell be you?" asked Alt. He got by; called Sgt. McCarthy out of Barracks No. 1, where the Captain, after quelling the riot at No. 3, found them discussing the problem of woman suffrage. The next day, the offenders, the 7th, 8th and 9th sections commenced a new schedule calling for a week of extra foot-drill. Drill was going fine on the second morning. Suddenly a slight break in the line occurred, and, as the battery performing "squads left" swung into line, Lt. Swift shouted "Taylor, hold it, hold it; no, not the pivot, I mean that gun."

Before artillery practice could commence, it was necessary to clear a range. For this purpose 60 men and a sergeant were sent out daily. Sgt. Marlow was the "fall" guy and took charge most of the time. Sgt. Steuber, acting as relief range builder, was marching the battery to work on one occasion when he spied a pair of leather puttees approaching. "Battery attention," he commanded and saluted. "Damn those quartermaster guys," he lamented a second later. Reaching the range Slim Kropp and Chester Baker began the day's work by leaning heavily on their shovels. Too busy to stop they continued to lean as an officer passed, when Baker remarked, "By George, I believe that's Lt. Hearst. Kropp, do you know him?" "Nope, if the Lord don't know him any better than I do," replied Kropp, "he's lost." The detail was working well when without any preliminary "by your leave," a battery from the 333d Heavy Infantry placed a few shots within hearing of the party. Away went "Homerun" Stading. Like a



frightened rabbit he shot through the brush and made home in nine and four-fifths seconds flat with the rest of the detail running him a close second. At the end of three weeks the range was ready and the battery guns were moved into position to fire the next day. Corp. Banta and three guards were detailed to do range guard. Rifles were not supplied and soon Englishman Mutters dashed into the tent, demanding protection from a wild boar which had attacked him. Corp. Banta went out and soon chased the cat away.

Firing was delayed the next day for Sgt. Coleman, who lost a couple of coordinates and about a yard of "y" line. The all important umbrella tree was finally located and firing commenced but in the interest of romantic lovers, Major Gaddis asked Lt. Eisner to cease firing at the moon and range on the target.

The signing of the Armistice, November 11th, 1918, put an end to our "Front line" aspirations. Work ceased and lethargy reigned. Something had to be done to keep up life. Football was haphazardly instituted as a past time but after trimming both Battery "F" and Supply Company, to the tune of 12—0, we went into training seriously and on Friday, December 13th, put the kibosh on Headquarters 7—6 and won the championship of the 331st Field Artillery.

Baseball also took a major part in the sport program. As always Battery "D" captured everything and proved superior in this game as well as all others. The last game 20—0 in which Battery "D" beat "F" ended the sport season.

From then on keeping dry in a wet climate, or, in other words, "Goldbricking" became the leading occupation of the Battery. Some of the time, however, was used to increase our knowledge of history and the English Language. French History, from the time Caesar conquered the Gauls to the time when Foch conquered the Huns, was studied. American History, from Columbus to President Wilson, and English History, from the Danes to King George, was reviewed. Language proved the most difficult, but under good tutors we soon learned to say "I am" for "I ain't" and "I will" for "I won't." That's discipline.

Although study and "goldbricking" occupied most of the time, we still found some time for passes to Cazaux, La Teste and Arachon. "Murderous Mac" and "Happy Jack" upheld the honor of the Battery and brought home the bacon in a fistic encounter with a dozen or more dark colored gents at Cazaux. The intricacies of the La Teste streets proved too much for Slim Kropp and Ralph Ostrum and they wandered many miles out of their course in returning to the Battery. They both explained their tardiness to the Captain by the same story, so that the alibi proved O. K. if a little lame.

Kilbourn Ed made several experiments while enjoying a pass to Arcachon. He proved to his own satisfaction that man and beast are alike in more ways than one. For the experiment he used one Spanish burro, one plug of "Horse Shoe," and one quart of cognac. The last two added to the first resulted in a slightly intoxicated jackass. According to Dukleth the same result occurs if a man and cognac are mixed.

The drinks proved too much for several. Antonio Polajczuk's diary contains the following account of "too much cognac:"

"December 15th:—I been in the Y. and seen a movie; fine show.

I coming home, find 'm Corporal Amacher too much drunk.

French Cognac. He sleep latrine. I call 'm get up.

Camouflage no can get up. I put, carry on my back, put home. All right."

But "Camouflage" wasn't the only man sleeping on duty. Buzzer McDonnell offers the following to prove that a buglers' job is pretty soft, but we always suspected that their practice wasn't all it should have been.

"As I was walking far outdoors

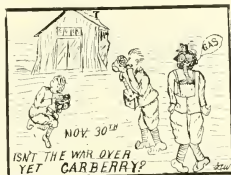
I met two buglers, Hada and Shores.

"Nice day" says I, "I hope it pours."

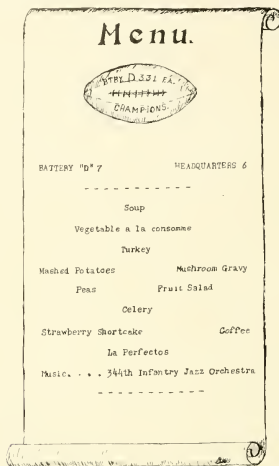
My answer? Soft, low, wheezing snores,

Bugler Hada, Trumpeter Shores."

Passes were cut short the 21st of November, when the news was spread that we were to leave for home at once. Thanksgiving, with its big feed, was only a few days away, but we didn't dare take a chance so that on the Sunday before Thanksgiving we sat down to the first good feed in France, and "she was a daisy" as Burr Dickie says. But Thanksgiving came and no move was made. More days passed and still no move. The tension became manifest. The men became restless, sleepless and quarrelsome. A spirit of crime prevailed the air, murderous intentions were foreseen and forestalled, but at last the blow fell. "D" Battery was disgraced, and all because George Prochaska, the kleptomaniac, couldn't resist the temptation to steal an aeroplane which had fallen a few days previous in a field nearby. A search was made, the missing aeroplane found, and George was held for court-martial. On December 14th the trial was called. The courtroom was packed. Many of George's friends were missing but the majority came out in terms strong and forceful, read the accusation and produced the exhibits as evidence. Counselor Van Airdale made a spirited but hopeless appeal for his defendant basing his plea upon the past record of the accused, but dwelling at greater length upon the feelings of the poor unfortunate wife at home, who, should George be convicted, would wait in vain for his return. The house was in tears; but the jury, steeling their hearts to do justice, returned a verdict of "guilty" and sentenced George to serve on the "Honeywagon" in France for three years.



This unfortunate incident could not dampen the spirit of the Battery, however, and the next night we celebrated in real college style our victory over the Headquarters Company football team. Under the direction of Decorator Kirmsse, the mess hall became a banquet hall, rivaling the Prom. Halls of Wisconsin. Chefs Bluemchen, Vogel, Wormet, Cummings, and Kruger, assisted by a retinue of K. P's. prepared a banquet fit for a king.



Lt. Whitney talked for a few minutes on the spirit of the Battery in supporting the team. Lt. Radermacher, Supply Co., spoke on the clean hard fighting of the team. He was answered by Captain Martin McDonald, who thanked the coaches in behalf of the team for their untiring, unceasing efforts during the weeks of training. Lt. Swift concluded the evening with a short talk in which he told of another speech of his to the men at the stockyards at which time he was presented with a house, brick by brick. With echoes still resounding from the cheers lead by Harry Van Every for the officers, the party broke up and all returned to their barracks.

All this helped to pass the time but still we were not packing up and that thought was uppermost in the minds of all. "Just heard at J-63 that we wouldn't go home for a month," someone shouted. "(*|— you, I'll kill you," yelled Ed Marlow dashing after the culprit and pounding him till he begged for mercy.

But one day the rumor became a fact and at noon December 20th we boarded the Pioneer Limited and sped away at a terrific speed of 5 miles an hour for Camp de Souge. Like the pathetic scene at Kilbourn, but with more actors, the proprietors of the "Western Front" lamented our departure, and more so because we had just been paid. The distance was only fifty miles and would be easily covered by five o'clock. Five o'clock found us at Bordeaux twenty miles from de Souge. At midnight we detrained having averaged 4.2 miles an hour, a record for French

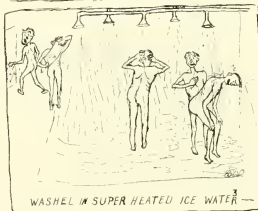
trains. The next day's time was spent in cleaning up barracks, setting up stoves and preparing in general for a long stay but a cog slipped somewhere and two days later the order to move to Camp Genicart was out. So unexpected was it that preparations for a big Christmas celebration had been made. The chiefs had worked hard preparing a wonderful meal and the amusement committee had obtained some very good entertainments for the evening, but best of all "Sky Pilot" Rude was to deliver his favorite lecture "The Spirit of Christmas." But all this was gladly foregone for the move meant one step nearer home.

At 8:00 a. m. everything was ready for the 15 mile hike. The camp was left behind and the first heat was on. The first sign post informed us that Bordeaux was 18 miles away. Well 3 miles didn't make much difference but when at Bordeaux they told us we had 5 more miles to go the shock proved too much and then to increase the agony of lame backs and blistered feet, the officers commanded us to march through Camp No. 1 with shoulders back and heads up. If we didn't make a good appearance we would remain at Camp Genicart on detail. As later facts go to show, our appearance must have been rotten. At six o'clock we limped into camp, Christmas Eve and "the stockings were hung by the chimney with care" in hopes that they would be dry enough to wear in the morning.

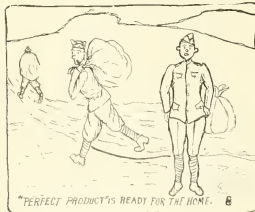
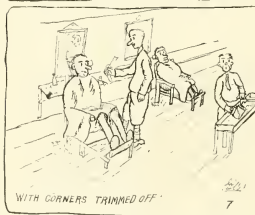
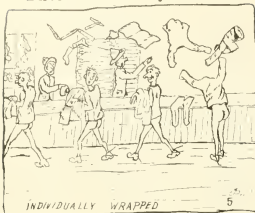
It was a sorry looking, foot-sore bunch that awoke the next morning to find that Santa Claus had forgotten them. But "Spike" Hennessy hadn't forgotten us. He very generously contributed a big detail to the regiment to be used by officers and men alike and Sgt. Thalacker also came across with a Christmas dinner of "bacon and rice." But everybody was satisfied, why shouldn't they be? Friday we would pass through the Delouser and the next day we would sail for home. Friday we did roll our packs and hike to the delousing plant. Here we discarded our pack, hat, coat and leggins outside, entered a long building, received our service record and checked out. Then we completed the dismantling process until clothed only in the garment of Mother Nature, passed through a shower and also a physical examination

Perfect Product

Direct From Factory To Home



Perfect Product Direct From Factory To Home

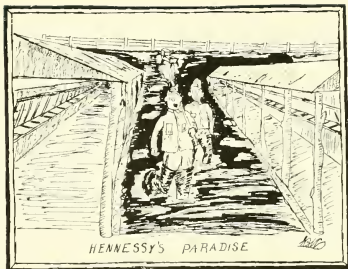


into the warehouse which consisted of a series of stalls each containing a separate article of clothing or equipment. As we passed down the aisle, these articles were thrown at us one at a time until we looked like a badly packed motor truck. For the second time since entering the Army we were newly outfitted. Sure that we would leave the next day, we returned to the barracks. We had to stand some more inspections, however, and from 5:30 a. m. to 9:00 a. m. we worked and sweated to get everything shipshape for the inspector. From 9:00 a. m. to 1:00 p. m. we stood at our bunks in nervous expectation. At last they arrived, a whole squad of them. The first inspected the ceiling, the next the floor. The third like a priest performing a low mass droned in low monotonous, unintelligible tones "Shoesuniformequipmentandovercoatallright, shoes etc." The next in a slightly higher pitch rattled "Name and number same on both tags, name and number same on both tags." The remainder of the retinue followed respectfully in the rear and reported a very favorable inspection. But some one welched on us and informed Colonel Hennessy that the 331st F. A. was really the 331st Fatigue Army and a good one at that. "In that case we'll give them a tryout," he said and proceeded to hand out remount details and cleaning details.

Between details, however, we found time for some sport and exploration. The weather was favorable for any sport. Corp. Yaeger reports having seen four games, volley ball, indoor baseball, football and baseball in progress at the same time. We took up baseball and as usual trimmed everything in sight.

Some little excitement was caused when Sgt. Quinn and Cpl. Christensen discovered a mysterious cave just outside of camp. Exploration parties were immediately organized, and went to work at once. The cave was found to be an extensive subterranean network of winding passage ways and spacious rooms, the walls of which were covered in a disorderly array with hanging stalactites, which glistened like diamonds as the candles shone upon them. The walling of one large passageway in particular aroused curiosity. With pick and

shovel the detail attacked the heavy wall and soon broke through to find more and larger chambers and aisles. A nervous excitement seized upon the party as we advanced. "Suddenly the usual shriek rent the air" as it always does, and Clarence Hada went tearing out of the room. Quieting our nerves and obtaining strength from numbers we cautiously moved forward towards the spot where Hada had stood. Of course we found the skeleton, but behind the skeleton lay stores of old cobweb-covered wine and champagne;



pagne; champagne that the Black Prince of England had stored here in 1643 in preparation for his carousal celebrating his victory over France. The victory was never achieved and the wine and champagne remained behind for a greater and larger carousal celebrating our victory over Germany.

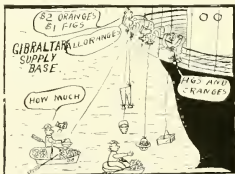
But the details still continued. "Who says tramps aren't educated?" asked Slim Kropp as he waded in mud up to his knees at the Remount and quoted:

"Go to war," the housewife said
To the tramp who asked for bread.
Shamelessly he hung his head,
For of Sherman he had read.
And he 'got her' when she said,
Go to war."

However, when Hennessy found that his fatigue army was doing more bunk fatigue than any other kind, he decided to punish us more and on January 19th loaded us aboard the record breaking Pullmans and sent us over land to Marseilles; two days and two nights away. Not content with the heartbreaking, nerveracking trip in the lovely "40 hommes 8 chevaux" diners, he decided to "do his damndest" and loaded us aboard the Duca D' Aosta bound for Gibraltar, and later, much later—home. She was some boat, trim, cosy and best of all speedy. Her capacity was 18 knots an hour. She never made more than 10, but in two days time we reached Gibraltar where the boat coaled up while we gazed in awed wonder at the "Rock of Gibraltar," so well advertised by the Prudential Life Insurance Co. We gazed our fill in 12 hours time, but did not neglect to also obtain our fill of oranges and cognac bought from the Spaniards via the port hole route at reasonable prices. It was lucky we did for it wasn't long before we had also received our fill of spaghetti and macaroni. The menu for one meal consisted of macaroni, soup, beans and Dago bread. The rest of the meals varied in regularity if not in substances. Macaroni became a part of our system. Very soon the band was playing the "Macaroni Blues" and "The Spaghetti Two-Step."

"Well," said Corp. Banta, "I'm learning languages fast. I know three words in Italian,—Macaroni, spaghetti and garlic."

The "Ten Bar" restaurant did a rushing business, but when francs began to run short, empty stomachs became more numerous.



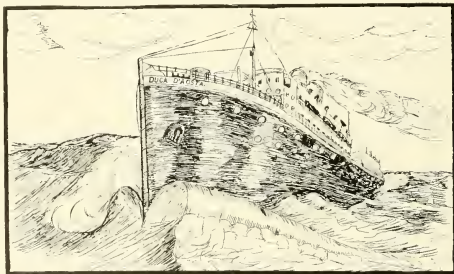
"By Gad," said Carey, "I won't dare drink pink lemonade when we get to New York. I'm so thin some one would take me for a thermometer."

Whereupon Corp. McDonald took up the chant and sang; "If you want to be a skeleton just come along with me, by the great Atlantic Ocean, by the Mediterranean Sea. If you want to be a skeleton just come along with me, on the good ship Duca D'Aosta and we'll live on spa-ghet-tee."

Corp. Yaeger wailed steadily for a sight of Dakota and a wheat farm. "Jimmy Crickets," he howled, "you'd think wheat didn't exist to look at that Dago-bread hand-grenade."

Food conditions were getting desperate. Macaroni never contained enough calories to nourish an ant three minutes and garlic strengthens the breath only. Gangs formed and the raids began. Pantry, kitchens and storerooms were successfully charged in rotation.

Tuesday night, too late to pull into the docks, New York was sighted. The "Duke" dropped anchor and remained outside just far enough to allow "Shredded Wheat" and "Cream of Wheat" signs to tantalize the half-starved soldier with its promise of something to eat. Early the next morning before sunrise we steamed up the harbor and say, really, after starving for 16 days on macaroni, spaghetti and garlic with roast beef, eggs, ham, bacon, pie and cake within reach of hand but not francs; after tossing, rolling and heaving on the slowest old freight boat that has crossed the Atlantic since Columbus took a chance; to see the Statue of Liberty and the land of the free lunch and the home of the mince pie, "AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING."



With bands playing, crowds cheering, the Red Cross and the famous war winner, the M. P., heaving apples, the old skow floated to the dock and tied up. The boys were strangely silent. Surely they were glad to return home but still no cheers replied to those of the crowd. But faintly above the music went forth the last cry of Famished Fred Frank. Immediately the boys took up the cry and over the water to the astonishment of the crowd echoed and re-echoed that historical question "When do we eat?" The Red Cross generously solved the question by feeding us real wheat buns, coffee, apples and candy. Greatly invigorated by the feed the Battery turned to the attack. Using the ammunition captured from the Dago they bombarded the Wops with that famous missile the Dago Hand-Grenade. Cards and telegrams were sent home immediately. Blackie Quinn's message read: "Arrived hungrily. Destination Child's Lunch Room." "Arrived safely, prices going up. Save your eggs," counselled Duncan.

After letting all the folks know that we had arrived safely we continued our dangerous journey by boarding the ferry "General Weston," bound for Jersey.

Eager for another look at real American beauties the crowd pressed to the pier side. Only the quick action of Fat Schroyer in throwing his weight to the other side saved New York from an Eastland disaster. The near calamity went to the pilots head and the trip down the river was more crooked than the trail described by Dukleth under the influence of Vin Rouge.

The men were a little disappointed at not finding the good old side-door Pullman waiting for us in the Jersey yards. McCarthy experienced some difficulty in finding the entrance to the coaches. The real plush seats looked too good to be used by a gang of plank hardened, slat-barred outfit like ours.

A short hike after detraining at Cresskill brought us to a camp of barracks, proof against wind, rain and mud. Scarcely able to believe their eyes the men plunked themselves pack and all upon the spring cots and Ostermoor mattresses. When a real Buick stopped outside the barrack a grand rush was made to view the curiosity from close quarters. "Can you tell me where I can get a drink of water?" asked a woman occupant of the car. "—— if I can," answered Fairchild. The woman smiled. "You boys have just returned from France, haven't you?" she replied, knowing well the habits attained by men who have had the privilege for months of swearing before women who understand only "Sacre Bleu" and "Allez au Diable."

The first meal, of "The ham what am" fried as Vogel and Cummings never could fry it; pomme de terre, or Irish apples, peas, bread and butter and COFFEE with apple pie, was delayed for three hours while Mechanics Farries, Busse, Wenz and Gilster busied themselves building sideboards for messkits. Supper was delayed slightly while the mechanics repaired those sideboards which had broken down under the load.

So fast are returning troops brought into camp that the Sanitary Plant is kept running night and day and "D" Battery drew 2:00 a. m. as the hour for their delousing bath. But the intervening time was quickly passed due to the efforts of the I. G. T. S. Quartette comprised of O. P. Smith leader and tenor, Englishman Mutters bass, George Pease barytone and Berquist alto. The principal purpose of the Sanitary Plant is not to kill cooties but to steam and wrinkle clothes in a fashion that will leave no doubt in the minds of the home people as to the hardships passed through overseas.

With sanitation complete passes were issued to New York, but few men availed themselves of the opportunity. Under the protection of Leon Carey, wise in the ways of the city with its swindlers and pickpockets, C. P. Smith went to take in the sights. "By gosh," he narrates, "we got off the cars at the depot and looked the gosh darn place over but I was always told to keep my hands in my pocket and by heck I did. Leon knows them big towns like a book. By gosh, he sure has the booklearning. He knowed all about those big leaning towers. He said we was going to the "Hippodrum" that night, but they was no hippo. We had the best seats way up high behind everybody where we could see the whole works down by the lights and up in the gallery, and by gosh, that was some show. I reckon it was almost as good as the stock show my pa took me to down at the Plainville fair."

At last the day arrived, the day long looked forward to with happy anticipations yet vague uneasiness. The Battery was divided into sections, each section to return to its nearest mustering out camp. As brothers all the last good-byes were taken with hopes of meeting each and everyone some time in the future.

"Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong
With a wish that is kind and true.
For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made."

C. M. L.

Here's to Yuh, Battery "D"

Oh I'm not strong for women and song,
And gambling aint my suit;
Champaigne thin never tickled my chin,
Cognac I taboo taboo;
Cussin' I shun like a parson's son,
Tobacco ain't made for me;
But I'm not all true, I'll be square with you,
I've a weakness.—

For Battery "D".

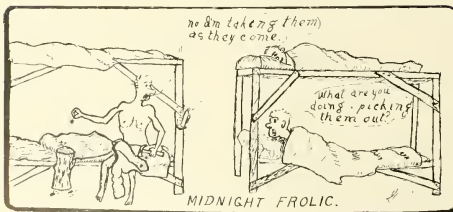
Now they're no big noise like some chollie boys.
They've never been the Regiment's pet;
They've chawed their share of the tough luck fare,
Yes and digested it.
A self-willed lot, no tommyrot
Of an uncrowned high king-bee,
Not angels, just men,
Battery "D".

I'm a rear-rank scab with a doddering gab,
No wielder of gavel or pen;
But I can't stand mute when there's any dispute
Over who in Hell's who among men;
For I'm stuck on them and I'll stick by them
Deo volente, mes amis,
To the hinter side of the Great Divide,
My littl' ol'

Battery "D".

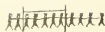
And when the guidon red my steps has led
To the gates of the setting sun,
And the firing squad o'er the broken sod
Has crashed its encomium,
Dont raise any shaft with an epitaf,
Forget your R. I. P.
Just write (and all is told) "Here lies an old—
An old wheel-horse

Of Battery "D".



331st Field Artillery





FOOTBALL.

With the events of November 11th came the end of all hopes of venting on an outsider the carefully cultivated venom of over a year's growth. So after some hesitation, it was decided to turn loose the brute instinct in a civil war. Consequently the terrors of that unknown game of football were launched upon the Regiment to prevent as far as possible the seeking of amusement and excitement on the "Western Front."

In response to the first call for candidates for the team, "D" Battery from the irrepressible Lins to the chief of the wire chasers, Sgt. McDonnell, stepped forward. Possibly they figured it would be an easy way out of details and less monotonous than hours of Louis XIV's Huguenots and Jean D'Arcs. Who knows? But after several hours of throwing themselves madly at a crazy ball on the ground and of trying to ward off such hurtling demons as Cpl. McDonald, Sgt. Coleman and that wild-eyed, crazy Chef Thalacker, we were no longer embarrassed with overabundance of material.

Then followed days of enlightenment. Moskalik discovered that on each play his troubles only began after he had murdered Gahan, the opposing guard. Cpl. Beyl was at last convinced that this was no "battle royal" in which he could stand up straight, wave his red jersey and bellow "Come on you —." Sgt. Whitcomb found that threats of kitchen police availed him nought. Hs. Capek lost his smile which even Dynamite had failed to obliterate. With difficulty Pvt. Quinn admitted it might be all right to allow the privilege of open slugging to the man with the ball alone. And Quarness, after one fatal slip, remembered thereafter that only one of the two goal posts was his.

At length the first game arrived. Supply Company's 200-lb. pig-skin chasers kicked off and in two minutes the game was over. For two long shoestring forward passes to Cpl. McDonald and Sgt. Coleman, the loss of a ball by a fumble, and the immediate interception of a forward pass by McDonald scored a touchdown. Cpl. Banta later doubled the score on a 25-yard run from formation X. During the course of the game some misguided youth hit Moskalik on the nose and at that instant was born the football terror of the Regiment.

"F" Battery was our next victim, to the tune of 12 to 0. It might well have been 24 to 0, for the light team with its trick play and formations had by this time come into its own. Soon after the opening Cpl. McDonald intercepted a forward pass for a touchdown; then made a 50-yard run from punt formation, carrying it over on the next play. Breaking loose a third time he stumbled alone down the field and finally fell dead within 6 inches of the goal line. In the second half Van Every caught one of our own punts and crossed the goal with the ball but was honest enough to refuse to let the referee count the touchdown.

Two weeks practice on trick plays to refill our wasted stock and daily scrimmages against the half dozen informal teams in the now football-mad battery brought us to the championship game with Headquarters Company. Outweighed, outbet, overlooked,—for the general attitude was well expressed in Captain Howard's

characteristic statement "that any first-battalion team could lick any one of the second battalion"—we went into the final game. But we went in with a spirit imbued by Lt. Rademacher of "Play the game. Let the other side do the talking."

Before we woke up Headquarters, led by Karst, scored. But that provided the stimulus. Coleman, McDonald and Banta worked the ball well up the field, where on a shoestring play Cpl. McDonald ran the ball to the one yard line. In scoring over Moskalik, Yaeger was laid out. He was lost to the game; but McDonald made the score 7—6 by kicking his first goal of the season. A few plays later McDonald was carried off the field and the half ended.

With Beerling, Yaeger and McDonald out of the game, it looked hopeless. For with the backfield shot our trick plays and team work were of no use. But every man fought as he had never fought before. Moskalik, Thalacker, Lins and Bertram were in every play; Coleman nailed every run or pass on his side; Banta dropped two men alone in an open field; Van Every saved the day with his cool, deliberate punts and McDonough with his cracked rib revelled in the gore as he ploughed through Headquarters' heretofore impregnable line shouting taunts as he went. And so two place-kicks were blocked and five times the ball was taken away from Headquarters on downs within our 15-yard line and the game was saved.

Amid the scenes of revelry Lt. Swift did the straddle hop and rolled on his back; the Band instead of its usual funeral march played "On Wisconsin"; Cpl. Hindes collected beaucoup francs and a "bun"; and the Regiment was serenaded by "D" Battery 167 strong, lighted on its way by Kirmesse with a candle.

Sunday Sgt. Thalacker mysteriously appeared with a real banquet. And a live party from the start, it was finally very properly and pleasantly put to sleep by the speeches of Lts. Rademacher, Whitney and Swift, and Captain McDonald. Had the B. C. been on duty instead of in Paris, he would have said: "D" Battery has now the possibility or rather the probability of being the best battery in the Regiment. Each man on that team knows what it means to fight with his whole strength and his whole will, with never a thought of letting go, to obtain a goal. And all of the rest of the 167 have witnessed that fight and have been welded by it into a unit, with a belief that they, in their turn, can master their tasks. With such confidence in each other and in themselves nothing can prevent the development of—"a good Battery."

H. P. I.

"D" BATTERY FOOTBALL SQUAD

Right End	Van Every—McDonnell
Right Tackle	Beyl—Bertram
Right Guard	Moskalik
Center	Lins
Left Guard	Beerling—Wm. J. Quinn
Left Tackle	E. G. Quinn—Shores
Left End	Quarness—Thalacker
Quarterback	Coleman—Yaeger
Right Halfback	McDonald (Capt)
Left Halfback	Banta—Whitcomb
Fullback	McDonough

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Battery Opinions

What Shall We Do with the Kaiser?

In deliberating upon the disposition of the once self-enunciated War Lord little sympathy was manifested towards the scion of the House of Hohenzollern by members of Battery "D". Any other course than immediate extinction apparently owed its advocacy to the opinion that instant and easy annihilation offered too soft a mode of exit for one whose instrumentality had effected far more hideous methods for countless others. The ninety men in the Battery who urged immediate death differed somewhat as to the style of execution. Burning at the stake, hanging him up by the toes, and the old fashioned stringing party were most popular. "Tar and feathers," "solitary confinement," "branding," "exile," "to be fed on glue," "to be dragged behind the boat to Broadway," and "a cage at the zoo" all had their advocates among the seventy-seven who judged that he should be punished and allowed to live. One whose zeal evidently was not to be balked by the ordinary operation of the laws of Nature ordered everlasting punishment without killing him. Sgt. Stueber suggested Remount fatigue on Sgt. Thalacker's rations; and there were others, also with "details" in mind, who professed confidence in the ability of the C. O. of Camp Genicourt to handle adequately the situation. The inevitable one ruled for his release.

How Do You Regard the Plan for a League of Nations?

Uncertainty as to the exact scope of the League of Nations and doubt as to the working practicability of the plan were generally expressed by the Battery. However, 133 endorsed a test of the President's project. 10 on the other hand were flatly opposed, and 25 either had not made up their minds or were unwilling to commit themselves.

What Do You Think of President Wilson?

167 out of the 168 men in the Battery expressed their unqualified approval of the man who for the past six years has directed the Nation's course in peace and in war. Belief in his ability and foresight was universally voiced, such terms being employed as "Great Statesman," "Man of the Hour," "Real Democrat," "Best President since Lincoln," and "Great Diplomat." Member of Battery "D" No. 168 expressed no ill will but thought that the situation could have been handled by another.

Is Your Army Experience Profit or Loss?

Phrasing their ideas in one form or another the members of the Battery vouchsafed the information that this was a difficult question inasmuch as the time spent in the Army was both profit and loss. Nevertheless they were game to take a chance, and 84 consequently voted "Profit," 63 voted "Loss" and 21 called it 50-50.

Should the United States Adopt Universal Military Training?

Approximately two-thirds of the Battery (114) men, qualifying this question, voiced an approval of Universal Military Training in case the League of Nations proves a failure or in case our security is endangered by an increase in the armaments of other nations." 44 on other hand, branding Universal Military Training as "un-American" and "dangerous to Democracy," opposed the idea under any consideration arguing that should danger arise we could yet raise and train an army in time to protect us as we have in this war. 10 were undecided.

What Is the Best Thing in the Army?

To this broad question dozens of answers of various kinds were forthcoming. "Good health" lead the list with 34 votes, "letters from home" followed a close

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second with 33 votes and "education and travel" came third as a choice of 27. Besides these "discharge," "discipline," and "pay day" were favored by many, and lone adherents were found for "bunk fatigue," "recall," "a six-months furlough twice a year," and "Field Artillery." One non-commissioned officer apparently rather pessimistically inclined offered as his opinion "a good drunk, for then a man is happy," while another suggested that the best thing in the Army "just now is the thought of going home."

What Do You Think of the Army Y. M. C. A.?

On this question the Battery fell into two camps. 119 men were of the opinion that the Y. M. C. A. was doing a great work well worthy of support. 30, many of them citing the service at a camp in France, advanced the belief that the organization failed in the performance of its duty.

Are You in Favor of National Prohibition?

Were Battery "D" to set up a principality of its own ruled according to its own desires, its bonny domain would assuredly flow with something else than milk and honey. Furthermore if the voice of Battery "D" be representative of the sentiment of the Army the proponents of the grape au-naturel would better make hay before the boys come home. 114 men expressed disapproval of National Prohibition and of the 53 who favored it, a number exempted light wine and 2% beer.

Do You Smoke and What?

142, or about 85% of the Battery, profess themselves willing slaves of Lady Nic., smoking everything from cornsilk to Habanas including lily stems, grape leaves, rawhide whips, and election cigars. One wise bird stated that he didn't smoke but if he did he opined that he would smoke tobacco.

What Is Your Favorite Drink?

Beer, good old American beer, "beer and more beer" one man expressed it, takes first place according to the tastes of 60 members of Battery "D" in the illustrious catagory of thirst-quenchers. Water, called by various names all of which meant water, lagged nine throats behind with a total of 51. Whiskey followed a poor third with 21 hiccuping supporters. Of the others milk and coffee ran neck and neck with 15 and 13 scribblers respectively. Our old friends the Vin Bros., Rouge and Blanc, together tied Bryan's Best 3 to 3, while last and also least a foaming-pop hound and a sparkling-bevo fiend brought up the rear.

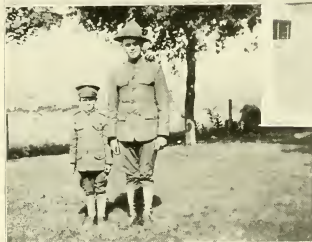
The Funniest Event in the Army.

As there was no unanimity of opinion on this question, the point must remain undecided. Following appear a few of the numerous contentions advanced: "Lt. Swift in close order drill, 1-2-3-4 left-left, Taylor, get in step," (G. V. B.); "How some men are made non-coms," (W. S.); "An Officer of the Day running around at night," (L. A. C.); "Looking for your barracks after a rendezvous at the Western Front," (C. G. Q.); "Cook Cummings shoeing horses," (A. B. B.); "A. C. A. C. rookie saluting when our band played Annie Laurie," (E. R. K.); "J-63 rumors," (C. M. L.); "Salts and C. C. pills for sore feet," (O. J. D.); "A rookie's first equitation," (J. S. S.); "A rookie standing at attention when he talks to the 1st Sergeant," (H. D. S.); "Squads east and west before breakfast," (M. G. R.); "The Bean Salad Episode," (O. P. S.); "Double-time with full packs," (A. A. and W. F. S.); "The fake chow we get," (E. C. M.); "An hour chasing seam rats," (E. C. Q.); "Mess call and nothing to eat," (T. J. H.); "A rookie and a Second Loot," (A. R. S.); "To see the boys on sick call when there is a detail in sight," (H. M. S.); "Grooming mules by detail," (S. C. C.); "Having been in the army eight months and never seen a cannoner's post," (G. B. W.); "Roomers," (name unknown but evidently one who believes in simplified spelling); and "Watching the fellows dress for reveille would undoubtedly seem funny to any one who had time to watch," (H. A. S.)

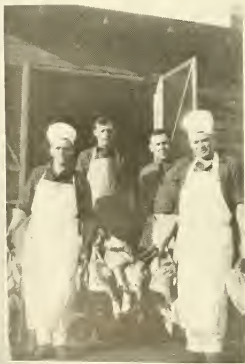
331st Field Artillery



331st Field Artillery



331st Field Artillery







In Memoriam

Nels Anderson
Lee C. Hanson
Peter Johnson
William L. Layde
Guy C. Newton
Frank E. Pivonka
Richard C. Ryman
Henry A. Slade

They Died for Their Country



Captain Charles B. Stuart

Born Chicago, Ill., Oct. 28, 1892. University of Michigan, 1915. Served five months on Mexican border with First Illinois Artillery in 1916. Made 2nd Lt., F. A. R. C., May 1, 1917. 1st R. O. T. C., Fort Sheridan, Ill. Commissioned Captain August 15, 1917. Assigned to 331st F.A. August 29, 1917. In command of Battery E 331st F.A. since that date. Member of Class 10, School of fire for Field Artillery at Fort Sill, Okla.



FIRST LIEUT. WALDO M. ALLEN

Born Orange, N. J., Feb. 17, 1893. Yale University 1916. Served as Supply Sergeant, Btry D, Yale Battalion, 1916, including three months at Tobyhanna, Pa., during the Mexican trouble. 1st R. O. T. C., Fort Sheridan, Ill. Commissioned 2nd Lt., F. A. R. C., August 15, 1917. Assigned to Btry E 331st F. A., August 29, 1917. Promoted 1st Lt., F. A. N. A., December 31, 1917. Member of Class 18 at School of Fire for F. A. Fort Sill, Okla. Executive Officer.



FIRST LIEUT. FREDERICK C. FOLTZ

Born Chicago, Ill., June 28, 1889. Chicago Latin School. Served five months on Mexican border in 1916 with 1st Illinois Field Artillery. Commissioned 2nd Lt., F. A. R. C., May 3rd, 1917. 1st R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan, Ill. Assigned to Btry E 331st F. A., August 29, 1917. Promoted 1st Lt., F. A., Sept. 9, 1918. Reconnaissance Officer.

331st Field Artillery



2nd LIEUT. FERNAND H. PINCOFFS

Born Chicago, Ill., April 25, 1896. Cornell University. 1st R. O. T. C. Fort Sheridan. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant Aug. 15, 1917. With Battery "E" Aug. 29, 1917 to May 21, 1918. Camp Jackson S. C. Camp Hancock, Ga. Graduated 41st Class School of Fire, Fort Sill, Okla., Dec. 13, 1918.



2nd LIEUT. CARL D. WHITNEY

Born Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. Ohio Wesleyan College. 1st R. O. T. C., Ft. Sheridan, Ill. Commissioned 2nd Lt., F. A. R. C., August 15, 1917. Assigned to Btry. E 331st F. A. August 29, 1917. Regimental Athletic Officer at Camp Grant and Camp Robinson. In charge of Dept. "B."



2nd LIEUT. BENJAMIN S. LUNT

Beverly, Mass. Entered service May 5, 1911 in 2nd Cadet Corps, Salem, Mass. This organization converted into the 1st Mass. Field Artillery in September 1915. Served four months on Mexican border in 1916. Sergeant in Btry. "E" 101st F. A. Made 1st Sgt. Mar. 9, 1918. Was at the Chemin des Dames in February, Apremont and Seicheprey in April. Awarded Croix de Guerre. Attended F. A. School of Instruction, Saumur, France. Commissioned 2nd Lt. F. A. October 1, 1918. Attached to Btry. E 331st F. A. Assistant Executive Officer.

Roster of Battery "E"

FIRST SERGEANT

George Formon

SUPPLY SERGEANT

Arthur M. Laemle

MESS SERGEANT

William L. Grange

STABLE SERGEANT

Herman G. Toltzien

SERGEANTS

Harrison C. Barnes
Homer F. Clark
Harry W. Francisco
Homer C. Harrison
Albert L. Marsh
Russell M. Quick
John A. Quimby
Ernest A. Schwartz
Walter S. Smith
Herbert Thiele

CORPORALS

Henry C. Adams
Ora L. Alexander
John M. Baker
Harry H. Benish
Clarence W. Bilkey
James H. Braithwaite
John J. Brokish
John J. Durning
William A. Finley
Ross Grim
Alf H. Gundersen
Edward F. Harrington
Raymond Kelley
Eugene C. Lindsay
Arthur H. Moldenhauer
Edward W. Moran
William J. Post
Robert E. Rettger
Lowell D. Rinehart
Walter H. Ritscher
Robert A. Sibley
Clarence M. Sommers
Martin L. Springsteele
Ira C. Tiedeman

CHIEF MECHANIC

John Schuetz

COOKS

George J. Bongard
Herman Lenz
Earl W. Lindner
Dominick A. Schilter

HORSESHOERS

Buford Fowell
Robert Stevenson
Oluf Wee

MECHANICS

Fred E. Crone
Clifford F. Moberg
Charles P. Slama

SADDLER

John H. Schultz

BUGLERS

Albert R. Bruha
Delos Thompson

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Howard C. Adams
Clare L. Anderson
Bernard F. Betz
Bert Blakley
James F. Bonney
James B. Brewer
Bernard A. Copsey
Henry O. Dahl
Merwin L. Dary
Roy H. Davis
George J. Fitzgerald
John Forst
Charles H. Freed
Emil P. Freiberg
David Gentes
William F. Gorman
Joseph Gregor
Louis Hansen
Ralph S. Hanson
Norman Hart
Earl O. Himley
Albert R. Hoium

Frank W. Horal
Walter E. Klein
Ray E. Kneeland
Erick E. Landberg
Johannes E. Larson
Norman Lee
Arnold J. Loyacano
Alfred R. McHone
Robert A. Nelson
Bennie Olson
Ernest A. Rayner
Merle R. Rosemeyer
Henry L. Rossing
Walter L. Ryan
Holliday Sharp
Ernest Stumbo
Mike A. Svobodny
Ellis A. Swan
Adolph T. Uebler
Melvin E. Walty
Micke J. Wenzel
Edward C. West
Francis H. Wolff

PRIVATE

Albert Aeschleman
Daniel R. Anderson
Thomas Berg
James E. Boardman
John Bowerman
Clifford A. Bushong
Gustaf Buyck
Chris O. Carlson
John De Witt
Eldon H. Dillon
Carroll C. Dudley
Fay E. Dunbar
Thomas A. Dunn
Alfred D. Erickson
Fred B. Erickson
Charles W. Fitz Gerald
Charles A. Fletcher
Oliver W. Foster
Leon C. Fritz
Max F. Gartman
Harm H. Geerdes
William J. Goodier
Adolph H. Haugen
Henry J. Hirmer
Anton J. Johnson
Arthur H. Johnson
Clarence E. Johnson

331st Field Artillery

Fred C. Johnson
George T. Johnson
William M. Kappers
William D. Kaufman
Walter W. Kehms
Fred V. Kessel
Conrad Kraft
Arthur E. Kraska
Wesley A. Lammers
Carl F. Liskey
Oscar H. Lund
Frank H. Miller
Fred M. Molberg
John R. Nelson

Herman F. Newcomb
John A. Olson
James B. Phelps
Clarence R. Piche
Henry Prudenske
Paul A. Reardon
Julius T. Redjewski
Gilbert Ringen
Charles Roman
Fred Ross
John J. St. Lawrence
William L. Schuster
Edgar H. Setzkorn
Fred Slade

William T. Snodgress
Charles H. Steiner
John P. Steinle
James Sullivan
William F. Thiel
Andrew E. Thone
Frank A. Tillman
Frank Van Wonterghem
Clarence R. Vaughn
William M. Weatherly
Oscar L. Weppler
Leslie C. West
Soren Westerbo
Elmer G. Wolner

Officers Formerly With Battery "E"

CAPT. WILLIAM B. WESTON
1st LIEUT. CARL H. BAUER
1st LIEUT. MERLE R. STONE
1st LIEUT. FREDERICK S. WINSTON

2nd LIEUT. ULYSSES G. GISH
2nd LIEUT. FERNAND H. PINCOFFS
2nd LIEUT. FRANK W. RAMEY
2nd LIEUT. SAMUEL V. WINQUIST

Men Formerly With Battery "E"

Nels Anderson
David R. Balsey
Lee A. Banker
Byron W. Bennett
Orra N. Bible
Jess M. Bliesner
Fred Borton
Otto Bouzek
David J. Braithwaite
Paul H. Brewer
Sup. Sgt. Matthew Brossard
Ray E. Bullis
Alfred Buser
*Sgt. George E. Campbell
Rudolph C. Cecka
Peter A. Check
George Chunath
Joseph H. Cockroft
James E. Coggon
Clyde W. Copas
Charles A. Copus
John A. Cornelius
Charles H. Cramblett
Albert Crawford
Milton L. Croninger
Harry H. Cull
Antone Dach
Stanley J. Damask
Ever M. Danielson
Lee B. Davis
Philbert P. Derusha
Eugene P. Dougherty
Cosmas Ducharme
Nels S. Ege
Edward W. Eichorst
Joseph Einberger
Clarence J. Erickson
Theron L. Ewing
Ole J. Forde
Sheldon Fox
Godfrey W. Fredrickson

Harold F. Gilmaster
Louis Goplin
James Gorman
George A. Groves
Reuben E. Hage
Lee C. Hansen
Louis Hanson
Orvis L. Hart
Helon N. Harwood
Henry F. Hasse
Julius J. Hatlan
James Haugen
Frank Hayek
Dan Hazen
Francis E. Heinrich
Walter H. Helsaple
Albert J. Herpel
Frank E. Hickok
John M. Hild
Clifford H. Hinkle
Conrad P. Holt
Joseph Homes
Gus Hoyt
James Hubka
*William F. Huffman
Earl F. Ivers
Mike Jakowlew
Ab Johnson
Alfred E. Johnson
Edwin W. Johnson
Peter Johnson
*Corp. Howard K. Jones
James H. Kautman
Frederick J. Keller
Edward D. Kelly
Ercell G. Kendrick
Paul P. Keyes
Frank Klingberg
David Knobbe
Carl F. Knoll

James Kocian
Ignatz Koller
Joseph B. Kotlewski
William H. Kramer
Joseph P. Lacke
Leo L. La Pointe
William L. Layde
Theodore Lee
Laurel W. Leigh
Joe Loof
Tony Ludvik
Herbert M. Lundgaard
William D. McCarthy
Oscar A. McKittrick
Ray Mallo
Charles Mezera
Joseph L. Mezera
Walter L. Miels
*Owen P. Miles
Mess Sgt. William Miller
William P. Mills
Thomas H. Mitchell
Everett E. Monroe
Otto C. Mortenson
Rollin A. Mullenix
Murl A. Muller
Frank J. Murnen
John R. Murphy
Harry C. Napp
Elmer G. Nelson
Charles E. Neumann
Guy E. Newton
Frank Nickel
*Sgt. Ralph E. Nuzum
Frank O'Brien
Joseph Olson
Paul R. O'Schaughnessy
Robert W. Paulsen
Leo E. Peckham
Paul W. Penshorn
Charles Phillip

331st Field Artillery

Frank E. PiVonka
William J. Poad
William J. Pohlman
Adam F. Pollman
Willard W. Pratt
Frank Pribyl
Albert Prochaska
Edward P. Prochaska
Joseph Pyfferoen
Lloyd E. Reddell
*Sgt. Edwin H. Reese
Walter C. Reichmann
Rudolph Rehr
Charles Rickliff
George R. Rinehart
Oden M. Roeberg
Charles E. Rose
Martin M. Rucinski
Clarence R. Runice
Mauthew P. Ryan
Richard E. Ryman
Leslie Sathoff

Mike Schreindl
William A. Schultz
Joseph J. Sczah
James H. Sharp
Leo M. Sherin
Joseph B. Shields
Joseph H. Simpson
Henry A. Slade
Joe M. Slobak
Charles P. Slough
Charles Spencer
William A. Stading
*Norman Stanley
Harold J. Stevlingson
John P. Storley
Corp. Ivan L. Swancutt
Frank Tesar
Arthur R. Thomas
Louis N. Thomas
Elias Tisthammer
James E. Tormey
John D. Trudell

William J. Tucker
George E. Turnmeyer
Murel L. Tyler
Maurice Ulsred
Constance VanWongerghem
Henry Volz
Isaac L. Wallace
Herbert D. Wallin
John L. Walworth
*Sup. Sgt. William R. West
Charles E. White
Joseph White
Frank Wilson
Fred R. Wohlrabe
Atley R. Wood
Frank Wright
Frank M. Wright
Fred Yanske
Emil C. Zarn
Edward G. Zeman

*Indicates sent to Officers Training School and subsequently commissioned.

331st Field Artillery



1st SECTION, BATT. E. 331st F. A. CAMP HARRITY

Cpl. Rinehart	Cpl. Ritscher	Nelson, R. A.	Bowerman	Aeschleman
Fletcher	Loyacano	Bonney	St. Lawrence	Cpl. Finley,
Ryan	Hansen L.	Sgt. Smith	Goodier	Weatherly.



Rossing,	Carlson,	Kessel,	Crone,	Copsey,	Wolff.
Cpl. Rettger,	Waltv,	Sgt. Barnes,	Cpl. Tiedeman,	Lammers,	
Swan,			Slade,	Bushong.	

331st Field Artillery



Sharp, West E. C. Cpl. Harrington, Svobodny, Cpl. Braithwaite, Gregor
Cpl. Post, Fitzgerald G., Adams H., Hansen R., Schuster
Berg, Brewer, Sgt. Toltzien, Blakely, Stumbo



Dahl, Johnson A. H. Newcomb, Cpl. Durning, Steinle, Olson Bennie
Cpl. Adams, Geerdes, Roman, Klein, Cpl. Kelley
Weppler, Sgt. Harrison, Rosemeyer, Johnson C. E.

331st Field Artillery



Ubler, Gorman, Landberg, Snodgrass, Wolner, Steiner
 Himley, Buyck, Betz, Freed, Dudley, Kraft
 Cpl. Alexander, Sgt. Clark, Cpl. Gundersen



Fitzgerald C. W., Cpl. Grim, Cpl. Lindsay, Cpl. Baker, Anderson C. L., Bruha,
 Piche, Larson, Davis, Gentes, Dary, Kneeland
 Sgt. Marsh, Thompson, Sgt. Schwartz, Cpl. Sibley, Sgt. Quick

331st Field Artillery



6th SECTION BATT. E. 331st F. A. CAMP MERRILL

Kehms,	Setzkorn,	Lund,	Freiberg,	Prudenske,	Thiel
Anderson D. R.,	Boardman,	Dillon,	Kaufman,	Johnson F. C.	Erickson F. B.
Phelps,	Cpl. Springsteale,		Sgt. Francisco,	Cpl. Summers	



7th SECTION BATT. E. 331st F. A. CAMP MERRILL

Liskey,	Thone,	Fritz,	Kappers,	Reardon,	Hirmer
DeWitt,	Johnson A. J.,	Benish,	Redjewski,	Sullivan,	Dunbar
Kraska,	Lee,	Sgt. Quimby,	Cpl. Bilkey,	Dunn	

331st Field Artillery



8th Section, BATT. E. 331 F.A. CAMP MERRITT

Erickson A. D.,	Nelson J. R.,	Westerbo,	Vaughn,	Tillman,	Schultz
Molberg,	Foster,	Ross,	Wenzl,	Van Wongerghem	
Haugen,	Rayner,	Hart,	Moldenhauer,	Moran	



1st Section, BATT. E. 331 F.A. CAMP MERRITT

Schuetz,	Slama,	Fowell,	Stevenson
Schilter,	Lenz,	Lindner,	Johnson G. T.
Sgt. Laemle,	Sgt. Grange		

History

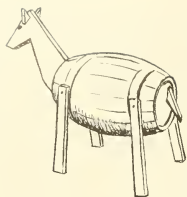
ON the 29th of August, 1917, Capt. Charles B. Stuart and Lieuts. W. M. Allen, F. C. Foltz, C. D. Whitney and F. H. Pincoffs reported during a dust storm for duty with the 331st Field Artillery which was organized the same day under Col. William McK. Lambdin. The first Morning Report of "E" Battery showed one Captain and four second Lieutenants present.

On the sixth of September the new officers watched the first men of the Battery, fellows from Iowa County, Wisconsin, clamber out of trucks which had brought them from Rockford. They were a cheering, talkative lot, round-faced Balsley, little Bible, and Bilkey in the glories of a civilian collar. Blakley looked almost as though he might be married and Brokish seemed hungry, but Finley was pushing past Ewing and Herpel to nudge Keyes. There was Kendrick, Johnson, Pohlman, and Russell Quick, neat as a pin. Big Doggie and Miller made Rinehart feel more in proportion but Grange did not feel a bit military. Sherin, Thomas, Harrison; Toltzien, Hansen, Reichmann; Monroe and Wolff. These, thought the officers, were the fellows who were to make up the Battery and uphold the Battery through all eventualities, and they were very contented. They thought that they were going into battle with these men whom they were going to train, that surely they would be leaving with them and others yet to come, in sixteen weeks. Go across in sixteen weeks! Sgt. Formon of the 16th Cavalry, Pvt. 1st Cl. Thiele of the 10th Field Artillery, and West from the 1st R. O. T. C. were there to help with the training so things progressed rapidly. Wenzl and Kotlewski came and were put to drilling and policing up with the rest. Bill Miller was perspiring over the setting-up exercises and Bill Grange was becoming terribly military. This all took place in what was later Headquarters Company's Barracks. In a week the fellows were over in their own quarters with Charley, the cook, handing out chow.

On the tenth of September, about seventy men from Richland, Wood and Crawford Counties arrived and found their bunks all in shape for them. These fellows in turn stuffed ticks for sixty from Iowa County who appeared on the twenty-second. Then training started in real earnest. The men did not have full uniforms but went about for two weeks some with hats, some with shirts, some with leggings; many doing the facings and hikings in tennis shoes. The fellows pitched tents on the bank of a dried up stream and soiled their extra under-wear with yellow mud. Lieut. Pincoffs led off the platoons for muddy encounters at hand-ball and indoor with "D" and "B" Batteries. The recruits became crack shots on fake pistols mounted on wooden frames.



Richland Center Men Leaving Home



In the middle of September Headquarters Company was organized and it drew its future Top Sergeant and many of its best non-Coms from "E" Battery. Now Campbell, Reese, Thiele, Quick, Finley, and Nuzum were sent to a Sergeant's School. Others were made acting Non-Coms and began a friendly competition for permanent places.

In October, twenty-seven men from Iowa County started in and made the rest feel like veterans. Then work on real Artillery drill commenced. Lieut. Pincoffs had one of the fellows draw a picture of a ewe-necked horse and the Lieutenant explained where the head and tail and other important parts were.

Mullenix constructed some graceful wooden mares which were life-sized anyway. At least they were realistic enough to drive Lindner into the kitchen for all time. Last but not least the Captain had soap box drill, the instruction most essential for making a perfectly trained Battery. A box of Palm Olive soap was the caisson and one of American Family, the Piece, and the Hobs wore a neat path about them. It was during these days that the fellows started guard duty, walking post with sticks picked up from the rubbish dumps they were guarding.

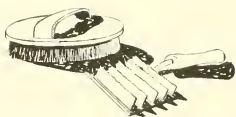
At this time there was a great deal of confidence established between officers and men. The first days of the Battery, the fellows found out that they could not get by with anything on the Captain, when a man had been discovered trying to get a furlough under false pretenses. Now they made a still greater discovery, that despite all the dread Articles of War, after all there was no one shot at sunrise. They found that their officers were working with them and for them. When Puggy Bilkey got his big box of eats he discovered the officers could appreciate "pasties" as well as the men. There were two events which happened at the close of September which Harrison remembers very well. First, the Battery got its first seventeen horses and learned to groom them and dodge them; and second, Battery "A" had a Hallowe'en party which he and Harrington found inconvenient to attend. The Captain had made a choice of horses pleasing to all—ours was to be a Black-horse Battery!

Up to November the Battery was more or less an aggregation of individuals forced together by an Act of Congress, but after this it became an organization, with a real feeling of solidarity. Perhaps it was because the N. C. O's were made then and the fellows felt that they had an interest in the Battery's doings; perhaps it was because of the hikes together, over to sing under Turkish Trophies; perhaps it was because the heating plant which was running now, made the Barracks a tenable place evenings, that the men felt closer in touch with one another. The fellows began to stay "home" in the recreation room and hear Davy Thompson cackle and listen to Chunk tell about the Border or have a game of billiards with Groves and Sgt. Formon while West took a bath in the supply room. These were pleasant days in the Battery. Gradually the equipment was beginning to arrive and the men were learning a little of the real Artillery game. They pulled two 3-inch Field Pieces into the corral where Lieut. Foltz taught them to lay off deflections. Then the horses kept coming in little groups making it harder and harder to groom, but at the same time giving the better choice of mounts for equitation classes. The fellows at the expense of the horse's shins learned to mount and spattered about in the mud learning to do calisthenics on bare-back, while others led the horses with death-like grip on their halter shanks in mortal dread of having to change places with the riders.

Charley, the none too sanitary civilian cook left, and Bill Miller was put in charge of the mess with Cooks Grange, Schilter and Cockroft to help him.

Soon Bill had the best kitchen in the Brigade and the second best in the Cantonment. At this time Kelley, Brossard and Marsh joined within a few days of each

other. Kelley started riding Blue-Bebe and Marsh became Battery clerk, while Brossard went to work, proving the failure of the Democratic Administration to the Battery. Now most of the men had an opportunity to go on pass, usually with a black necktie in their pockets and puttees wrapped in newspaper under their arms.



There was one day, however, on which they did not go on pass. The Captain, availing himself of his skill in reconnaissance and use of defilade came into the mess hall unnoticed and unheralded with the result that they had their day of Thanksgiving in the Battery, or rather in the mess hall at Bill's dinner,—Turkey, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, cider, mince pie, salad, nuts, cigars and cigarettes.

In sixteen weeks they were to leave, but the sixteen weeks came and went and still they lingered at Camp Grant. They piled the coal in great piles in the center of the fire break and the snow drifted around it and the coal details struggled out on it with their numbed fingers week after week. The fellows had lips blue with the cold as they went mechanically through the equitation exercises about the frozen bull ring. Bundled-up as they were they could prepare to mount, but the mounting was a different question. During all this time there was no sign of leaving.

Gradually the Battery became depleted. Nearly every week a little group of four or five would go to the Infantry as Casuals or to some special branch of the service. Then the fellows realized what it meant. Their division was not going to leave but the men were going to be used for replacement except as many as would be needed for snow and coal details and to groom the horses.

All this time, the Battery was perfecting its organization. Sgt. Formon was made First Sergeant and Corp. Toltzien was made Stable Sergeant and blew himself for chevrons. Poor old Nuzum received his sergeancy one day while cleaning cuspidors. The excellent N. C. O. School which had been conducted by 1st Lieut., later Capt., C. D. Allen and Lieut. Vernon Welsh closed its first term. The grades of "E" Battery in the final examinations were higher than those of any other Battery in the Regiment.

Soon after Nuzum received his stripes, Schultz lingered too long at the door of his lady's dwelling and froze his ears to alarming proportions. Evenings the men played the phonograph and figured out some possible way to avoid grooming. For a long time Bilkey had been contemplating marrying before going over seas but he had not had the courage to say the word until Doggie ventured, then he spoke and set the date for Christmas. Those Christmas passes! How the fellows brushed and rubbed and pressed with that defunct electric iron. Of course "E" was on guard. This required quite a number staying to open Red Cross socks and groom the horses. Shorty Lenz corralled for them. Mary's Lamb, Snorter and their comrades had imbibed a lot of Christmas spirit and were venting it on any who came near enough to receive a greeting. This made the little Christmas crew eager to see the fellows back.

When they returned, however, the fellows did not come alone. Hoium carried back a tiny, blotchy rash. This was the beginning of the measles epidemic which lasted through the heaviest part of the winter. After Hoium, Laemie came down and others followed. Each morning at breakfast the men looked for the man who might be trying to conceal symptoms of the disease, for the quarantine dated from the most recent case.

To break the monotony of the quarantine, Nuzum and Jones got up a New Years party. Lieut. Bauer was on hand with one of the wooden horses. Rehr bounced around on his limber joints and Snitty, Pohlman, Harrison and Ryan sang. Lieut. Bauer and Lieut. Swearington had an altogether too realistic boxing match. After eats and some songs and toasts the Battery returned upstairs and extinguished the lights a few minutes before midnight. When the hour showed



up on Nuzum's wrist watch, Bruha blew taps and Thiele representing the Old Year hobbled through with a couple of pocket flash lights trained upon him. Then Bible blew reveille and Marsh, in pink pajamas to represent the New Year, bounded in.

The measles quarantine ran on. Lieuts. Bauer and Foltz constructed four aiming circles. Sgt. Clark, although just recovering from a tragic day in charge of quarters and a boxing bout with Baker, manned the aiming circles in the recreation room and won his sergeancy by the skillful way that he manipulated his sheaf of fire. Sgt. Toltzien

led the last of the horses into the corral and Lieut. Whitney was issued some harness for his drivers to commence cleaning. Sgt. West, Sgt. Campbell and Cpl. Jones went off to Officers Training School. They later were transferred to Saumur, France where they were commissioned. Brossard succeeded to the empty supply room. He issued out gas masks to the Non-Coms. who after many hours drill, hiked to the Base Hospital. Here they froze their flutter valves taking gas in the cold chamber. After the Non-Coms., the rest of the Battery had the experience. Sgt. Formon and Trixie continued to show the fellows how to become masters of themselves and their horses until Lieut. Stone, Gish and Winston appeared and assisted him. Now it was possible to have two bull rings at once, giving all double opportunity to show their proficiency.

The ninth of January brought an end to the quarantine, Stevenson and Wee started off to horseshoer's school and the Battalion field piece was pulled into the new addition to the barracks which thereafter became the Gun Room. The Battery was divided into cannoneers under Lieut. Allen and Lieut. Pincoffs, drivers under Lieut. Whitney and Lieut. Foltz, and the special detail under the Captain, Lieuts. Winston and Stone.



The fellows availed themselves of their freedom from quarantine to visit their snow bound homes where lots of little brothers and sisters were having their usual visitations of measles and the grippe. These complaints were promptly brought back to the battery so that on the twenty-fifth the delighted Doctor again put the Battery under quarantine. This time to check the spread of the epidemic, the Non-Coms were rooted out of their frigid home in the addition and this inviting place was reserved for the suspects. Here Dary went around looking for his lost voice and Harrington strummed Joe Olson's violin. Walty was there and Groves and Keyes, all just ill enough to feel nihilistic and cross.

If it had not been for Major Hayes and his ever-present walking stick which had such a faculty for finding dust, and for the canteen man, life would have been unbearable; but this excellent officer kept us military, and the man in charge of quarters and "Last Chance Tonight" kept the fellows stuffed with eats. As Sgt. Formon and Frisco had had a little diversion of their own from the quarantine in the Orderly Room one day, the Top Sergeant and Bill Miller got up another entertainment. Most of the men were too homesick and disappointed to rise to the occasion but Brossard rallied the scattered pep as best he could and pulled a speech from Nuzum and Mullenix and got Baker to crack his voice singing "Prairie Flower." In the midst of the party, Lieut. Allen entered and mildly asked when the party was going to begin. Nuzum the hero of the evening ended the day by receiving a black eye which Bill Miller's best beefsteak could not remove.

Up a long in February, except for a little ride Lieut. Allen took on 135 and for a little chase Sgt. Toltzien and Lieut. Bauer had had out on the Target

Range among the bullets, the Battery had had no public exhibition of its horsemanship. Now at length the time arrived. The whole Battery formed in an unsteady line in the Regimental street. They were riding with blankets and circlings. No one who beheld that long line of fours passing through the center of Camp an hour later, each man master of himself and his steed, would have realized the terror in the hearts of the valiant troopers as they felt their hands grow numb with cold and feared to shiver lest they should disturb the equanimity of their mounts. Out past the Base Hospital, they went to where they could see the slender lines of dough boy skirmishers advancing from trench to trench.

"Here," said Major Gaddis, "are the enemy Batteries and here their Infantry. You see our Infantry before you. It is our task to take up a position in that draw and give the enemy the necessary amount of Hell." This was the first time the Battery started to go into position. However, "E" Battery furnished the escort for the funeral of Major General Sibley at the Base Hospital. The cannoners sat with arms folded on their caissons, stoically facing the drizzle while the drivers polked and tugged at the green horses to keep them from doing something indiscreet.

On the twenty-sixth of February, Capt. Stuart left for Fort Sill and Lieut. William B. Weston, who had joined the Battery the day of the second quarantine, took command. On the first of March the first Cl. privates were made, twelve of them. A few days later Kelley took the fatal step and brought his wife to the Battery where he started his honeymoon by standing inspection. The Battery organized another party. This time it was a mock trial. Sgt. Miller was arraigned for cruelty to animals, impersonation of an officer and Gawky. Lieut. Bauer was president of the court, Sgt. Nuzum was counsel for the prosecution, Brossard for the defense. The prisoner was convicted of not carrying his crushed horse home, of wearing a black necktie, and of staring at a passing grandmother.

The penalty was K. P.

The quarantine dragged itself out. The latter part of March, however, was one of the most discouraging periods of the Battery. The organization had advanced, but in ways which were not at the time noticeable. At this time the men's surroundings were improved and a mess fund started. From the Battery Fund the Captain had been able to purchase supplies with which Doggie finished off the woodwork of the Recreation Room and Mess Hall as well as put the tables in good shape. A billiard table which had been purchased some time before was now paid for from the small fees charged for using it. The fellows had gotten new records for the phonograph. The Officers had worked Chicago friends to furnish the Battery with a host of books and magazines. The Captain had subscribed for many others. Bongard and Lenz had made good in the kitchen and the

BATTERY E BOYS WIN GUN CONTEST.

In a gunners' contest between Batteries A, B, C, D, E, and F of the 331st F. A. at Camp Grant last Wednesday the gun squad of Battery E, composed of Serg. Edwin H. Reese, Corp. W. S. Smith, Private Edward Harrington, B. F. Fowell, Henry Adams, B. A. Copsey, P. W. Pensborn, Wm. Pohlman and L. H. Rhinehart won the contest. Reese, Harrington and Adams are Iowa county boys.

Clipping from the "Dodgeville Chronicle."



fellows were boasting of our mess. The N. C. O's. had come to feel confidence in one another and in their ability to hold down their jobs. There were, however, few rainbows in the Battery sky. The men had drilled on the materiel at hand until they were stale on them, yet additional equipment was not forthcoming. The detail was trying to do reconnaissance work without saddles, the cannoners who had won the Regimental Contest in "March Order" and "Prepare for Action" had worn out the sight shank cover and torn the copper lugs off the dummy shells. The drivers lacked the harness necessary to properly train the horses. The quarantine had ruined the N. C. O. School. A private went on detail policing up the Barracks practically every other day, mounted guard every seventh day and this usually meant walking post those long drizzly nights and then dragging hay in the mud of the stables all the following day. When he was not on guard or K. P. he was on detail at the Remount or Quartermasters. There were few days he had left to drill, and drill days were grooming days. With so many on detail there were few except Non-Coms left to help him with all the horses.

On the twenty-sixth of March Lieut. Weston left for Fort Sill and Lieut. Allen took over the organization. It was at this time that gripe had a shot at the Battery. The N. C. O.'s suffered most. Doggie took sick. Bilkey of course followed suit. Swancutt laughed at him then he too went off to bed. Sgt. Formon said he was never ill, but by afternoon he had joined the large majority. When Brokish fell he made his last will and testament. He said he was not hungry then, he only wanted toast, poached eggs, some fried ham and potatoes, and a little dessert. A short time before this, Bill Miller had been made Regimental Mess Sergeant, leaving Grange at the head of the Battery cooks.

Now with better days the Batteries of the Regiment united their materiel for mounted Artillery drill. A Battery at a time swept down into the hollow and devoted the morning to "Counter March," "Right into Line," and every possible mounted drill formation. By this time the men had rather given up all thought of soon going over seas, but April brought a rumor that set things going again. The Brigade was going to move, to take its horses and materiel up to Sparta, Wisconsin. The Brigade had a chance to feel how it would be to pass through towns on a mounted hike on Rockford's Liberty Day, when the Battery dolled up its horses and took part in a Divisional parade. Even before this the Battery had gone out on a Regimental hike past the Barry Home. It was here that Corp. Brokish became experienced in digging latrines. One of the first signs of moving was a Regimental Review when the Battery's two carriages and long line of black horses swung across the parade.

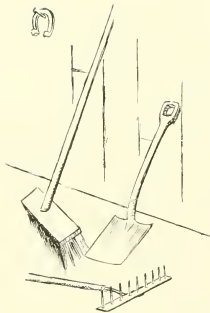
Compared with the long lines of the mounted review, Col. Lambdin's Boys looked rather small in number a week later when formed on foot to receive their colors from the Wisconsin Society of Chicago. The men were deprived of their week-end passes by the event, but it meant a lot to them. In the simple, direct speech of the Commanding Officer the fellows had it brought more clearly than ever to them that the Colonel was confident of what they could do and was deeply concerned for their welfare.

There was a second Regimental Review with increasing rumors of the Brigade pulling out. For the first time in months new men began to arrive. Davis, the Battery Artist, Scout, Camoufluer, and Bowerman of the First Section; Walt, Ritsher, Miles and Huffman. This gave the men new assurance. They felt that the Battery was going to amount to something after all.

The last days of April Lieut. Allen left for Fort Sill to attend the School of Fire, and Lieut. Foltz became Battery Commander.

Just at the time when Sgt. Formon became definitely at home in Rockford and all his thoughts centered about the scene of his recently acquired tranquility, then it was that orders came for him and for the rest of the battery to drag off to far away Sparta. On the thirteenth of May the little Battery was moved upstairs to make room for "casuals" who filled the space made vacant. The N. C. O's were put to drilling these new fellows and to teaching them how to

groom. After hours Niederosky and others of the late arrivals set to teaching the Non-Coms. how to box, and to promote boxing. On the second of May the Battery with the rest of the Regiment left for a night hike. All afternoon they swept through New Milford and about five-thirty entered a large field in a creek bottom. Here picket lines were put up and supper cooked on field stoves. Tents were struck along towards eight in the evening and the horses led back. "Boots and Saddles" was blown and the fellows slung on the saddles in the dark. There was backing and twisting as the men tried to get the frightened horses in line in the dark. Fours were formed somehow and the long shadowy line moved off. At first the column jogged on in silence except when the hoofs would ring out on a bridge or culvert. Later the fellows started singing the "Caisson Song" and the "Long, Long Trail." It was midnight when the guidon of "E" Battery passed under the arc-lights of the Regimental Street.



The Big Hike was to be made with all the horses, although many of them had never been out of the corral. It was up to somebody to accustom Margaret, Mary, Snorter, Dynamite and the rest to the road. Finley, Bonney, Rayner, Sharp, Hart, Wolff, Forst, and Ryan were the men for the job. Along the ups and downs of Kishwaukee road they thundered until the horses' flanks were wet and their spirit greatly reduced. For three weeks, the fellows all decided they would go the following week, but the next Monday would develop nothing except Inspection, Grooming and Harness Cleaning. Then came the night when all strung down to the Supply House and dragged back big, new-smelling saddles and straps which Laemle, the new acting supply Sergeant worked at until a late hour. The bed sacks had all been emptied and the fellows had checker boards tattooed all over their bodies from the springs of the steel cots. Would the day of the hike ever come? Or would the horses come down with the glanders or some other disease the last minute and keep the Battery in the crowded barracks waiting and wondering?

They received the pick of the Casuals—fifteen fellows—and dolled them up with red hat cords. Now it was that Nuzum and Swancutt left for Officers Training School where they later received their commissions. It was the morning after this that the Battery was lined up behind its saddles before dawn. There was no doubt now, the Battery was going to pull out. What cinching and uncinching! What narrowly averted fights there were when two claimed the same mount! A few minutes after the bugle sounded the Battery broke from the corral and inundated the Regimental area with escaped horses tied together in threes—their riders in hot pursuit, with peaked looking Artillerymen all entangled in the ropes of their two led horses. Calmly through the dust and the flying horse blankets, the guidon and the two carriages made their way, the Battery gallantly re-forming behind them. Over the bridge and through Rockford the Battery went with the rest of the Brigade, a few particularly untamable horses going around by a less noisy route. The clatter on the pavement ceased, the Battery crossed the steel bridge following the Black Hawk Trail out of town. The stragglers returned and discipline was again supreme until a street car passed and scattered the horses over an adjoining corn field. Beyond Roscoe was camp and water for the horses and Davis, only a few miles away. The men remembered the long hours of bareback drill as they rode down the stream without saddles. At Roscoe the Captain, who had returned from Fort Sill the first day of the Hike, put Sgt. Thiele in charge of



the picket line detail, Sgt. Clark in charge of the Officer's tents and Brokish over the latrine detail consisting of Jakelow and Moberg. The Captain made the Non-Coms responsible for keeping the column closed up at a walk and giving the horses proper attention.

The next day the Battery reached Beloit with its crowds and flags to startle the horses. Far on the other side of town was camp, high above the river. The 333rd, which walked, bathed and splashed in the river as the weary, dusty horse regiments came up and the batteries groomed and washed harness. On Thursday the Gypsy-like column passed through Janesville and camped far from water on other hills. The narrow creek where the horses drank was churned to mud by previous batteries and the animals plunged and floundered but refused to drink. "E" was the last battery to leave this camp. The men could see the maroon guidons and long grey wagons of the Medical Unit take the ascent behind them. A thunder storm struck the Battery as the men left camp to water at Brooklyn next day. The clouds of dust from the squall startled the horses and blinded for a moment the drivers. Then came the week end at Madison where the home-folks came down to the Fair Grounds to see the fellows and where the town entertained them. The whistles blew as the Boys swung down the road for Tokem creek. Here it was hard to get a drink for the horses but easy to get one for the men. After the Hurricane at Poynette when the tents dropped at the first crack of the storm and the cold rain drenched the men, the Brigade reached Portage. Here the horses, by now broken in, took little notice of the good sized crowd that greeted the column. It was about this time that Corp. Marsh left the Horse Artillery for the motor drawn!

It was at the sloping camp beyond Portage where the Red Cross girls came with ice cream cones and smokes, that Lieut. Pincoffs and Lieut. Winquist left suddenly for Camp Jackson. Thursday the fellows rested at Kilbourne and took long trips up the Dells in little boats. That evening they started to dance in the street. Then out of the night they heard "To the General" blown. They were going to break camp. There was going to be a night march! The boys made rolls as big and soft as baby mattresses that night as they rumaged about for their equipment and groped and fought for their horses. Then came the long dull hours when the road was a grey streak in the blue of the night and the men fought sleep until it conquered and the lead ropes slipped from their hands. All next day the Battery slept in the rain and the mud of a marsh near Mauston. Here, next morning, the cannoneers had to repair the road with brush. During this day's march the Battery trotted for a considerable period, through Mauston and New Libson, so that night settled down on the Brigade encamped in a valley across the hills from Camp Douglas. The rocks and sands of the Sparta country were in evidence here. It rained the next day and the cannoneers had to struggle and strain to hoist the carriages up the slippery hills. Here there was a grade so steep and long that even the individually mounted men had to labor up this mountain. This was not at all unsatisfactory in the opinion of some of the fellows who had to walk anyway because they had not taken proper care of their horses. At night the Battery reached the stumpy hillside of Old Camp 15 where the supply train did not come until morning and the officers were without shelter. They built great fires to drive away the chill. Then came the last ride across the upland and down the gradual descent into the sandy valley of the south range of Camp Robinson with the Barracks just over the hill where Braithwaite greeted the Battery, his pipe in his hand. This was the twenty-eighth of May. The Battery soon made itself comfortable in its one-story barracks. On the third of June they



fired the first shot of the Regiment. This was on the slopes of Selfridge Knoll. Harrington, who acted as No. 1 of the piece which fired, braced himself so desperately that he keeled over when he pulled the lanyard. There were four guns but only two fired. Capt. Stuart had the first problem.

From the formation of the Battery there had been three great questions to answer. Can The Battery become organized as an efficient unit with unity of purpose? Can the men do the work of capable Artillerymen? Is the Battery fit to take its place on the line? The long dreary days of the winter answered the first question. They bound the men together and made obedience more or less a matter of habit. The big hike and the first day's firing answered the second: for the long marches with the led horses tugging on their wrists and the nights in the wet and in the damp pup tents had seasoned the fellows so that they were able to go at once into their work on the range and do efficient firing. Now for the third question, was the Battery fit. Now for the third task, to make the Battery able to hold up its end of the game.

The Officers realized that they had none too much time in which to accomplish this. Capt. Stuart started things off at once. He re-subdivided the Battery, gave Lieut. Whitney a bunch of drivers who could get the horses into shape, took the cannoneers himself and turned the special detail over to Lieut. Foltz. The drivers went to longing the horses. Each was given a couple of pets to conquer. Bennie had Margaret. Hank Adams had Shep, and Hart had E. P. Of course, Bonney was there and Corporal Finley with half a dozen lariats tied to his saddle.

Doggie Reese, Sgt. Thiele and Smitty, who had recently been made a sergeant, helped the Captain with the cannoneers. The gunners did box drill and more box drill but had lots of time to work on the real pieces.

The special detail under Lieut. Foltz went over the hills every morning with Sgt. Clark stepping it along on Brownie and Sib on his white-faced horse which would not walk for all his threats to knock out four or five of its eyes. Baker was there bobbing up and down on Blue Bebbe along side of Himley trying to hold the B. C. telescope away from his ribs. Sgt. Formon would bring up the rear on Trixie. While the telephone detail would rest under the trees, the other fellows would figure out parallaxes. While the instrument detail rested in their saddles, the signal men would pant up the hill rolling wires.

On the twelfth of June, Lieut. Weston returned from the School of Fire and Lieut. Foltz became executive. At this time four ugly British Seventy-Fives were issued to the Regiment. Soon after, the Battery started drill on them. The officers and men took hold of the work with lots of interest and enthusiasm and the results showed up in the firing. Every sixth drill day the Battery fired, now on the North range, now on the South.

Firing was always a big day. The Battery would form in the Regimental street. Each of the sections of carriages was furnished by a different Battery. The organization furnishing the material would also send over the drivers. "E" Battery had the fifth section. Every day there was firing, drivers from "E" would take out these carriages. This conglomerate battery would be drawn up in the regimental street on the day "E" fired manned by "E" Battery gunners and chiefs of section. Drivers and cannoneers would be dismounted. The Captain and reconnaissance officer would get their problem from the Colonel or Battalion Commander. Whistles would blow, the special detail would dash up and go

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MADISON



POYNETTE



PORTAGE

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left front into a circle around the Captain and Major. The Battery Commander in a dramatic voice would give the situation. It seems that the Red forces, mobilizing at Tomah, were advancing westward to take Sparta, La Crosse and the Mississippi River with outposts at the line LaFayette Pass—Point 17,—Hill 1060 (they might be given Sparta, but La Crosse, never!) The orders for the Artillery were: "Battery 'E' 331st F. A. will take up a position in observation, north and west of Selfridge Knoll, (generally chosen the day before). I am going out on reconnaissance, the detail will mark the route. The Battery will follow at an alternate walk and trot.

"Any questions?"

"Posts!"

Then the Captain would fan off at a fast trot on glossy little Seventy with the detail at his heels. Through their dust, the Battery would ride with the guidon aflutter and the horses struggling through the sand. At the turns in the road, the markers, sometimes placed by Sgt. Formon, would fall out, their horses whirling around and around, whinnying desperately and then dash off at a dead gallop when the signal was answered by the executive. Then the Captain and the reconnaissance officer would pick a B. C. station on some crest. Leaving the reconnaissance officer here, the Battery Commander and Scouts would reconnoiter a gun position and the signal men would reel out the wire, where it would be most in the way, while the instrument men, leaving their horses at a rendezvous in the brush, would creep up to the B. C. with their instruments. Following up the markers the executive with the Battery would swish through the Jack Pines and the fifth section would trot ahead. The caisson carriage would move up on the left of the piece carriage in double section column. Sharp commands would ring out. Cannoneers jumping from their hard seats would tug at unlimbering the piece and swing it into position,—then wait, wait, and probably drag the materiel fifty yards through the sand after the limbers had thumped away through the brush where the Top Sergeant concealed them and the drivers dozed. Then came the preparing of the piece for action, the setting up of communication, and the clatter of the opening salvo as the trails would bury themselves in the sand. Then at last came the fire for effect when the volleys cracked out and the smoke hung over the guns. Lastly came the long jaunt the tired fellows would have for camp, and the grooming and the cleaning which would follow.

Lieut. Allen returned from Fort Sill the first part of July. He then took up his former position as executive and a short time later the Battery had the privilege of firing the British Seventy-Fives for their first tryout in the Regiment. On the Fourth a platoon of the men went with him to Prairie du Chien to parade and patronize the old familiar hang-outs.

On the fifth, Stanley, the Yale Chap, Huffman and Miles left for Camp Taylor where, as usual with "E" Battery men, they all received their commissions. On the fifteenth of July seventy-five men from Minnesota and Illinois were transferred to the Battery from the Depot Brigade at Camp Grant. They were put under the instruction of some of the older Non-Coms and the rest of the Battery went on firing as usual.

At this time the problems became more difficult. There were battalion problems involving change in Artillery position and some work with barrage. The detail lost its markers through the foresight of Sgt. Quick a couple of times. The drivers quit longing Mary's Lamb and mounted and dismounted in the soft sand where there was small chance of breaking their necks in landing. Gas instruction was renewed now and this set Bilkey thinking. He rather thought this inferred that we would be going soon. The old men received the gas training as well as the newer fellows. The recruits alone however went through the gas chamber.

On the twenty-third, forty-two new men arrived late at night. Sgt. Grange had a feed waiting for them. Tents had been put up to accommodate the newcomers,—tents which were submerged with every heavy rain. On the thirty-first of July the new men were mixed with the old Battery and all started a com-

plete review of all previous instruction, including General Orders, from the simplest facings up through Artillery drill. There was Gen. Brokish schooling his squads in one part of the field while Tiedman instructed his flock in military courtesy in another. The rumors of going across became more and more in agreement, Sgt. Toltzien and Kelley and Sgt. Clark had no difference of opinion, the hour was about to strike which settled it. The Battery would leave soon. Corp. Marsh had a couple of squads in the mess hall checking records. The blacksmith heard a rumor that the horses were to go and letters from Camp Grant told of the rest of the Division being tready to leave. The instruction under the chiefs of section progressed so rapidly that the first week in Aug. the new men accompanied the Battery firing and took an active part. In order that the married men might commence saying good-bye to their wives the Colonel permitted them to be absent until reveille every day. The Benedicts availed themselves of this privilege heartily and put their whole souls into working up a dramatic farewell. Plans were laid to fire on the twelfth of August. Capt. Stuart, who had been Acting Major, had drawn up the firing orders and the cannoneers had filled the caissons and piled up the boxes. Kelley had borrowed a reel of wire from another Battery and all was ready when suddenly Sunday evening the order came that firing would be discontinued and the horses unshod, all except those of the detail. These fellows had one more glorious ride out on the North Range. Then the "advance party" left. Major Gaddis, Lieut. Foltz and Lieut. Allen, were the officers which the Battery had most to do with, who left. Sgt. Quick, Corp. Brokish and Slama left with them. That day every one was quite sure the Battery would pull out the following Monday and that long farewell would be staged.

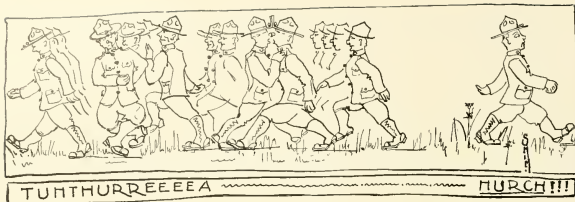
Sunday came and with it gang plank drill, but Monday passed with the same old Tattoo and the same old Taps and the same old barracks. A detail staked out some "Cars" in the sand. The fellows stumbled over them and became confused as to the proper way for one to enter a train. On the twentieth the Battery was measured for over-seas equipment, so for one night Ritscher's trip to Sparta was delayed. On the twenty-fourth most of the clothing was issued,—spiral puttees, blouses and trousers. With the equipment came instructions that any tar or other spots on these clothes would cause the owner to be plucked out of the Regiment and thrown into a Casual outfit where he would shovel coal and police latrines while his comrades made their pleasant journey over seas. This was not as difficult as was at first thought, for the horses were shipped away at this time. The Battery led them in a long line over the hill to a switch track in the South Range. Here first the cavalry horses were put aboard,—Smuttery Face, who had tossed so many, little Trixie, Seventy and Blue Bebe with his sore ear. Then came the Artillery horses, all except Mary who remonstrated a moment, kicking several of his fellow travellers out of the car. Though not half so crowded as the men were later in France, the horses were much less at ease.

September came with positively the last passes home and the last chance to visit Sparta. On Monday, the third, the men of the other Batteries of the Regiment lay on their bunks and watched "E" Battery go on with its foot drill as though it were to remain a month. However, the kitchen cars were then being gotten ready and on the fifth, after its necessary dismounted instruction, the Battery entrained. The train made up of Pullman Tourist Sleepers contained Battery "E" and Battery "F" and was commanded by Capt. Stuart. Bill Grange's kitchen car separated the batteries. Sgts. Reese, Smith, Clark and Toltzien commanded the different cars and helped Sgt. Thiele, who was Sergeant of the Guard, to keep the fellows on the train. When the train pulled through Milwaukee in the evening whistles were blown and red lights displayed. At the station the fellows got their first free Red Cross eats. Most of the night the train lay in the yards at Chicago in a stock-yard atmosphere. It passed through Indiana and Michigan the next day. At Battle Creek the Battery detrained and awkwardly went through some physical exercises. At sundown the train pulled through the Sarnia Tunnel into Canada. Where would they embark? On the seventh the Battery detrained

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before dawn and marched through the deserted streets of Niagara, Ontario, for a glimpse of the lighted Canadian Falls. All this day the train made its way across New York State passing along Seneca Lake and stopping at Sayre, Pennsylvania, where the Battery again stretched themselves. From late afternoon until dark the route lay along the Susquehanna River. During the night they were in the Pennsylvania coal country where the grimy mining village children reached up and struck the soldier's hands as the train hurried through. In the morning, after a long wait in the yards, the Battery detrained, clattered through the Jersey City Terminal and climbed on a Ferry. Here Marsh and Baker enjoyed watching the gulls. The fellows crowded to the rail for a glimpse of the city lying out there in the mist. Sgt. Formon pointed out the prominent parts of his little home town.

After an infinite wait on the cobble stones before the Long Island Terminal, the Battery crowded into a suburban train. About noon they detrained in the rain at Camp Mills. Here the Battery shivered in the flimsy tents and watched it rain. There were inspections and more inspections. All clothing and equipment was checked over and over until all felt equal to the dreaded ordeal at the Port of Embarkation. They forgot all this however when the Captain announced that all could go on pass to New York. How they crowded the taxis which dragged them into town for exorbitant prices! How they gathered in flocks and ambled down Thirty-Fourth street waiting for some one to think up something brilliant to do. Some found their way to Coney Island, some wandered around the Battery Park and some were all too business-like in enjoying their passes, but all came home safe and sound and sober. A few who had spoilt or soiled some part of their equipment had it replaced so that they could face the gang plank. At length the long dreaded day of reckoning arrived. All spots were rubbed off or camouflaged, the packs rolled and the Battery stepped off bravely. When they boarded the Ferry they were packed away where the horses go. The boat stood off for some time in the river and the fellow's apprehensions increased the longer they had to think of the merciless scrutiny they were about to receive. They were on the dock! They were at the boat, the Lapland! Names were being called and they were answering! It was over. They were aboard. There had not been any inspection! On the morning of September seventeenth, after a restless night in their jammed up hammocks on the port promenade deck, the fellows heard the whistle blow and watched her back out of her slip. There was the river again, with its crowded ferries taking people to their work in Manhattan,—old fat-faced fellows and a woman with a red hat who cheered enthusiastically. The big event was on. The Lapland was joined by other ships of her convoy in the lower bay. The vessels were convoyed by a battleship, a cruiser and at first by a flotilla of destroyers and chasers, assisted by a hydroplane and dirigible. The weather was calm, so only Landberg was seasick. The quarters were small and the food didn't taste the same somehow. The fellows tried to write and tried to read, to play cards and to talk, but they had not yet acquired the necessary virtue of patience. They wanted to get there. Several days out, the ship struck a cold current and some were confined to their hammocks. Little Nels Anderson was very sick and they carried him down to the ship's hospital. One evening, just before striking the Irish Coast, they dipped the colors and out over the convoy the Union Jacks dropped from the peaks and fluttered for a moment at half-mast. It was some hours later that the fellows of the Battery learned of the cause of this. The little Norwegian had ended his fight. The trip was not all gloom, however, by any means. On the second day out, the Y. M. C. A. came to the rescue with a batch of books. The Captain chose "Principles of Efficiency" while Newcomb read "The Virginian." The fifth day out two really young women belonging to the Y. M. C. A. happened in with a violin and a little play. The fellows forgot about the possibility of it getting rougher and even sang in several different keys. After this a little lady appeared and started preparing the fellows for their Arcachon and La Teste passes by teach-



ing them the French for glass and bottle. This day also the Captain had apples purchased with the mess fund for the fellows.

The tiny canteens on board were being used far beyond their capacity but since Sgt. Reese was M. P. Sergeant, he was able to get the Battery more eats. On approaching the submarine zone the danger increased because the fellows were ordered to sleep in their hobs and serious injury might have resulted if some who slept in the hammocks had fallen out, shoes first, on the men who slept on the tables. One by one the convoy diminished until there was a time when a single destroyer conducted the transports. On the twenty-seventh a flotilla of British destroyers sneaked up and convoyed the steamers the rest of the way.

The next night while Battery "E" was on guard the first sign of land appeared. They could make out the flicker of a lighthouse, which was on the Irish Coast. On the twenty-eighth the boats passed within sight of the rocky Ulster Coast. A little later the island of Ishnay and Cantyre, Scotland, rose out of the mist.

The Lapland lay off Liverpool until dawn when it passed into the Channel and cast anchor. Packs were made and the fellows waited impatiently for the time to land. First the cooks left with a few extra K. P.'s on a little boat. At eleven o'clock the Battery was lightered across to the wharf in a crowded little steamer. At the pier the Y. M. C. A. gave the men cards with a neat message already upon them telling how they had had a glorious trip and that "games and light exercises" had "furnished diversion" during the day. To all this the fellows solemnly perjured themselves and dashed up the street where they formed. England from their first impression seemed to consist of big walls and rough paving stones, of cattle pens guarded by cocky bobbys with all the trappings of American Generals. They swung through the streets beset by a mob of red-cheeked penny-begging kids who climbed all over Frisco. How the deuce those youngsters could be warm with their bare knees while the Battery was freezing in their overcoats was more than the men could understand. After dragging their packs over the paved streets until the houses seemed to blur altogether in one long streak before their tired eyes, they were told they would be in Camp in a few minutes. A mile or so more they marched. They were still a few minutes from camp. On again past parks and public buildings. They were still only a few minutes from camp. At last they did arrive. There in the mud and the wet were their tents. Not all the Battery made the Knotty Ash Hike. Some were too ill to be moved from the boat. Others arrived in motor trucks. Of these Lee Hanson, after a big fight for recovery, passed away in a Base Hospital near Liverpool on October first.

The Battery waded back and forth among the conical tents and "rested" a day. Tuesday morning the word came that they were going. They policed up the tents, shouldered their packs, and plodded off. After they had gone a block or so, they halted and waited, did squads right about and marched back to the putty-like mud. They occupied other tents after their return, which were larger and more comfortable. After a bath in the municipal swimming pool the next

day, they made a fresh start. This time they were successful. They boarded the little cars that made them think of the hacks which show up on the streets when there is a street car strike in America. They got on through cattle pens, lowing like a herd of Holsteins. Through Birmingham and Crewe they rattled past Wolverhampton and Warwick, clinking along in the tiny third-class carriages. Sgt. Clark thought they would pass through London but they turned south at Reading and stopped a moment at Oxford. At eight o'clock the train halted at Romsey and the Battery was chased out into the street where an hour and a half's walk brought them to camp. Here they rested in larger and more comfortable tents. All morning the fellows stood in line for hot chocolate in the fairly well supplied "Y." The Sergeants were on pass here to Romsey. Sgt. Clark and Sgt. Laemle returned sober. Bill Grange thought quite a lot of Busby in the mud as he and Doggie congratulated each other on everything in general. The Battery went to see an old cathedral where Lindsay went astray. Later in the day all had a hot bath.

On the fourth the men dragged out of Romsey and tramped eight miles of old Roman road to the American Camp at South Hampton. Here all ate corn beef and listened to some little boys singing songs about the Kaiser's daughter until they were rested enough to drag on to the wharf. Then they climbed around on their packs and looked for canteens a couple of hours finally boarding the "Antrim," a small channel steamer. All gathered in a big sleepy sea sick heap in a salon below decks and felt the boat jar and shiver as it sped along the Isle of Wight into the open Channel. "E" Battery was on guard. The men struggled over the limp bodies of the sea-sick bunch, posting reliefs as best they could. At midnight the vessel cast anchor in Cherbourg Harbor. The fellows had arrived at last—arrived in France! The boat drew up into a slip in the midst of the quaint white-walled town and the men disembarked every which way. They rallied in line at the guidon. Off through the narrow streets the fellows went. They hiked through the town out to a dreary camp site above a picturesque chateau. Here a fatigue officer was waiting with a long list of details for the Battery. The men cleaned latrines, and hustled Q. M. Stores, and the Corporals stood guard all night against Flu germs. The next day the Battery lined up in the rain for rations—not exactly like Bill Grange's—and took a dribble of a shower.

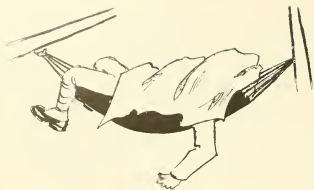
The afternoon of the sixth the Battery hiked to town among the French peasants with their Sunday clothes and crawled into the side-door sleepers which were waiting for them. The sign on the cars said: "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8" (Forty Men, Eight Horses), but some of the cars were only large enough to hold five horses, so they put only thirty-eight men in these!

They passed through Caen during the night and awoke at Argentan. Here Gundersen exclaimed: "I can't comprehend why you fool Frenchmen can't understand your own language!" The train, made its way south. The fellows munched their bully beef and tomatoes and bread three times a day and watched the train whistle through LeMans and Angers. Night came and the crowding and cussing and tramping necessary to exhaust the fellows into slumber. There was one man who had plenty of room, but none particularly envied him.

Morning found them in Brion. They passed through Niort, Saintes, entering Bordeaux after eating their evening corned Willie. The train went on through the



WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS
A FRIEND



night and took a siding at La Teste. Here the men unscrambled themselves and tried to shave and even washed. They stretched their legs and purchased a breakfast in the town for untold Francs.

After shivering for an hour or so at La Teste they trailed out through the pines to Le Courneau, or Camp Hunt. This was October ninth. The men were given five days to rest. They constructed double-decked bunks in the low, rambling barracks which looked like the houses

of a Russian village with their thatched roofs and sides. "E" Battery happened into two barracks with dirt floors and two good wood floors. While the dirt floors were being covered with a dust-like concrete the fellows occupied the first two barracks alone.

On the tenth the Captain called the N. C. O's together and told them what he thought at the time was the situation. "Conditions are very different now from what they were at Camp Grant or Camp Robinson. They are very serious. It is up to us now." It was the same old issue again—would the Battery be fit to take its place with the batteries of the line. It was the same old issue brought back to the Battery again, this time with startling vividness,—the task of making the Battery able to endure and survive. For the first time events at the front seemed to have significance for the Battery. The critical period of the second Chateau Thierry drive had long passed. Now the Germans themselves were getting into a precarious position. Would their lines break and the thing all end before "E" Battery moved up? It seemed impossible.

On Monday Lieut. Lunt who had seen service at Seicheprey and in the Toule sector, joined the Battery. The next day work was started on the nifty French Seventy-Fives. Lieut. Allen and Lieut. Foltz who had been at La Courtine rejoined the Battery. Lieut. Foltz, appeared a few days later with a silver bar of First Lieutenant. Corp. Brokish rejoined the Battery where he could get enough to eat. Sgt. Quick and Slama came back at this time also. Lieut. Whitney had the training of the telephone detail, Lieut. Foltz of the instrument detail, Lieut. Allen and Lieut. Lunt worked with the cannoneers. The telephone detail started session under Sgt. Quick in the mess hall. The instrument men started figuring corrections of the moment while the cannoneers fought for chances to work on the guns. These fellows were divided up into three sets on Oct. twenty-third. They would leave long before Assembly to beat the other batteries to the Seventy-Fives. At this time some men who showed proficiency in the gun squads were made N. C. O's. Corp. Harrison was made sergeant and Barnes, Gundersen and Rettger, Sommers, Springsteele and Durning were made corporals. Then the schools started. There was the Radio School where Sib and Father Kline went. The Machine-Gun School where Springsteele taught the rest of the section the finer points which he felt were too deep for them to grasp at first-hand. At Signal School, as Kelley often narrated, practically all the men received grades of 95 or 100%. Sgt. Schwartz and Corp. Lindsay represented "E" Battery at Reconnaissance School by trailing their plane table through all the briars and brambles of the Range. The Gunners and Chiefs of Sections attended Materiel School along with Mechanics Schuetz and Slama. It was left to Brokish, the veteran latrine construction artist, to attend Emplacement School and learn how to shovel French earth. Davis and Durning wove protective screens at the Camouflage School. The men who were left amused themselves digging trenches and constructing corduroy roads. When not so engaged they had gas drill and gas games. On the thirteenth the Battery received its Chariots de Parc, big wagons which were

331st Field Artillery

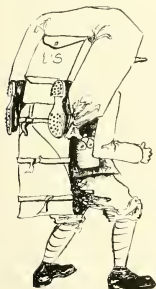
surely not chariots and which would seem out of place in a park. Three of the Seventy-Fives were issued but some French brakeman had switched off the car leaving the fourth in some lumber yard or other by mistake. On November fifth the Battery fired for the first time. Unlike Robinson there were no flying Guidons nor restless horses. They did not even play their little drama about the position of the Reds and Blues. The guns had been dragged out to the Range at some previous time. The fellows fell out and hiked over to the Range as to any other formation. The Officers climbed up in their Tower and shivered while the guns were gotten into shape. Then the Battery would fire, fire, fire, from one until five. "E" Battery had had a wild Hallowe'en party the night before, but the fellows had sobered up since then so that they were able to shoot tolerably straight. Each Battery had its guns out on the Range for a week. The following Sunday "E" had its turn. They dug pits around the guns and on the eleventh of November the Battery had exercise climbing in and out of the ditches while firing high explosive shells. The 333rd and 332nd fired at the same time the 331st did, so there were guns hammering out shrapnel and shell all along the dreary Range. On this day the armistice was signed, but this made no apparent difference in the training program. That evening when the fellows dragged in, they threw themselves on their bunks and argued on the relative merits of Holsteins and Guernseys as usual. Far more important than the armistice was pay day which took place on this eventful occasion. From this time on gas masks had to be carried, slung like Albatrosses of unrepentant ancient mariners around the necks of the men.

Four days later the Battery donned fatigue suits and hiked to the far side of the Range where they fired with direct laying at a canvas green and yellow "tank" which was dragged along by a cable. Here Corp. Quimby who had received his warrant when Barnes was made Sergeant, won his Sergeancy by accurate shooting. This was the time when Corp. Summer's football team started active operations against the hostile forces of the other batteries. Frisco, Ducky Barnes, Alf, Stumbo, Happy, Wenzl, Powell, Peppy Little Van, Newcomb, Ernie Schwartz, and Ryan splashed around in the mud with their fatigue suits. Lieut. Whitney gave them a few effective plays and with little or no practice they took the field. Luck was against them from the start. Summer's knee went bad. Newcomb had a pass to La Teste. These casualties with other misfortunes gave their opponents the upper hand. The fellows fought hard but they never succeeded in shaking their hoodoo. The Battery was not engrossed in athletics then, the big thought was still that of preparation. On November eighteenth the Officers fired a tricky flank observation problem with the General there observing their fire.

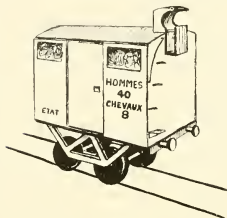
Then came on Thursday, November twenty-first, word that there was to be a problem in bilateral observation. Lieut. Foltz and Corp. Schwartz had worked out methods for facilitating observation. The cannoners, dolled up in fatigue suits, gas masks and tin kadies, were in excellent practice. Sgt. Quick and Lieut. Whitney had their plans all laid and Grim set out for a distant tower.

Then the word came. There was to be no problem. There was to be no more school. Everything was to be turned in at once. The Brigade was to make itself ready to leave on short notice. As the French paper girl with the black dress had said on the eleventh, "La guerre etait fini," as far as Battery "E" was concerned.

The war was over as far as "E" Battery was concerned. The men had stuck together and learned the technique of the thing. Out there on the flat, muddy range they had made the Battery fit to take its place with the batteries of the line. Now the end had come. They were not needed up there in the sleet and the



cold. They were through. What was going to happen? What was the attitude of the fellows going to be now that the purpose of the last year was suddenly removed? Now that everything was over before it really started? The fellows thought of home and the life ahead of them but it was hard for them to see clearly what they had accomplished. Yet they had done much. "How the Battery would have performed" cannot ever be answered. Yet the task they had completed really amounted to something. They had learned a great deal, learned much for each man to take back with him, and learned to play the game and all it means,—to work together, to stand what was necessary, and not really complain, to think and act quickly, to consider the other fellow, to take things as they came whether hardship or turkey. This was all proven by their conduct after November eleventh, the most difficult period of all. They did not go through the mill up there and many almost wished they had. They did not miss their best friend's names in the next morning's roll call and get used to "that sort of thing." Every one was thankful that it was not necessary to do so, but they became thoroughly willing and ready for it, and the length of training had much to do with this.



Yes, the war was over as far as Battery 'E' was concerned. The fellows, however, had another job to finish. They had to get home. The men thought all they would have to do would be to march up to a line of box cars, crawl in, then crawl out onto a boat, but day after day the crazy French trains shrieked on their way to Cazaux, yet there were no cars on the siding for Battery "E." The Officers had trying times thinking up enough to keep the men busy. Of course there was the materiel to turn in, but this was done all in a single day. They crammed the big Chariot de Parc full of saddles and leather equipment and

dragged them down to the Q. M. in short order. After this there were only four things left to make up the Battery's program,—games, dismounted drill, physical exercise and hikes. Of all these the hikes were the most successful time consumers. Day after day the Battery trudged around the loose sand and the briars and the long, muddy roads. At first they merely hiked across the Range. After this they grew more venturesome. On Friday, November twenty-ninth, the Battery zig zagged across the hills and through the wet holly bushes to the sea. When they got there the one and only inhabited cabin did not have nearly enough vin rouge to supply the demand and Harrison was not at all captivated by the view of the sea. On Dec. third Lieut. Allen led the Battery through the dry sand paths about Cazaux and along the shore of the lake. Here the fellows again had dinner, jam, tomatoes, coffee and bread. After the eats were policed up the fellows were allowed to make their way back as best they could. Some tried to beg buttons from the German prisoners, some even aspired to apply for a ride in one of the many airplanes. Some just ducked their heads and plodded into camp.

There were many short hikes to Cazaux and back and hours of dismounted drill and physical exercise. On Thursday, Dec. fifth, the Battery fumbled at their packs, jammed in their shelter-half, pins, rope and blankets and fifty or sixty pounds of other junk, it seemed to them, and started a new march to the sea. This time Baker, who had been implicated in several other hikes, went a day in advance, apparently to find the roughest road. The men swung out under the dripping pines over a winding, loose sand trail. At the ascent of each hill their packs grew heavier and Baker's life became more imperiled. At length they trudged across the dreary plateau to the sand eight inches deep and discovered their camp site stretching before them with Sahara-like barrenness. Their only consolation was that the Medics were suffering with them. Their tent pegs pulled

loose in the soft sand and the mist became so thick that their fires were only a blur in the darkness. Damp and cold and stiff yet in much better spirits than they expected to be, they stirred up their fires and blackened their mess kits with breakfast. How good the stuff tasted with the smell of the fire on it! This time as on the other hike the Battery was let loose and promptly got lost in the brush. Some came out near Cazaux, others near La Teste.

There was one redeeming feature about the hikes, they trained the men for their week-end pilgrimages to Arcachon and La Teste down the long, desolate, uninteresting road. It was five miles to La Teste and three miles farther to Arcachon. The distance did not for a moment discourage the fellows. Many preferred to remain in camp and saunter from booth to booth along the Western Front, cracking nuts and chewing down grapes, or, if they were so inclined, sitting in the crowded, noisy, canteens, where the Vin Sisters, Rouge and Blanche, were entertaining in such a captivating way. These fellows who ventured inside would sip and converse, drink and argue, until the buildings began to sway. Then they would return to the barracks, where they could fight out the great question of how many glasses they could stand with relative security. Although the battles on the "Western Front" were full of strange adventures and many bottles were downed, many engagements won, and many Francs lost, most of the fellows in the battery preferred to have their week-end pass to La Teste or Arcachon. Here the men would wander about the crooked streets buying gorgeously colored table tops and flimsy scarfs until their francs were all spent and the M. P.'s would begin telling them it was forbidden for them to remain in town after nine o'clock. Week after week the Non-Coms who went to Arcachon would patiently listen to this little set speech of the M. P.'s then leisurely stroll off to their hotel. With the exception of a few more daring adventurers who were forbidden to go there, yet wandered there any way, none but Non-Coms visited Arcachon. It was at La Teste that most of the men spent their Saturday afternoons.

While the Battery pumped Dary and Kessel for rumors of leaving and gleaned authentic information concerning the boat they would sail on from Casuals at the Y. M. C. A., Lieut. Sterne of Brigade Headquarters gave them talks on World History. His lectures started the twelfth of December, and continued with an occasional interruption until the seventeenth. In a clear, interesting manner he took up the Rise of Democracy. Starting with Egypt and the civilization of the Tigris and Euphrates Valley, he spun out the growth and decline of the great World empires. He told the story of Greece and Carthage and Rome. He lectured on Caesar and Christ and finally gave a talk on the relationship between the United States and the British Empire. After this the relative merits of Vin Blanc and Vin Rouge, of Cheshire whites and Duroc Jerseys were left undetermined, and even the great question of whether they would pull out "tomorrow" or the day after was laid aside for a brood of brand new arguments over Caesar and Cleopatra and the English Constitution.

All this time the chances of leaving seemed to be lessening but on Sunday, the fifteenth, at Retreat Lieut. Foltz read the greatest order ever issued. It said something about leaving by rail Thursday.

As Lieut. Sterne would have said, it was a long cry from the battle of Marathon to Gas Tractors. Yet this was the next course at the mess hall university. Capt. Weston gave the fellows a little fatherly advice on purchasing tractors. Wednesday night brought a rumor that the Battery would not leave Thursday. Kneeland's heart sank. Thursday brought a brighter rumor, the Battery would pull out Friday.

Consequently the next day the Battery was drawn up in line with full packs. The men were going. Supply Company was actually on its way. They were going. Lieut. Allen gave the command. There were the box cars again. The men thought they were going home.

Yes, they thought they were going home. However,—

The fellows jammed their packs away on the cars. These horses cars were

more luxurious than the former ones. They had seats. Away the train went to La Teste. Here it waited some time before it decided which way to go, then on to Bordeaux. It must have gone here by force of habit for it had to back out and start in all over again. Somebody thought that they saw a ship at one place, but apparently this was not the one the Battery was to go on. The fellows sang and joked on the train and in Sgt. Thiele's car Fitzgerald warmed up to a sermon and Davie Thompson sang "When the Roll—!" A dog followed the Regiment so the train had to stop frequently to let the canine catch up.

Some time in the night the Battery tumbled out into a sand bank where they tramped along the track to camp. Through the drizzle the Battery could see the bright lights of its barracks. Again they were at home.

The men thought they were going home at once. However, morning brought no word of leaving. The men inquired as to the name of the camp and discovered that it was Camp de Souge. They policed up the tidy tile barracks, filled their



bed sacks and settled down to stay a while. Saturday, Sunday and Monday the fellows stayed listening to the "Unpardonable Sin" and learning more about gas engines, loitering about the Y. M. C. A. and even learning a little about platoon drill. They watched the 333rd march away and heard that their own length of stay depended on their Military Discipline. All the rumors about grooming mules and driving them to Bordeaux, however, were silenced Monday night when it became known that the Battery would move out Tuesday.

On the next morning, therefore, December twenty-fourth, the Battery shouldered packs for the trip. The evening before, two blankets and some of the heavier equipment was turned

in and sent ahead on trucks. The men had not slept much that night without blankets. When the whistle blew they thought they were going home at once. However,—they marched a block and halted going a mile in an hour and a half! By now the rain was coming down in torrents. The men swung out of town, through the woods and scrub timber, to St. Medard with two halts on the way. From here on the country became more civilized. St. Medard merged into Gizag. Now out of the latter village, a kilometer or so, the Battery halted for lunch. The fellows ate their bread and jam and corned Willie and beans, carefully policed the cans as per instructions, and jogged on through Haillan. They followed the street car past an ever increasing number of shops. The pavement got harder and harder. They figured they had already made two or three hikes to the sea. Surely Bordeaux was just around the corner. Surely their camp would be in Bordeaux. A few kilometers farther and they were at Cauderon. Then it was not long before they began to enter the outskirts of Bordeaux. Down the long narrow street they trudged, singing that National Anthem beginning "Cheer, Cheer," and the song about the maiden who pushed the baby carriage. Despite all the mademoiselles there were at hand to Ou-la-la at, it seemed as though the road had no end. The Battery could not fall out down town in the crowd, so after a short halt it moved out and down to the water front. Would they embark on that steamer which lay ahead of the column? Headquarters Company approached it—they were going by.

The men thought that they were going home!

Over the Garonne they marched and through the hogs and cattle of the eastern

part of town. Far ahead was a hill, standing out indistinct in the dusk. Surely camp was near at hand. The men jogged on. They were at the base of the hill, but there was no camp. Only the steep road leading up the hillside. Surely the camp would be at the top. Yes, there were the barracks. The Battery marched right by them, and out into the open country. At last a second camp appeared. They were in the mud of its avenues. They clinched their fists for the final effort. "E" Battery found its quarters in the corner of the camp farthest from the gate. They were outside the barracks. The first sections were being given bunks. They had arrived. The men felt sure they were going home at once.

At the first camp they passed was a sign: "Embarkation Camp." The second camp had a sign, "Permanent Camp," which was much more to the point. The real name of this camp was "Genicart." It was the night before Christmas, and there wasn't a creature stirring either, nor did any one pull off a hundred yard dash the next day. The fellows sat on their bunks and compared blisters and backaches. They did not rest long. At one time this cantonment was known as a Rest Camp. When one bunch went out the rest came in! "E" Battery was on detail Christmas feeding clothing into the mysterious mill. Thursday "E" Battery was again on detail, this time in full force. The next day the Battery went through this Dedalian Labyrinth and came out alive. With all "issue" goods in their packs, the men marched down to Camp No. 1, through the gate and lined up before the long, low building. They threw their packs, leggings, caps, and blouses in one big heap and filed into the house of mystery. Here they stammered out their names and a lot of dreadful information about beneficiaries and back pay. Then they started shedding their clothing. Piece by piece was removed and thrown into the cans provided as the fellows shuffled along. Then they reached the door where a dignified Captain Doctor was posted. The next passage way brought them to a shower where they were washed up in shape to return to America. That is, if they could get by the medical examiners in the gallery ahead. One by one the members of the Battery slipped successfully past the searching eyes of the scientific looking physicians. They were going home now without any doubt!

From this room they entered a long winding passage where clothing of all sizes and shapes was thrown at them. "Do not stop to dress, watch the man in front of you, do as he does," the many officers called out, with dramatic emphasis. Armed with a shelter-half the fellow would plow along catching what he could, giving his shoe size at the overcoat counter and his hat size for the shoes. The gauntlet was run, the Battery rested and dressed in the little square box-like compartments of the next room. Then came the long drag back to camp with a fellow's equipment bundled up in the shelter-half like a family washing on Monday morning. They thought they were going home right away!

The next morning there was an important inspection by the Camp Inspector and his squad of assistants. Each had a separate grievance to look for. They followed each other in rapid succession, overrunning the barracks where the men stood at attention, helplessly. At last it was over.

The men surely thought they were going home at once!

The following days brought nothing but detail. Sunday was free and the men wandered about the Y. M. C. A. eating free apples and trading rumors with earlier arrivals. On Monday Lieut. Whitney rambled through Lormont with the Battery. They scratched the muddy backs of their fatigue suits on the low ceiling of a dark cave where it is said the Black Prince had once taken refuge. They scuffled around among the skulls in the crypt of the old square towered church and went up into the grounds of an old chateau where they could see far below them the American docks. The docks where the boats probably were which would take them "tomorrow." On Saturday the detail commenced in real earnest and every day the Battery trudged off to the Remount, the "Delouser," the Quartermasters or the Engineers. At the Remount they wallowed about in the mud. At the mill they hurried back and forth carrying the big bales of clothing

with five or six Casual officers following them excitedly. At the Q. M. it was bales of goods and bed sacks. They loaded trucks and carried equipment to the mill. When working for the Engineers they splattered about carrying logs and fire wood arranging it into other formations. "Men of the 86th Division," cried a sergeant who had heard Gov. Lowden speak at Camp Grant, "I envy you!"

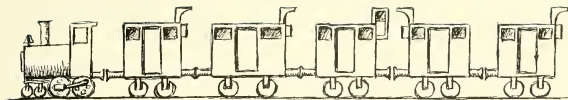
The men thought surely they were going home, but each day brought a new discouragement as well as a new hope. Saturday, January 11th brought the strangest rumor of all. The Battery was to go home via Marseilles. The day was set and everything. Sunday knocked the bottom out of this rumor to all appearances. The new week brought the regular schedule of details with nothing new except that the Non-Coms were set to work cutting out Black Hawk chevrons; apparently the men were going to be allowed to doll up in them. It was in the first days of this week that the Battery moved three or four blocks further from home to Hq. Co's. barracks.

On Tuesday the Captain told the Battery assembled in the Mess Hall after supper, that the regiment was scheduled to leave Genicart on the 18th but that "100 to 1 you will have a detail tomorrow." Sure enough he was right. However, this was the last. Just when the men's hopes were up again Sgt. Thiele was bundled off to the Camp Hospital with the mumps. He was one of several who met the same fate,—McHone, Gartman, Hoium, Forst, and Miller who broke his leg defeating the Non-Coms at baseball. In the last two days there was only one small detail. But the men took refuge in the "Y" where they felt reasonably secure from any eventuality which might arise.

Saturday, January 18th, true to the Captains prophecy, found the fellows packing their curios away as in Rinehart's model pack, Newcomb with his mediaeval rib, Lindsay with his lingerie, and Abie loaded down with Eveready blades and \$99 worth of silks. At ten o'clock they dragged out through the high wire fence and down the long winding slope which descended towards Bordeaux. It was over: the period of details, of delousings, and of waiting and the Battery had not been broken up into casualls after all. The regiment made its way through the outskirts of the city seeming to be intent on marching around it a couple of times before entraining. After many halts the column turned towards the heart of town, plodded over the long railway bridge across the Garonne, ran a block or two, and then waited around a freight yard for two hours until the train was ready to receive them. This time there were only 18 or 20 instead of 38 or 40 men to a car as had been the case in the trip down from Cherbourg. The fellows appropriated straw and spread it about the cars while the little train wandered past St. Medard in a south-westerly direction trying to find a track which would take it to Marseilles. Night settled down as the train pulled through La Reole with its gray chateau. After arguing out the amount of straw which each man was entitled to and breaking up enough card games and quartets to provide sleeping space, the men unrolled their top rolls, lost their toilet articles in the straw, contested for their blankets, crowded together in the most awkward positions they could assume without starting a feud, then dropped off to sleep.

They woke up in the vine covered eastern foothills of the Chevennes. A few minutes ride in the chilly early morning air brought them to Narbonne where the men were served coffee which tasted suspiciously like Scotch toddy. During the day they passed Cette standing out like a great white ant hill against the blue background of the Mediterranean, slipped along between the barren coast and the sea and detrained at Nimes for coffee at dusk. During the night they rattled through Tarascon and Arles and dragged through a long tunnel into Marseilles where they woke the following morning.

Here their train was in a siding along the quay. There was a "Y" canteen and places where the men could wash and fill their canteens. They rolled their upper rolls and tramped off through the dirty streets where an occasional street car or great long three horse cart drove the column half way up on the curbs. They passed through the iron gate of the yard of the steamship company. They entered



the dock. They halted. They moved on a few feet. Again they halted, this time to fall out, look through the chinks in the door at the boat tied outside and argue about it and get cigarettes and coffee from the "Y" women. The other batteries were called to "Attention" and marched off to the gang plank, and at length "E" Battery, too, moved past the last representative of Colonel Hennessey, yelled out their names and staggered up the steep gang plank. The battery went along the top promenade deck and it looked as though it was to have quarters in a pleasant part of the boat. Then down, down the steep steel stairways the fellows went below the deck, below the mess halls with their dingy tables and on beneath the other batteries to the lowest tier of closely packed bunks.

After getting their packs conveniently towed away, the men went up on deck and gave the Italian crew the once-over. The men set out at once to discover how far they could go and how much they could do before they would be stopped. They were not long in discovering this. After making out a lunch of hard tack and bully beef the men crowded to the forward deck where Moldenhauer and Durning and Toltzien and the others who had field glasses became exceedingly popular. There was an old structure out in the bay which Carlson told the men was the place where Monte Christo started his famous gambling Casino. There was a large cathedral up on the hill which reminded somebody of a country club near Dodgeville. So the glasses came in handy.

It was 10:30 in the evening when the "Duca d'Aosta" weighed anchor and slipped out through the maze of lights into the dark Mediterranean.

The conditions were far different from those coming over. Now the ship had her port holes open and her decks lighted. The men were not packed away in every corner but were given roomier quarters and much more freedom on the decks. There were no M. P.'s to stop them from throwing stuff overboard and few orders against Blackjack and Stud. However, the men did not feel as much in the mood for enduring hardships as they did when their Big Adventure was ahead of them. As soon as they saw the Italian crew they thought of macaroni and their thoughts were realized almost immediately. A smaller space was allotted to messing, so the men ate in shifts. In the confusion of the first few days there was lots of opportunity for Westerbo, Thone, Bongard, Bilkey and Sgt. Clark to test their voices, giving their views on how to properly systematize things. After this when the lightly ballasted vessel started bobbing up and down rather unmercifully, an increasingly large number lost interest in everything in regard to eating so that the little group which remained to draw the Battery's rations had few difficulties.

The first day out was calm and pleasant but on the afternoon of the second the great work started and the forward deck was covered with casualties lying in groaning heaps. Off to the starboard side were the Sierra Nevadas with their many colored shadows. These did not interest the majority in the least. They had more personal considerations to occupy their attention. Before dawn Thursday morning the steamer entered the harbor of Gibraltar and picked up a tug. An hour or so later she glided up to a collier and the coal barge was towed over and moored to the side opposite the coal boat. The fellows crowded the rail and told each other exactly what was going on. The vessel was coaling for the trip, Ross informed Corp. Brokish. All day the men of the Battery crowded the lower deck and watched the endless chain of coal passers shuffle by until their Anglo Saxon faces were as black and grimy as those of the little Spaniards who

were carrying the baskets of coal. In the middle of the morning a small skiff appeared alongside filled with oranges and created a panic around the rail. The men shoved and shouted frantically throwing their francs and quarters into the basket provider. A few minutes later other boats appeared and reduced the prices considerably. With the declining market, the men purchased in greater quantities so that by evening every extra fatigue blouse, comfort kit, pocket, trouser leg and gas mask case was jammed to full capacity with figs and oranges. Long before the trip was over and even before the fellows appetite for oranges was satiated, the fruit started to spoil and the men reluctantly threw it back over the same rail over which they had so proudly lifted it.

All the men who had been sea sick regained their equilibrium and looked for fortifications with Klein's newly purchased glasses as bravely as ever. The men had great arguments as to which was the African shore. Before the day was over the Moroccan coast was positively located on every side of the rock and the



GENICART KITCHEN AND MESS HALL

rock itself was given five or six different authentic locations. It was night when the vessel made its way past the searchlights into the narrow straits. The men watched the lights of the citadel and the villages along shore sink into the night with the greatest apprehensions. They could see great green waves tossing the ship about before they would have a chance to get themselves in hand. The next day, however there were not as many ill as previously on the Mediterranean. The ocean had just swell enough to maintain its respectabil-

ity. The fellows worked into the routine of the day firmly resolving if they ever saw that European shore again it would be through the windows of a first class cabin.

There was no Reveille as on the Lapland but the fellows got up with the first bugle and staggered around the wash rooms through first call, shouting "Here" when Assembly was blown although Sgt. Formon slept peacefully on up on top of a table on the deck above. After the debris of breakfast was cleared away and the hard rolls had been thrown into the sea, the Battery scattered over the deck. Some went up on the decks and watched the water and talked. Others huddled in the warm passageway beside the kitchens and slept, while the rest spread their khaki blankets over the tables, got out their matches and went to work. In the middle of the morning some unfortunate sergeant would go down to the ship canteen where Sgt. Schwartz and Lt. Foltz were working in the stale air distributing canteen supplies. The Battery would line up in the cramped space of the mess Hall for their chance at the ten Hershey bars and many packages of gum and cigarettes. At ten o'clock Sgt. Formon would rout out as many as he could of the fellows lying around their bunks and assemble the Battery on the forward deck where they had physical exercises if the weather permitted. While the battery was stumbling around on deck the Captain accompanied the ship commander and the Colonel through the quarters looking for orange peels and neglected soldiers.

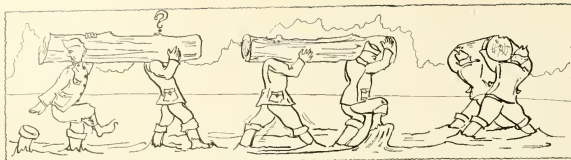
Dinner was always a matter of grave speculation. Besides the macaroni and

the hard rolls there was sure to be meat and something else. Now just what was that something else to be? Often times the men were not even sure of it when it was brought to them. It might be peas or beans or any other vegetable. After the macaroni was thrown overboard the men struck out to pilfer a book from someone or draw up in mysterious lines before the ships kitchens where the odor of broiling steak seemed to have a strange fascination for them. For it would be hours sometimes before they would leave and then their mess kits which before were not in evidence were now in plain sight. After supper, except for a few professionals who still had use for their blankets and a few who lingered about the deck, the Battery crawled off to bed, some on table tops, some nestled together in the hatchway like belated Shropshires.

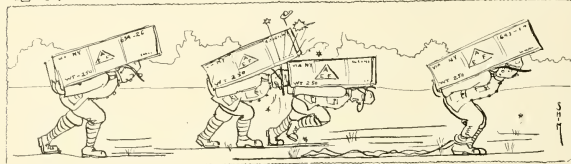
For the first three days out of Gibraltar the ocean behaved itself tolerably well and very few were ill. On Monday, however, a series of storms came up which lasted throughout the week. The spray came up over the forward deck so that quite to the delight of the Battery, physical exercises were unprofitable. Gradually the men disappeared below decks where they lay around and tried to sleep. Twice the Battery was on guard, watching latrines and kitchen passages. Except for an occasional new case of mumps there was nothing to break the monotony. The ship passed a few boats and the men amused themselves watching fellows get ducked by unexpected waves. Boat drill was discontinued very early in the trip so they did not even have the "Call to Arms" to break up the day.

On leaving Gibraltar the men expected to arrive in New York the second Saturday, but Friday night found them out under the threatening skies with no sign whatever of land. When the vessel travelled thirteen knots an hour in the Mediterranean, Bongard was sure that this was merely a precautionary measure taken against possible mines, and that she was capable of generating twenty knots. However on entering the ocean she continued at the same rate of speed. The men went down into the hot engine room where they were told the boat could go only 16 knots per hour. She seldom reached this rate for any length of time. When the rough weather was encountered the speed was greatly diminished. Saturday passed and the vessel was prophesied to arrive Monday. On Monday she was still many hundred knots from her destination. The only encouragement was that the weather became slightly colder. The fellows got out their overcoats feeling infinitely better. They were in a home atmosphere at least. Far off to the left in a storm the fellows saw a flash of lightning. "Good old Yankee thunder," the men cried as they heard the muffled growl. Home seemed a reality for the first time. Whatever might happen at Mills they would be in America anyway. In those blustery days a gradual change came over the fellows. Somehow that old civilian personality which had gotten warped and twisted by their army experience, came back to them. They ceased more or less to be cannoneers, drivers or special detail men and their thoughts were wrapped up in their previous employments. Many had held positions formerly of more responsibility than the ones they held in the army. The younger men who had obtained a more important position in the battery than they had before, were not going to be contented to go back to the same kind of work which they had left. The others by their army experience had begun to appreciate the opportunities they had had in their civilian business. All had gained a new viewpoint. It is true that they had lost their old personalities, but they had built up new ones which the old life of discipline had strengthened somehow. In submitting themselves to the best interests of the whole and in the fight to maintain as much of their own selves as possible, they had increased instead of lost their individuality. They had not realized this until out there on the ocean when they struck a fresh invigorating northern atmosphere. Then they set to planning out what they were going to do after the little breathing spell they had planned for themselves. They felt they had lost over a year in their business or work, yet they felt fully capable of making it up.

Thursday morning found the old "Duca d'Aosta" sliding along through the



☐ MEN OF THE 86TH DIVISION "I ENVY YOU" ☐



quiet water on even keel. Even the ground swell was scarcely noticeable in the lazy ocean. The men crowded the for so long abandoned forward deck and stretched their necks seeking land. In the afternoon several vessels appeared, the old liner actually passed one of these up. A low strip of land showed up all at once through a misty drizzle. At dusk the boat entered the outer harbor and cast anchor off Governors Island. A few minutes later the fellows heard a train roaring on its way along shore—Oh Boy! In the morning the last batch of hard rolls was thrown overboard, the men looked about for their extra lacings and tied up their well worn fatigue suits in their roll. Up the steel steps they climbed dragging their heavy packs. It did not seem possible that the trip was over. They slipped past the statue they had talked so much about, in the blue of the dawn when all the buildings of Manhattan looked purple in the smoke haze which surrounded them. There was the dock with a doughboy band and a detachment of Red Cross misses to greet them. The boat was swung around into its berth with Italian oaths ringing out above the band. The men waited and waited while the Red Cross pelted them with oranges and newspapers and representatives of the telegraph companies took messages for all the aunts, cousins, uncles, wives, mothers, fathers and maiden friends of the battery. The Battery disembarked at the 59th street pier and ferried over to Weekawken where it took a really truly train to Creskill, N. Y. Up through the comfortable livable village they tramped to the "dirty" or receiving camp at Merritt. The whole battery was here with the exception of Horal who had become very ill on the boat and had been left in a hospital to recuperate. The men lay around and ate pie and sent additional telegrams all Wednesday night. Thursday, they went through another "mill" standing around for twenty minutes in the clothes to be steam dried, then hustling about getting things exchanged.

They contrasted their thoughts at this time with those of the other occasion when they were in New York. Then all seemed so uncertain which was now so clear. They had wondered at the adventure ahead of them, wondered whether they would prove fit and if they would survive, and it had all been so different. The trial had not come to them, yet they had found so many difficulties of which they had not dreamed. Now that it was all over, it seemed so simple. All the maze of detail had blurred away so that there was little left except a few ridiculous incidents. So much of the stay in France; so much of the trip back which had

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seemed dreadfully serious at the time, now that they were in prosaic America, seemed just a matter to laugh over.

Thoroughly renovated, they were moved over to the clean barracks. Here they were free, but they did not perform any of the orgies they had planned to stage upon their arrival back in America. They gazed on the natural, matter of fact looking American without breaking out in any ecstasies. They bought a Hershey bar or so, but they left the canteen with its stock apparently quite intact. They ventured to the gates but none of them boarded the 8 o'clock train for Chicago. Three big events happened in the course of their stay at the clean barracks. They received all their back mail for two months, Bill Grange fixed up a feed, and the forty Minnesota men were separated from the Battery and sent to Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa. With them went Lieut. Whitney. Lt. Lunt, whose home was in the East, was the first member of "E" Battery to be mustered out. He received his discharge just before the men left for Camp Dodge.

Between buying pies at Merritt Hall and going on pass to New York, the fellows spent the six days at Merritt before they knew it, and on Tuesday, Feb. 11th they were at Dumont waiting for the Pullmans to move out. It was a treat to be in really truly cars. It seemed a far cry to the old days when the Battery fought for its bunch of straw in the old "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8". They had a glimpse of the Hudson at sunset, passing along the river past West Point and turning west at Congers. They awoke at Syracuse and detrained at Rochester. Then on through the little towns that looked for all the world like home with the children scuffling in the street and the vigorous old farmers riding by with their empty milk cans, accompanied by tittering, self conscious girls and complacent middle aged matrons. They saw Niagara again, this time in daylight and fringed with ice. From here they entered Canada passing through Hamilton where night set in. They awoke at South Bend, Indiana, rattled through Valparaiso and arrived at the Polk St. Station, Chicago in the middle of the morning. Here they detrained and proceeded across town to the 1st Ill. Infantry Armory. Then in a downpour of rain marched through the loop in a column of platoons. They went down Michigan Ave. past Gen. Wood and the Colonel who stood in a Reviewing stand by the Art Institute. At the Library they went west to State street, followed State to Jackson then up La Salle, past the Rookery Building where Captain Stuart's office force leaned dangerously far out of the windows. A welcome dinner was enjoyed at the La Salle Hotel. Then a brief dance at the armory.



"E" SECTION OF MARSEILLES TRAIN

At nine o'clock they arrived at Grant. As they tramped up the long cold street it seemed like any other perpetually moist camp of France. They entered the barracks, unslung their packs and threw them down. One by one all the hopes which had blossomed out in regard to Camp Grant were blighted. There was always some order about clothing or something which held the fellows in Camp after supper. The men were so full of plans of what they were going to do when out of the service that they begrudged every minute in the camp. Much to their own surprise they did not lose all discipline but hustled about quite as obediently as ever. They had a physical examination and went through the proper work



mill. A farewell banquet was staged Wednesday night at the Elks Club where there were speeches and much of the old line.

When it came to mustering out, the men found it a very prosaic event after all. Westerbo and Sgt. Quimby, Ross and Sgt. Quick, Tillman and Corp. Ritscher, all very submissively left the realm of martial law and went their way without any Phillippics against militarism, without any torrents of wild abuse being hurled against unfortunate non-coms and officers. Corp. Brokish, Sgt. Smith, Formon and the Captain peacefully went their several ways without their lives being endangered whatsoever.

There was only one thing left in the minds of the men of what had been the Battery, it was not vengeance, no, nor even the thought of a good square meal, it was Home!

Fitz went up to Duluth and his business, Davy Thompson set off with every intention of going out to Wyoming. Ross Grim left to make up lost time on



"E's" PLAYGROUND ON THE "DUCA"

the farm in which he had already put so much work and thought. Barnes made a line for Grand Forks and Sgt. Formon hit for Byron, Ill. It seemed as though the Battery had scattered to the winds and yet the men were nearer to one another than they had ever been before. Now that the work was done and the little annoyances of the everyday grind forgotten, the men could only remember how closely they had lived together and how intimately they had come to know each other. They were different men from the fellows that set off for Camp Grant in the course of the last year and a half. They had grown as a result of being with one another. The friendships which had sprung up almost unconsciously were deeper rooted than they ever dreamed. They had felt, each one of them, when they came into the army, that they were going among strangers who would not understand them and who would make their life disagreeable. It was hard to forget themselves and think in terms of the group. Now, as they were leaving,

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a strange feeling came over them. They wondered who was left that they knew back home, and then the truth dawned on them—they had come to feel a dependence on the companionship of the Battery. Each felt the need of the associations of these men for the best that was in him.

He realized that this development had already come, and he was going home the bigger for the associations.

"E" Battery was going to have its battle to fight out after all, not in France, but out there in the prosaic fields and offices of the Central States.

SHRAPNEL

PASSING THE BUCK

The Colonel calls the Major
When he wants something done,
And the Major calls the Captain
And starts him on the run.

The Captain then gets busy,
And strives to make it suit,
By shifting all the baggage
On a shavetail Second Lieut.

The said Lieutenant ponders,
And strokes his smooth young jaw,
Then calls a trusty Sergeant.
To him lays down the law.

The Sergeant calls the Corporal,
Explains how it must be,
Then the Corporal calls the Private,
And that poor Private's me.

First cry on landing in the States—"When do we eat?"

GOOD-BY, NAGS, I'M THROUGH

(Tune: Good-by, girls, I'm through)

Good-by, nags, 'Im through,
Each plug that I have met,
I'll say "Good-by to you"
Without the least regret.
I'm through with equitation,
You've no more fascination,
From stables we are free.
"Good-by, guns, good-by, nags
Of Battery "E".

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BATTERY BALLOTS

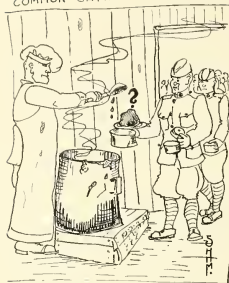
(Unanimously elected)

The best K. P.	Sullivan
Most popular detail	Delouser
Best natured man	Bill Grange
Biggest eater	Slim Vaughn
Best job in Btry.	Stable Sgt.
Favorite amusement	Change Post, Harch
Most popular bugle call	Soupy
Most unpopular bugle call	Reveille
Favorite gun	American 3 inch
Laziest man	Rinehart
Biggest rumor spreader	Finley
Lady's man	Davy Thompson
Gets up earliest	St. Lawrence
Sleeps loudest	Cleopatra Olson
Best singer	Constabule Brewer
Most conscientious worker	Corp. Sibley
Most military appearance	Sgt. Frisco
Best country struck yet	America
Best gold bricker	Gundersen
Favorite game	Squads East

SECTION MOTTOES

- 1st—Always first.
- 2nd—Up and at 'em.
- 3rd—Back seat for none
- 4th—Efficiency.
- 5th—Fighting 5th.
- 6th—The policers.
- 7th—Kitchen stars.
- 8th—All for the chief.
- 9th—Gold-brickers.
- Spl. Detail—Follow us.

COMMON SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED



IT'S ALL THE SAME
TO ME

WHO REMEMBERS—

his 1917 Thanksgiving pass?
when Slade fired No. 4 gun?
when Chung played the piano all night?
Dillon carrying Vaughn's pack from Romsey to Southampton?
when Rinehart got hungry for pigs feet?
the night the Vin sisters and Madame Cognac attended our Hallowe'en party?
our first hike?
Corp. Baker mounting the wooden horses?
Lt. Bauer's lectures on horses?
when Brokish and Bongard came back from Chicago.
the day Corp. Swancutt joined the aviators?
John Olson's night singing?
Stanley at equitation?

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CHARACTERISTIC SAYINGS

"You got easy talking, but that ain't got nothing to say."—Wenzl.

"I'll make it five tuffer"—Weatherly.

"I guess you's don't want to do that, do you?"—Formon.

"Didn't think I'd like it at fust, but sure I don't mind it now."—Kneeland.

"Well, I guess it's none of your — dam business."—Kaufman.

"This is for my buddies."—Dad.

"Just like down town only not so crowded."—Kessel.

"Straight goods."—Cockroft.

"Is that clear to you? Are there any questions?"—Capt.

"Oh heck."—John M.

"We'll all re-enlist—" Fletcher.

"Now for Speed."—Lt. Allen.

"Od Damn."—Herbie.

"Put me on sick call." Sib, when a hike is mentioned.

"Work on him."—Whit.

"Fall out in five minutes, shelter half, tent poles, and pins."—Lt. Bauer.

"Just jimmy this around a little."—Lt. Foltz

"Just a moment people."—Frisco.

"Boys, Boys."—Grange.

"Har, Har, Har."—Bill Miller.

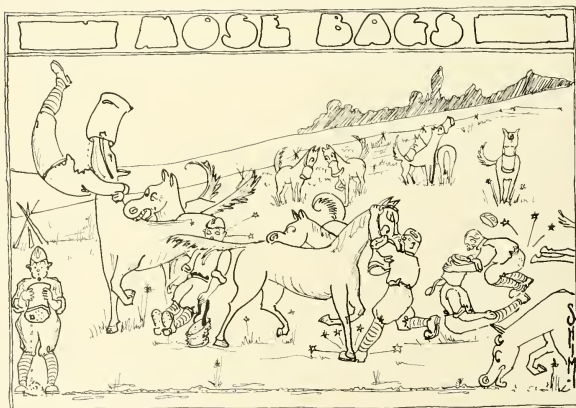
"Father says to me, sez he, 'Son'—"—Newcomb.

Btry. E's lucky 5th—June 5th, 1917 we registered. Sept. 5, 1917 Btry E's first contingent arrived. Sept. 5th, 1918 we left Camp Robinson. Oct. 5, 1918 we arrived in France. Best of all, Feb. 5, 1919 we disembarked at New York.

GENERAL ORDERS

Sir, my General Orders are:

1. To take charge of the spuds and all gravy in view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any stray bacon which may come within sight or hearing.
3. To report to the Mess Sgt. any bread or rice or red beans not eaten.
4. To repeat all calls for seconds.
5. To quit the table only when properly satisfied there is nothing left.
6. To receive, but not to pass on to the man next to me, any meat, cabbage, or prunes left by the Non-coms, buck privates, or cooks.
7. To talk to no one who asks for onions.
8. In case of fire in the Mess Hall to grab all eatables left by the others in their escape.
9. To allow no one to come near my table.
10. In any case not covered by instructions call Lt. Foltz.
11. To salute all pork chops, beef steak, ham and eggs, and chocolate cake.
12. To be especially watchful at all times and during the meal times to challenge any person or party who may get a bigger feed than I do.



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Wanted: A big assortment of garden seeds. Cook Lindner.

If you want to know the fastest speed a train can go from Milwaukee to Chicago ask Lt. Allen.

Kaufman's riddle—Where can I get it?

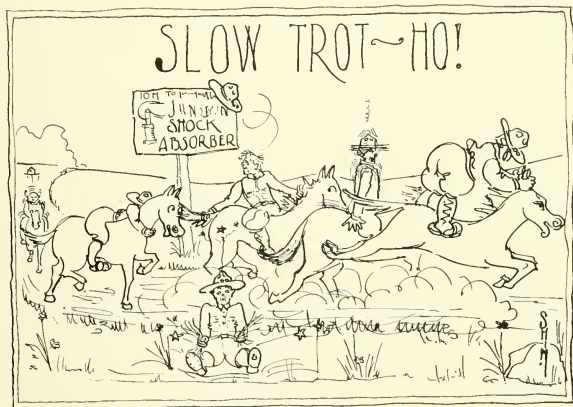
What were the necessities of the Camp Grant-Robinson hike? Jakowlew, Moberg and Brokish.

If you want to know how to get a car all for yourself ask Murphy.

Great government sale—to be auctioned off, one 1918 pack saddle, F. C. Foltz model.

For anything on pigeons (not chickens) ask Corp. Moldenhauer.

Found: That it is not possible to make one pancake big enough for Vaughn.



HOMMES 40, CHEVAUX 8.

Roll, roll, roll over the rails of France,
 See the world and its map unfurled,
 Five centimes in your pants.
 What a noble trip, jolt and jog and jar,
 40 we with Equipment E
 In one flat-wheeled box car.
 We are packed by hand, shoved aboard in teams,
 Pour a little oil on us and we would be sardines.

Rations—Oh, la, la, and how we love the man
 Who learned to intern our chow
 In a cold and clammy can.
 Beans and beef and beans, beef and beans and beef,
 Willy raw, he will win the war,
 Take in your belt a reef.
 Mess kits flown the coop, cups gone up the spout,
 Use your thumbs for issue forks, and pass the bull about.

Hit the floor for bunks, six hommes in one hommes place,
 It's no fair to the bottom layer to kick him in the face.
 "Move the corporal's feet out of my left ear."
 "Lay off Sarge you are much too large,
 "I'm not a bed sack, dear."
 "Lift my head up please from this bag of bread,
 "Put it on somebody's chest, then I'll sleep like the dead."

Roll, roll, roll. Yammer and snore and fight.
 Travelling Zoo the whole day through,
 And bedlam half the night.
 Four days in the cage, going from hither hence,
 Ain't it great to ride by freight,
 At good old Unc's expense?

BATTERY "E" PASSING OUT DINNER

Held at the Elk's Club, Rockford, Wednesday Evening, February 19, 1919

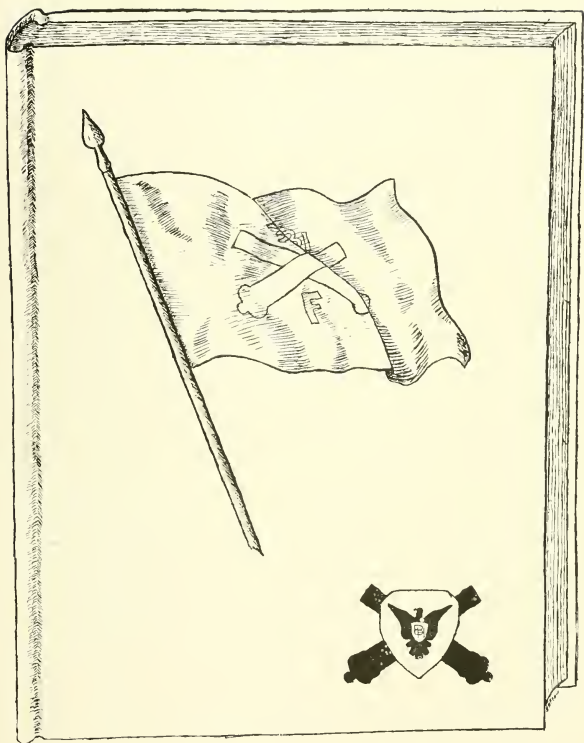
Toast Master & Mess Sergeant	W. L. Grange
Why are We Here	Calamity Jane
Why is a Hike	W. M. Allen
Why is a Gold Brick	Gundersen
Sunny France in a Box Car	Barnes
Why is a Private	Fitzgerald
Rumors or Telegrams	Kelly
The Old Battery	Brossard
Beans and Everything in France	Foltz
Why is a Stable Sergeant Overseas	Toltzien
Electioneering Speech	Brewer
Right Dress	Formon
6th Section Police Up	Clark
My Battery	Stuart

MOST OF US

When they ask us
 How dangerous it was
 They'll never believe us
 They'll never believe us

We spent our pay in some cafe
 And fought wild women all the day
 T'was the hardest war there ever was.
 And when they ask us
 And they are certainly going to ask us
 Why we did not win the Croix de Guerre
 We'll have to tell them
 Yes, we certainly have to tell them
 There was a front but d——d if we know where.







In Memoriam

Abraham, Lincoln Jr.
Baumler, George
Verenson, Charles
Volint, Joseph
Wurch, Russell M.
Deibelbis, Alexander S.
Geatz, George
Gray, Ralph L.
Haugen, Elmer

Lewis, Homer W.
Menth, Alphonse
Mahlum, Arthur L.
McDermott, Thomas
Roseman, Paul J.
Tucker, Frank
Toler, Albert W.
Wepking, Alfred S.
Zgiersky, Michal

They Died for Their Country



Captain Harold L. Myers

Born Aug. 27, 1887 at Chicago, Ill. Graduated from the University of Illinois in 1909 and entered the insurance business in Chicago. Enlisted in 1915 in the 1st F. A. Illinois National Guard and served on the border in 1916 as a corporal in Battery E. Commissioned Captain of Field Artillery Aug. 15, 1917 at the 1st R. O. T. C. Ft. Sheridan. Assigned to Battery "F" Sept. 1, 1917 and commanded that battery till the regiment was mustered out. Graduated from Ft. Sill School of Fire in May, 1918.



FIRST LIEUT. JEROME B. GRIGG

Born May 22, 1895 at Mount Holly, N. J. Attended the University of Illinois until the border trouble in 1916. Served in Texas with Battery F of the 1st F. A. Illinois National Guard. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant of Field Artillery Aug. 15, 1917 at the 1st R. O. T. C. Ft. Sheridan. Commissioned 1st Lieutenant December 31, 1917. With Headquarters Co. and Supply Co. before being assigned to Battery "F" Oct. 12, 1918. Executive officer.

FIRST LIEUT. EDWARD EISNER

Born Oct. 17, 1889 at Champaign, Ill. Attended the University of Illinois and the Royal Hungarian Academy, Budapest, Hungary. Was a Sergeant in the 1st F. A. Illinois National Guard on the border in 1916. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant of Field Artillery Aug. 15, 1917, at the 1st R. O. T. C. Ft. Sheridan. Assigned to Battery F Sept. 1st 1917. Promoted to 1st Lieutenant Oct. 18, 1918. In charge of Department "B."



2ND LIEUT. ROBERT T. WALKER

Born March 21, 1894 at Hinsdale, Ill. Graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University in 1916. Commissioned 2nd Lieut. of Field Artillery Aug. 15, 1917 at the 1st R. O. T. C. Ft. Sheridan. Assigned to Battery F Sept. 1, 1917. Reconnaissance Officer.

2ND LIEUT. GEORGE A. CHANDLER

Born May 16, 1897 at Providence R. I. Served on the border with Battery A 1st F. A. Rhode Island National Guard. Sailed for France Oct. 9, 1917 a Sergeant in the same regiment, now known as the 103rd F. A. Served in the Chemin des Dames and Toul sectors from Feb. 10, 1918 until June 27, 1918. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant of Field Artillery Sept. 1, 1918 at the Officers Training School, Saumur, France. Assigned to Battery "F" Oct. 12, 1918. Assistant Executive Officer.



Officers Assigned to Battery "F"

Capt. Harold L. Myers—Sept. 1, 1917 to Feb. 19, 1919 date of Discharge.
 1st Lieut. Edward Eisner—Sept. 1, 1917 to Feb. 19, 1919 date of Discharge.
 2nd Lieut. Robert T. Walker—Sept. 1, 1917 to Feb. 19, 1919.
 2nd Lieut. Leon W. Mitchell—Sept. 1, 1917 to Apr. 30, 1918.
 Capt. William B. Weston—Sept. 1, 1917 to Feb. 14, 1918.
 1st Lieut. Walter H. Radermacher—Feb. 14, 1918 to Oct. 12, 1918.
 1st Lieut. John B. Simmons—Feb. 14, 1918 to Oct. 12, 1918.
 2nd Lieut. George A. Chandler—Sept. 15, 1918 to Feb. 19, 1919.
 1st Lieut. Jerome B. Grigg—Oct. 12, 1918 to Feb. 12, 1919.

Officers Attached to Battery "F"

1st Lieut. Walter C. Nolting
 1st Lieut. Stephen W. Collins
 1st Lieut. John C. Hendee
 2nd Lieut. Ralph C. Frew
 2nd Lieut. Vernon M. Welch
 2nd Lieut. Melverne C. Cole

Roster of Battery "F"

FIRST SERGEANT

McNally, William B.

SUPPLY SERGEANT

Osterndorf, Fred P.

MESS SERGEANT

Nelson, Arvid T.

STABLE SERGEANT

Higgins, James H.

SERGEANTS

Amundsen, Randolph A.

Boebel, Theodore H.

Brown, Fred E.

Lovell, Ralph H.

Lorenz, Adolph O.

Richardson, Albert M.

Syvruud, John T.

Nierner, Joseph H.

Woerner, Gustave

Kislingbury, William

Fischer, Frank J.

CORPORALS

Bennett, Glenn

Weed, Charles W.

Evans, Roy T.

Schlotthauer, Julius

Drossler, William J.

Mackley, Roy C.

Kohn, Charles W.

Peart, William M.

Larkin, Philip

Minor, Martin

Voss, Edwin W.

Sorum, Pasko O.

Wall, Emmet E.

Thompson, Clement F.

Elliott, Robert H.

Schriber, Conrad C.

Kellermann, George R.

Bookwalter, Claude R.

Johnson, Henry H.

Billings, John T.

Ivey, William C.

Peter, Edward

Bradley, Clifford M.

Webster, Maxwell

CHIEF MECHANIC

Yeadon, Carl

HORSESHOERS

Bridges, Daniel B.

Burrows, William L.

Haverland, Bernard H.

MECHANICS

Baebler, William

Taylor, Hugh A.

Larson, Conrad A.

COOKS

Snider, Frederick L.

Wall, Irving F.

Schonhoff, Joseph B.

Becklund, Edward E.

SADDLER

Walter, Joseph W.

BUGLERS

La Bounty, George W.

Payne, William R.

Showalter, Claude D.

PRIVATES FIRST CLASS

Anderson, Oscar E.

Backman, John

Barr, George E.

Brown, Nicholas

Burgmeier, Joseph

Carlson, Axel R.

Carr, Horace

Casey, Robert M.

Chyska, James

Clark, Lester L.

Conrad, John W.

Cook, Bert A.

Deshaw, Irvan

Ely, Melvin P.

Ergenbright, Roy E.

Franceen, Clarence B.

Frese, John W.
Garthwaite, Melvin C.
Garthwaite, Milton D.
Graycarek, Stephen
Healey, Horace G.
Healy, George U.
Healy, Romain D.
Hellmer, Frank H.
Hiland, Leo W.
Hill, Lee A.
Hines, Edward
Kersten, George G.
Klingebiel, Christian F.
Kruse, Arthur H.
Larson, Lloyd P.
Lewis, Calvin L.
McDermott, Morris L.
McIntyre, Hervey J.
Melchert, Otto
Meyers, John L.
Micken, Matthew P.
Nelson, George W.
Olhaber, Walter F.
Oliver, Harry
Olund, Arthur G.
Pfeiffer, Lorenz W.
Rice, George H.
Runde, Elmer A. J.
Sersch, George
Shipley, Donhold H.
Toohey, Martin I.

PRIVATES

Adams, Geoffrey W.
Amundson, Alfred C.
Anderson, Alfred C.
Anderson, Rudolph J.
Austin, Fred L.
Bennett, Charles
Beranek, Yaro

Berg, Roy M.
Berlik, Steve
Binns, Charles E.
Bontly, Otto
Bookhart, James A.
Bracht, George C.
Brantner, Adolph L.
Budden, Frank G.
Cohen, Oscar
Couture, Peter S.
Crowe, Fred L.
Dasher, John J.
Drager, Lawrence A.
Dreuttie, Theodore Jr.
Eberhardt, George W.
Erber, John G.
Felgen, Clarence F.
Fiedler, Alban B.
Finney, Edward J.
Fletcher, William S.
Frey, August H.
Frost, August E.
Fussy, Joseph F.
Garner, Harry L.
Gaulrapp, Frederick L.
Glasby, Daniel
Gustafson, Arthur J.
Hamilton, William L.
Hassett, William H.
Hein, Andrew E.
Herman, Arthur J.
Hinchliff, William
Hinze, Emil C.
Holmes, Albert H.
Hoyt, James A.
Hughes, Roy C.
Johnson, Harry V.
Koecke, Archie R.
Lehman, William T.
Lemp, Harold P.

Lillegaard, Peter L.
Lodge, Charles E.
Loncki, Ambrose
Loomis, Elmer
Lundberg, Conrad E.
Malcolm, Herbert A.
Martens, Fred P. H.
Mast, Lewis E.
McFarland, Morgan
McMullen, Francis E.
Miller, Walter R.
Mower, Gilbert E.
Neil, Alban W.
Norris, Albert W.
Palmer, Arthur C.
Robley, Herbert E.
Rubendall, Daniel D.
Saathoff, Minet J.
Scamihorn, Fred T.
Schaeffner, William F.
Schneider, Henry
Schwallbach, Iver A.
Sedam, Claude L.
Scraper, Jesse
Shafto, Clarence M.
Shaulis, Chester W.
Shoger, Harry M.
Sierens, Raymond
Stahnke, Edward
Stemler, Fred P.
Stickrod, Ray H.
Stieglmeyer, Andrew H.
Stoddard, Lee A.
Suter, Thomas S.
Svazgdis, George
Taylor, Jay S.
Wagner, Joseph F.
Wagner, Paul H.
Weber, Nicholas P.
Wolfrom, Louis Jr.

Men Transferred Before Armistice From Battery "F"

Abraham, Lincoln Jr.
Ableiter, Arthur H.
Adams, Geoffrey W.
Addison, Burnell
Ames, Edward B.
Aweda, Alley
Baima, Dominic B.
Bakken, Henry H.
Banfield, Melvin T.
Barlow, Spencer W.
Barr, George E.

Barrett, Joseph
Bartels, Oliver R.
Baumler, Charles V.
Baxter, Albert R.
Becker, Ernest
Beckett, George U.
Beesecker, Arthur L.
Benish, Edward G.
Bennett, Jacob
Bates, Gay
Bollerud, Orville A.

Bowman, Melvin
Brechler, Harry A.
Brockman, Arthur W.
Brown, Sydney
Busjahn, Ernest
Chipman, John
Cleary, Hugh
Cluckey, Paul J.
Coonrad, Lester R.
Coulthard, Lloyd T.
Cox, Everett

331st Field Artillery

Cummings, Harold E.	Jackson, Carl E.	Nehls, Joseph
Dalsing, George	Jackson, Dalvin W.	Nelson, Rhodan
Davis, John C.	Jackson, Raymond S.	Oswald, Julius J.
Dersch, Edwin E.	Johnson, Elmer	Owens, William F.
Dilonardo, James	Johnson, John B.	Patterson, Arthur C.
Dobreff, Christ	Johnson, Joseph E.	Peterson, Alvin H.
Draves, Charles H.	Jones, Clifford M.	Pickel, Chris J.
Draves, Leonard	Julian, Oscar A.	Pope, Frank A.
Dresen, Arnold A.	Julson, Edward T.	Popovitch, John
Duggan, Alvin E.	Kane, Clement F.	Primasing, Leo A.
Dunphy, Richard V.	Kaplan, Abraham	Richardson, Gaige S.
Eastman, Willard H.	Kastner, Emil	Roach, Leslie
Ecker, Clarence W.	Keating John W.	Roseman, Paul J.
Engels, Frank J.	Kennedy, Earl R.	Rule, Glen B.
Evans, Thomas L.	Kitto, Joseph	Rumpf, Edward G.
Fingerson, Fred C.	Klinge, Fred J.	Russell, Edward J.
Fischer, George W.	Kneebone, William	Schaaf, Mathias F.
Foht, Edward F.	Kolman, Homer F.	Schmelz, Paul P.
Foner, John E.	Kovar, Frank J.	Schwingle, Elmer H.
Frey, August	Kreiser, Earl	Sieber, Fred
Frost, Joseph R.	Kretchman, Leo	Slopak, John
Garthwaite, Carl E.	Kreul, Joseph R.	Smith, Allen
Gast, Otto W.	Kusch, Albert G.	Sporle, Philip
Geotz, George W.	Leary, Daniel B.	Stanek, John J.
Gfeller, Samuel	Leigh, John B.	Steindorf, Carl E.
Gilman, Carl C.	Liddle, Thomas F.	Steinmann, Ernest
Gindlin, Bennke	Linley, Frank	Stenerson, Gordon L.
Godfrey, John B.	Lippolt, Charles J.	Stitzer, Wilbur E.
Godfrey, Leroy	Losey, Oscar G.	Sullivan, John L.
Graber, Urban L.	Manual, Matthew R.	Sunney, Joseph
Gray, Ralph H.	Manser, Albert R.	Symmons, Luman J.
Groom, Willis	Markus, Herbert J.	Tenney, Horatio
Hareid, Oscar R.	Marshall, Harry	Teuscher, Godfrey
Harris, Frank D.	McEvoy, John J.	Thompson, Delos
Haugen, Elmer	McDermott, Thomas	Tonkin, Thomas E.
Hefty, Henry	Merrill, Harry L.	Tucker, Frank
Hefty, Thomas	Meier, Walter	Tucker, Warren E.
Heller, Vurl	Meyer, Theodore C.	Tyler, Albert H.
Hirsch, Walter	Michel, Carl	Ulsrude, Clarence J.
Hodgson, Benjamin F.	Miess, Lawrence N.	Vesperman, Walter
Hoesly, Charles J.	Miller, Elmer M.	Webber, Harry E.
Horwitz, Leo H.	Mineff, Domino P.	Weisheit, Ernest H.
Howard, Charles E.	Mulligan, Edward D.	Wepking, Alfred G.
Hughes, John E.	Murley, Fred B.	Whitford, Harry M.
Hughes, Thomas P.	Myrhagen, Thomas	White, Charles H.
Hutchinson, James P.	Narveson, Herman N.	Wonn, Harry W.
Irish, Burton L.	Negus, Wesley	Wysong, Harry P.



Top Row—McNally, Kellermann, Amundson, Weber, Johnson, Budden, Wagner, Bennett, Lillegaard.

Second Row—Toohey, Hill, Healy, Evans, Crowe, Droessler, Hein.

Third Row—Webster, Bennett, Weed, Larson, Lewis, Runde, Lehmann.

Bottom Row—Hinze, Burgmeier, Wall, Hoyt, Frost, Hellmer.



Top Row—Satthoff, Robley, Herman, Miller, Rubendall, Billings, Taylor, Ivey, Stickrod, Pfeiffer, Casey, Schonhoff, Snider.

Second Row—Bookhart, Malcolm, Graycarek, Peart, Hughes, Olhaber, Minor, Holmes, Mower.

Third Row—Fussy, Ergenbright, Loomis, Nelson, Hiland, Oliver, Beranek, Norris, Larkin, Sierens.

Bottom Row—Lorenz, Lovell, Syvrud, Niemer, Fischer, Kislingbury, Fletcher.



Top Row—Loncki, Lundberg, Gustafson, Shaulis, Klingebiel, Gaulrapp, Rice, Couture, Johnson, Palmer, Schwallbach, Bontly.
Second Row—Austin, Wolfrom, Garthwaite, Hinchliff, Conrad, Finney, Deshaw, Frese, Drager, McMullen.
Third Row—Clark, Kersten, Kohn, Meyers, Martens, Mackley, McIntyre, Ely, Hines.
Bottom Row—Stahnke, Suter, Kruse, Micken, Thompson, Richardson, Boebel.



Top Row—Olund, Baebler, Schneider, Wall, Walter, Nelson, McDermott, Stieglmeyer, Taylor.
Second Row—Franceen, Anderson, Sorum, Chyska, Schaeffner, Berg, Lodge, Eberhardt.
Third Row—Felgen, Sersch, Brown, Healy, Stoddard, Bachman, Szvazdis, Bridges.
Bottom Row—Yeadon, Osterndorf, Higgins, La Bounty, Mast.



History

The big Q. M. truck jolted out along Kishwaukee road. Eleven men gazed out at the sunset and the dust clouds, now and then holding each other to keep from falling. No one spoke. The Lieutenant in front did not turn his head.

A row of bare buildings came into view; then block on block of unpainted, barracks. The road led thru a mile or so of these strange regular blocks. Each man's eyes took in all, trying to understand his new surroundings. But they did not talk. Their minds were too full of other things,—these eleven new men.

The truck halted; the Lieutenant vaulted down. "Here we are, jump out!" Battery "F" began its history.

Eleven, plain, ordinary young Americans they were. That morning, the 5th of Sept. 1917, the Grant County clerk, the baggage man, and the usual small town loiterers had bid them farewell at Lancaster, Wis. No band, no confetti, no cheering crowds had seen them off. There was no veteran in the group to tell them what was in store for them.

"Follow me." "Take two blankets." "Not one or three. Take two." "Here's a bed tick." "Form a single line. There will be enough for all of you." All of this from a stranger in uniform who was evidently a General or a Lieutenant or something. At least, he spoke as if he were absolutely sure that there was no man in that group to contradict him. So there was an hour or more of this waiting in lines, and wading more than ankle deep in real mud, until finally the time came when each collected some mysterious hardware—a covered pan, a tin vessel, and a knife, fork and spoon. "That's your mess kit," they were informed. Thereupon these eleven men, just like four million more, tried to solve the puzzle of the Army cups that Uncle Sam hands out to his pets.

"Has each man got a mess kit?" They looked around sheepishly, no one venturing an answer. "Very well then; go in and get something to eat," and he of the uniform pointed to the mess hall.

You guessed it,—stew and prunes. Still, every recruit knows that after his first mess of hot Mulligan, near Java, and prunes he feels like a veteran. Truth is the first portion doesn't really taste half bad. It isn't until at least two weeks later that the average recruit develops the famous hate for stew.

"That isn't so bad," offered Moxie Webster, and McNally sang out, "Hell, I've had worse many a time and enjoyed it too," and from then on the reserve was broken.

"Atta boy, Atta boy, You're in the Army now," the First Ill. Inf. had called to them. What wouldn't one of them have given to be back home just then with his feet warm and dry under the family table. In the jumble of ideas that pile thru the rookies head there is one great big thought, the thought of Home.

"When you are finished with that supper, come out here," came the command from another Uniform; and they filed out into the "Recreation Room," wondering what new mystery was in store there.

"I hope they don't make us go out in all that rain and mud again."

"Look at me, I'm soaked clear thru." and they filed in doubtfully.

"This way," said the Uniform. "What's your waist measure? It doesn't matter what size shoes you used to wear, we're going to give you shoes that fit," and so on until they were measured up for uniforms.

"Now before you go out, each man take one of these cards; fill in your name and send it to your mother or your wife; remember now, your wife or your mother. The barkeeper can wait until tomorrow. Drop the cards in the box when you are done, and then you can all go to bed." They were tired, pretty tired, these eleven boys, and with little fuss they rolled over onto the springs that then seemed hard, but which they learned later to regard as something of a luxury. And so ended the first day for Battery "F".

Since then that first day has been repeated, more or less in detail, for some 400 men of Battery "F". No one ever forgets his first day in the army. All uniforms look alike to the "One Day" man. All commands sound alike, all buildings seem alike, and out of the whole monotonous regularity of the great machine the Rookie gets nothing but confusion. And, what's more, there doesn't seem to be any hope of ever unravelling all the first day's confusion. When one looks back at those few days it seems wonderful that everything should have seemed so novel, and so interesting.

These men of the "first 5th" especially came into a life that was new and strange. In those early days of Sept. 1917, Camp Grant was not the orderly complete military city it now is. The first quota found the stable area an unbroken field; the streets and roads were mud tracks hemmed in by ditches and high mounds of clay, impassable at night, and practicable only for athletes even in broad daylight. It was a well established rumor that week that the 86th was to be made an Alpine Troop, the plain of Rockford had been so torn. "Old 809" hadn't been completed; indeed, it was winter before the heating system was in working order.

"There's the whistle" shouted Lorenz early the next morning when reveille sounded. He need not have shouted. Most of the boys lay awake since before daylight waiting for that same whistle to sound off. And they hurried into their clothes as never before.

Here was Lt. Whitney waiting for them outside. "Form double line, answer as your name is called."

"Now we'll have a little exercise before breakfast." And they did have, quite a little.

"Whew, that guy got my wind," commented the long McNally at breakfast.

"Maybe you think I enjoyed it? Where is the milk and sugar," returned Webster.

"Guess you just eat this oatmeal raw in the army. What would you name that meat, Nelson?"

"Is this coffee or Bevo?"

That is the way they acted at breakfast. These Americans are a changeable lot. Green and timid one day, hard-boiled veterans the next.

Breakfast finished and bunks arranged as per diagram; Lt. Walker took over the detail and instructed them in one of the arts of war, which was later to make his name famous. Policing of course. All Battery "F" men know that. Now to a civilian that word "police" suggests blue uniforms, big tummies, and a club. Not so for the soldier. For us policing brings to the mind the discarded cigarette stub or the half hidden grain of dust in some dark corner. So it came to pass



REVEILLE

that these first few men bent their backs to the Sacred Task under the eagle eye of that Past Master of all Policers. And, like all other rookies, they grinned sort of foolishly, realizing that it was porter's work they were doing, and porter's pay they were getting.

The first policing, however, is nothing compared with the first lesson in the School of the Soldier. There lurks in the memory of every artilleryman the vision of a little red bound government pamphlet—"Provisional Drill Regulations for Artillery, Field and Light,"—or "Light and Dark"—we don't remember the exact wording. For us this little book has caused more discomfort, more disgust, and more profanity than all the other books ever written on any subject.

Sept. 9th, 1917, four days after the battery was established, Spencer Barlow arrived from Sparta, where he had been in the 8th Field Artillery for a few weeks. His reputation as a veteran was short lived however for the next day Elmer Miller and Harry Merrill joined. Merrill had seen three years of service with the 16th Cavalry—and he was the typical picturesque regular—brimful of the military. Miller had come from Robinson via Fort Sheridan.

And then, the new men came Sept. 19th. Grant County had sent 92 and they arrived on a sunny afternoon. Woerner, Niemer, Fischer, Lovell, Rice, Weed, Runde, Barr, Shipley, Walter, Boebel, Larkin, Clark, Hill, Larson, Thompson, Yeadon, Droessler, Frey, Payne, and Hellmer were among the rookies then. The "older" men were pleased to call them "rookies." So things were pretty much in readiness for forming a permanent battery.

The historic Battery Mess started with supper that night a civilian as 1st cook. Tradition does not record whether beans or stew had the honor of the 1st place, but prunes undoubtedly were the so-called dessert. At any rate, Battery "F" became an independent unit. Heretofore mess was regimental. For a while the battery grew rapidly. Murley arrived late on the 20th and on the 22nd 52 recruits came down from Dodgeville, Iowa County. Of them Billings, Wall, Sersch, Peter, Kislingbury, Schriber, Hines, Higgins, Minor, Schwallbach, Zgiersky and Hutchinson remained. This brought the total excluding officers up to 160. 160 men looked tempting to G. H. Q. so transfers began. The first man to be transferred was Arthur Brockman, who went to the Remount on the 27th. This marked the time when the calls came every day for specialists. Max Webster aspired to be a bugler, Cook Snider wanted to know if "the Captain needed any Stable Sgts.," Osterndorf spent a week piling hay at the remount, McNally had a day on K. P. for 277 men, and Webster suffered the same humiliation. So far as known, this has been the only actual work any of these three have done in the army. At least so singular an event deserves special mention.

With 150 men installed and more or less at home in old 809S things began to shape themselves. With so many men a new drill ground was necessary. Between the 331st and 332nd was a fine drill ground, only it was a corn field. One morning the Major trotted out the 2nd battalion, gave the order to tear down the corn and shock said corn along the edges of the field. Then, says he "Go to it." 20 minutes later 4 acres of 'ex' corn was stacked up along the sides of the field.

With the corn gone from the field, a drill ground came into being. That drill ground stuff was done to death for a while. The weather was just right for school of the soldier and school of the squad, so Sgt. Merrill's army training came to the fore.

"Dress up. Dress up, you ain't on the farm no more, Wake up, I ain't going to write you no letter about it, either. Front! Right by squads. March! 1-2-3-4, hep, hep."—and away they went. "1-2-3-4," all day long it seemed. Now and then there was a lecture,— "The Care of the Feet," "Discipline," "Articles of War," "Courtesy," "Health," "Guard Duty," etc.

On Oct. 3rd Pross, D. A. Jackson, White, Cox, Coulthard, Dresen, Heller, C. E. Jackson, Kane, Keating, Kneebone, Kreiser, Markus, Manuel, McEvoy,

331st Field Artillery

Roach, Rumpf, Schwingel, Wonn, Ableiter, Borina, Cummings, Lippolt and Kretschman went to H. Q. Company. On the 6th, 66 recruits including, Amundsen, Baebler, Bennett, Brown, Evans, Ivey, McDermott, McIntyre, Meyers, Richardson, Schneider, Sorum, Syvrud, and Voss came down from Iowa County, and it wasn't long before they were moulded in with their companions. With 203 men in the barracks it looked as if the battery had attained war strength, and rumors about leaving for overseas began to take form altho at that time gun drill was still a mystery. But when gun drill came and with it wooden horse equitation as a side line there came into being the Artillery spirit. The artilleryman is a soldier—just as is an infantryman—but there is ample reason for distinguishing John Doughboy from the lad who wore the red hat cord. That began to make itself felt after Lt. Eisner had demonstrated the scissors on the wooden steeds. Rainy days meant lectures on harness, horses, nomenclature, and material. We learned a lot of new words and a lot of new things. Gun drill took the place of foot drill; the three inch piece and the draft horse at last came into their own.

The great problem of organization was working out successfully; the men were being moulded by discipline into a working unit within a remarkably short time.

Merrill had taken his job on the 2nd, Nelson and Kastner were cooks. On the 10th, Osterndorf stepped into his job, Barlow and Miller were made duty sergeants and Moxie Webster was made corporal.

The end of October found the battery with 172 men, 3 sergeants, 1 cpl, 2 cooks, 160 recruits, 3 on extra duty, 1 special, 1 sick, 1 absent. The civilian cook left early in November and chow immediately improved with Nelson and Kastner as cooks and Graber as Mess Sgt. Seventeen more non-coms were appointed and then came the great event.

On Nov. 11, 1917, 69 horses were assigned and attached to Bat. F 331st F. A. per memo H. Q. etc., etc. Now that sounded harmless and all that—but it altered every man's army life then and there. From then on the Stables were the Big Factor in Battery "F" life. Stable Guard, Stable Detail, Feeding, Watering, Grooming, Riding and anything else that the Regimental H. Q. staff could think up became active factors in the otherwise blessed life of these men, just as they had ceased to be rookies. The stables from the beginning were under the sparkling eye of Lt. Eisner, assisted by the Genial Lt. Frew. That wasn't bad. The good Lieutenants were helped by Sgt. "Hutch" and usually Sgt. Merrill, who couldn't be driven away from the nags. Eddie Hines found a berth there with John L. Meyers, Walter and Higgins. Bridges and Haverland were Farriers right off the bat and a little later Burrows and Stitzer joined them.

With transfers and arrivals taking place every week, the roster of the battery included 5 officers, 130 men, and 82 horses, at the end of Nov. 1917; jumping up to 143 the first of December. The 13 who came from Grant County that night included such bright lights as Shorty Garthwaite, Schonhoff, Burrows, Schowalter, Stitzer and Cook. It didn't take them long to work into their jobs. On the 5th Eastman, "Cooper" Kohn and Bill Peart enlisted, making two full squads of rookies for the new corporals to practice on.

The battery lost its best story teller when the Famous Baxter was made Color Sergeant. The Hot Stove League was under full headway though so the loss of one member could hardly wreck that noblest of institutions, which boasted of such features as Runde's laugh, Doc Amundsens million dollar voice, McDermotts come-back, McNally's swan like tenor, McIntyre's memory magnificent, Larson's shaves de luxe—with and without comment, Merrills yarns and the detailed lore of Dan Bridges—that Past Master of Gab.

Six below zero all of a sudden and December had hardly begun. That was a cruel blow, as "Red" Smith used to say. As usual, "F" Battery was on guard in the worst of the cold snap. Helmets, mufflers, gloves of any sort (anything for warmth) skyrocketed in value. Letters, wires and phones to the home town brought some relief. Red Cross and charity knittings popped up unexpectedly,

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but they didn't pop up soon enough. It was bitter cold that night. McNally was Sergeant of the Guard. Webster, Baxter, Red Smith, Schwallbach, Thompson and Boebel were Corporals. Brigade Guard, they called it, including the incinerator, the powder magazine and every out of the way place that the thoughtful Brigade, H. Q. could think up.

Christmas was coming—Christmas in the Army. Pa and Ma and the little Old Gal "to home" were in danger of going without the usual tender souvenir of affection because pay day was delayed till the 21st. But that was fortunate after all, for those who were lucky enough to get Christmas passes—4 days long—it meant carfare home. For those who didn't get their passes until New Year, it wasn't quite such a stroke of business. You see, there's always a lot of high spading or tossing the galloping dominoes right after a pay day—especially when there's a Holiday. There's one redeeming feature about getting only 30 a month you can't lose more than 30 dollars per mo. on a pair of openers.

Of course everyone went home for the Holidays. For a while it seemed as if nobody would go, then the rumor got about that 5th of the battery would go every day for a two day stay—then only non-coms were to go, and so on. But in the end everyone had four days in which to consider himself a private citizen.

What each man did when on pass is a matter of individual record—depending largely upon two things—temperament and pocket-book. It was before the days of Vin Blanc and Triple Sec. Paragraph 3097 of Section 1463 for the guidance and behavior of those unfortunate mortals, termed soldiers, decreed that no one shall get, buy, purchase, barter, obtain or otherwise have in his possession, shall drink, swallow, imbibe, inhale, guzzle or gulp down any, all or any part of spirituous, vinuous or intoxicating liquors in any quantities whatsoever, upon penalty of "death or such other punishment as the court martial may direct." That would have been a sad blow, only they didn't have prohibition in every state.

As a result, the last contingent to return on Sunday night usually didn't come straight back. They had too much deflection—sometimes the aiming point appeared double—sometimes they were amusing—now and then they wanted to scrap.

"The saddest Blow of all
Is to hear the Bugle Call
You gotta get up, you gotta get up,
You gotta get up in the Morning."

The song is wrong—the saddest by far is Quarantine. To describe accurately the horrors of the prolonged Quarantine is not a proper task for the Historian. Better far to call in the stiletto carrier who writes the Black Hand notes to the successful spaghetti vender, or if possible bring back the chief designer for the Executive Board of the well known Institution. The cut and dried facts of the matter are that "F" went into Quarantine on Jan. 10, 1918 and emerged from that state of dejection on Thursday March 29th—also 1918—a period of over eleven weeks. To be perfectly fair however the period of "Q" included for the



GUARD DUTY

most part the majority of cold snaps and the least agreeable of the Spring weather. It did serve to unify the organization more than anything else could have. And it was indirectly responsible for one more thing that will be developed in due time. The way it started was this. Larkin got the measles and then Bang! down swoops the whole Iodine Squad, chaperoned by Doc Farquhar with a bunch of labels, a dozen assorted nose and throat sprayers and an unmentionable number of the darndest rules and regulations that you ever did see. These said rules, were almost all in the nature of restrictions. They provided, in short, that no enlisted man would be permitted to leave the battery area, except on duty or accompanied by a commissioned officer. This automatically severed all out relations with what we had previously considered enjoyment. Anyone in the Army knows that the common or buck private thinks a whole lot more of the time when he can be absent from camp than of his hours of duty. Rockford though much maligned, was really a haven of rest and an escape from the eternal drudgery of camp and barracks.

Joe Niemer, Shorty Garthwaite, Blossom Barlow, Red Smith and Phil Larkin knew a crowd of girls who could be relied on for dances. More of the men didn't bother about the Rockford girls. They sailed directly for Waltzingers or the Grand or Palace. Another set hung out at the Winter Gardens, swapping the elusive jitney for a chance to shake the festive foot with some unknown peach. All this had been within half an hour's ride of the barracks—on any night. Passes weren't necessary for Rockford between retreat and taps.



GAS DRILL

Week-end passes had been issued to members in good standing since October. A division order permitted 20% of the battery to leave camp every week end on 36 hour passes. Those who didn't get passes contented themselves with Rockford on Saturday night and "going to church at Rockford" Sunday morning, staying away until Sunday night. (Sometimes they did go to church in hopes someone would invite them out to Sunday dinner.)

Quarantine spoiled all that for us—and yet at the beginning, it wasn't so bad.

We didn't expect to be IN for over two weeks. But at the end of the necessary two weeks some rummy managed to ketchum measles then we were in for two weeks more. That started discontent. Two weeks of old John Quarantine had brought home to us the fact that it didn't take much liberty to keep us reasonably happy; now that that was gone, we were out of luck. It didn't take long for everyone to get sick and tired of everyone else—one's erstwhile best friend became one's pet peeve, everything in the Army including the Army itself became more and more hateful. By the time half a dozen more of the susceptibles had managed to display a measly chest just as we were to be free even the orderly room staff saw fit to lift the ban for a few days. That helped some.

When Bollerud managed to get a seven day leave after his siege of measles in the Base Hospital, measles began to be an attractive ailment. The object was to have said measles become visible the day after someone else had been dragged away to the hospital—so as not to prolong the "Q" forever. Hervey McIntyre, perhaps, tried hardest to land a seven day furlough. Hervey would go snooping around every measle suspect, talking confidentially, lying on his bunk and even stealing his pillow for the night in order to get some of that hospital chow and a leave—still Mc played in hard luck—he couldn't get the measles—his time was to come later.

In order to provide some amusement Thursday night was billed as "Battery Night." Now "Battery Night" was a cross between a local talent show and a Methodist ice cream social. For one thing, we had special eats allowed us and that was very welcome. Such delicious combinations as Wienies and Pink Ice Cream were not to be sneezed at. The entertainments varied. There was the famous mock court martial of Sergeant Hines. The accused was charged with disturbing the peace of solemn Rockford, with impersonating an officer and with undue association with Lena Genster—the Wild Waitress of Waltzingers. "Hard Robert" Walker was counsel for defense—(Lt. Welsh) Judge Advocate and "Doc" Mitchell rendered due dignity to the chair of President of the Court. Perhaps the most important part, that of court reporter, fell to the lot of good old Mike Zgiersky. Mike's job was to take down the proceedings in Russian Shorthand and to give, when called upon, an accurate report of what had been said in the language of his forefathers. Mike didn't quite understand what it was all about—he was more scared than Eddie Hines. The settings were carried out in detail. Moke's barber chair was the witness stand, impressive books lined the council's tables. The ceremonies were complete; witness after witness—Stitzer, Merrill, McIntyre, Doc Gilman, Rice, Weed and Schlotthauer, unfolded the story under the brilliant cross examination of those two masters of wit and eloquence. Exhibit A was brought out—a battered helmet; "B" a rake; "C" a pair of silver safety pin shoulder bars; "D" the gold cord. The case wore to a climax—the evidence looked incriminating save for the color of Lena's hair. All hung on the color of the hair of Lena Genster. Accused maintained red—accusers were divided. Amid the awful hush the Court delivered the case over to the jury. These men filed out solemnly—returning, the gallant young lieutenant as spokesman of the jury, read the findings—and the day was saved for Sergeant Hines and Mike.

By the end of January the "F" Battery roster showed 115 men, eleven of these were in the hospital. Lts. Radermacher and Simmons were now with "F". When Uncle Bill Weston left "F" for "E" everybody was sorry. "F" Battery has always had a warm spot in its heart for the picturesque Adjutant.

During this long quarantine, the typical day started with a shoe dropping solo by Shorty Garthwaite. This brought forth a few choice selections from Larson and a series of growls from Taffy Wall. At reveille, McIntyre, Healy and Schlotthauer just about made the "rifle." Then the Battery was kept shivering while the methodical Bobby Walker snooped through the barracks in hopes of finding some brave spirit who dared to sleep. The frigid winter had made an end of pre-breakfast exercises. Indeed reveille was an indoor rite when the mercury threatened to disappear entirely.

Those who didn't have to stand reveille (the H. S. and stablemen) were first in the breakfast line, followed by those who did not wash or had done the deed before first call. Many of the more sensitive souls, tired of being hoodwinked, refused to come down to breakfast at all. Immediately after breakfast, the B. C. Detail or gunners or Drivers attended to the policing of the barracks—the less said about policing the better. Nobody ever was anxious to do that work, except perhaps R. T. W.

The first formation for the B. C.'s was Buzzer—inside work during the greater part of quarantine. The drivers and cannoneers went through their stunts down at the stables. When they came up from the corral the B. C.'s went down to put on the high polish. The cannoneers then got theirs directly from Lt. Nolting. When the weather permitted, there was morning equitation or, for the Detail, signal practice and "playing war." More often 10:30 began an hour of "sports, games and exercises." Back of the 33rd, there was a sort of ski-run. This provides perhaps the best type of preliminary training for bareback riding, for the wear and tear applied to the same anatomical district. Boxing was another diversion. Hill, Amundsen, Healy and Barr had been sent to boxing school. McDermott and Cherry Minor used to frame up, picking easy partners until that got to be an old stunt. Then they were heavy on a game in which the pursued fled from the belt of the pursuer. This increased the circulation of the region mentioned before under ski-jumping and equitation.

After recall—11:30—everybody had a chance at the morning's mail. Anything over two letters and a box of candy was considered a good haul. The man who didn't get a thing was down in the mouth. If the home folks and the little blonde had only known how much mail meant to us those days, the mighty pen would have been kept busy into the wee hours of night. As it was, toward the end, the daily mail became pretty heavy.

The afternoon mail came in at about retreat time. This was usually a comparatively small but welcome bundle—the crowd would swarm around the mail rack and the pool-table. The lucky ones clambered up to the old iron bunk, lay back with a sigh of comfort and proceeded to find out what was happening back on the old farm. The others sat around—borrowed cigarettes and started off telling the same old lies.

Supper, then, was merely a sort of appetizer for what Schriber was to bring over. Those days Conrad was "F" Battery's provider over at the canteen. At about seven he would make his anxiously-awaited appearance with four beer cases full of ice cream cones, pink, brown and white. The moment he entered, someone shouted "Ice Cream" then at least six men fell down the old stairs trying to get into line. "Don't crowd; get into line; don't push" pleaded the famous Conrad. "If you don't make a line, I won't come no more. Have even change, if you got it." The cones lasted about five minutes, when Joe Niemier and the massive Col. Weed took four at a time, half the battery three, and the rest two—well, Conrad had to come back with another load of 96 cones. He sold the second batch just as quick as the first. The third trip brought 200 bars of candy six cartons of cigarettes, chewing and smoking tobacco, cigars, a box of apples and whatever else was ordered. Camels were the favorite pills, Tango and Zion Bars the favorite candy. If he made another trip, it would be for more cones, oranges and sody pop (gosh darn.)

Meanwhile, the pool table and the wheezy graphophone were going full speed. The hot stove leaguers in groups were re-telling the old favorites—Dan Bridges spellbinding in one corner, Merrill in the non-com room. Moke McDermott, Cherry Minor, Popovitch and Barr usually held down the perilous post of door guard. Most of the birds were writing letters. This was a period of unparalleled letter writing and indirectly the letters were responsible for quite a bit more than we are inclined to suspect. After five or six weeks irksome confinement every man began to grow sour on everything and everyone military. One almost felt

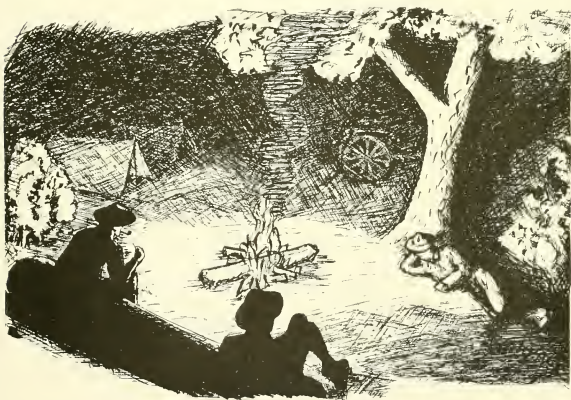
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as if one had no friends in the battery. As a result, letter writing became the ruling indoor sport and of course the Sunday girl back home replied more often. It worked both ways, each letter grew more tender as the poor misused Hero in Khaki became more sour on the army and more sweet on the distant blonde—who, for her part (true to the instincts of femininity) was able to come back with just a bit more of the slushy bunk than the Hero had spilled. This continued increasingly as the fated pairs learned to believe "them sweet words." When Willie got back "to hum" and peered into the Fair Ones nut brown orbs—well he was a goner; that's all. Service pin, glass diamond and the popular march from Lohengrin followed in order from time to time. It cannot be stated accurately how many marriages did come about just this way—but there was a rush on engagements that looked suspicious.

It was the end of March on a Thursday when for the last time, the "Hutch" called "Everybody down stairs for measles inspection." Doc. Farquhar and Maj. Vogel looked down our throats, had us expose our manly chests and as we held our breaths, pronounced them sacred words "You're out." And great was the rejoicing thereat. **YOU BET!**

From then on, the Grand, the Palace and the ice cream sody joints copped off a lot of "F" Battery jack. Them were the happy days—springtime came—soft breezes—soft mud and sometimes even soft jobs. Bobby Walker would lead his sturdy cohorts through fire and water—mostly water, to some sylvan dell where Larson and Schlotthauer sought a grassy bank and Barlow demonstrated that Seton Thompson had overlooked the World's Champion Boy Scout. The rest, including the sober Lt. played war. The cannoneers and drivers got theirs around the nags to a fare-ye-well. Every day now, "F" contributed a full section at caisson drill in the field behind the 333rd. The poor B. C's who became temporary drivers suffered their various agonies, not always in silence. Boebel also suffered K. P. for sassing Doc. Amundsen.

And then the Hike. Our big worry was how a small handful of men could



THE END OF THE DAY.

handle 165 horses. That must have bothered H. Q. too, for on the 23rd Joe Wagner and Art Kruse entered the sacred fold. Old Joe always was around when they picked men for detail. Art soon became famous with "I called for Claude, and Julius answered." Then just before we actually did depart, came more help in the shape of 15 rookies from around Lake Superior. There had been a gang of assorted rookies quartered in our Annex—from this lot were selected the best—and guess who were picked out. There was "Yardmaster" George Labounty, "Bullcook" Olund, "Rev." McMullen, "Red" Hiland, "Ella" Berg, "Shorty" Anderson, "Nick" Brown, "La Teste" Felgen, "Mechanical" Taylor, "Cook" Becklund, "Gunner" Ergenbright, "Joe" Burgmeier, "Tommy" Suter, "Matt" Micken, and "Fatty" Wysong. They were glad to join—and they haven't regretted it.

The new home at Robinson was at first a bit disappointing—but that soon wore away. We learned to appreciate nights that were cool enough for sleeping, sand that never stayed wet, and La Crosse,—and the greatest of these was La Crosse. Probably a regular Battery History should concern itself almost entirely with such evidences of war's ferocity as Gun Drill and Stand to Heel. Not so with Battery "F". Let it be clearly understood that though we were in the Army, we weren't in the war, strictly speaking. All the grooming, all the Cannoneers Post and all the Squads East and West we ever pulled off was useless, worse than useless, since it wasted countless hours of good time—ours and the government's. K. P. was more important than flank column right oblique, passes were of infinitely greater value than guard duty. K. P. was a method of keeping alive the body—passes kept alive the soul—the Medic Corps kept—Lord knows what they ever did keep except pills, salts and iodine.

Capt. Myers had returned on Memorial Day, having been at Fort Sill for almost three months.

On June 1st there were then 38 privates, 31 non-coms and cooks, 15 recruits, 142 nags and 4 officers. "Recruits" was really a poor name for the 15 men who had made that hike with us. That hike made a soldier out of every one of them. They learned their general orders and stood stable guard after the first week at Robinson. With 38 privates for six rounds of stable guard and one of regular guard every six days, the addition of the Duluth-Superior outfit was as welcome as the flowers in spring.

On the 8th the long, Wm. Barthomew, "Seven Foot Bill" McNally was officially appointed First Sergeant, Lord High executioner and custodian of the Sacred Whistle. There isn't, hasn't been and won't be a better top cutter in the whole army. Every one of us knew that and we acted accordingly. Bill had two great abilities—he saw the point of view of the men and he had enough of the Skipper's confidence to impress this point of view upon him. As a result, the whole outfit, from Captain down began to realize that the best thing was to work like—, when work was demanded and when it wasn't. Oh Boy!

From the first the work was strenuous, we kept moving from 5:15 until the day's work was done—sometimes at retreat, sometimes after nightfall. Bobby Walker's B. C. outfit again included the "Corp. Bennett of the 86th." back from Headquarters. Blossom Barlow went in for gun drill and Richardson was brought over to become instrument sergeant. Their wild west stunts, over the hills and far away, were almost pure joy.

"I will go forward. Select and occupy a position north of Hill 1060," etc. Remember that?

Working out the steeds under Lt. Eisner seldom grew monotonous, the gallant Edward wouldn't permit of that. Gun drill started in with the old 3 inch pieces—4 to the regiment, of which three were in condition to be fired. Then the British 75s arrived and everybody had to take turns at gun drill.

Camp Robinson had no recreation rooms or Liberty Theaters, but,—well we were growing old in the service and wise. Those who didn't catch old John Pass on Saturday just pretended they did—and the rest is to be told about La

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Crosse or Tomah or Portage—or even Kilbourn. Some of the highbrows are reported to have gone for the scenery—but thats only a rumor. Wine—Women—Song—that was LaCrosse to a fare-ye-well. It was a real town for "F" Battery. The midnight Northwestern, the 3:15 St. Paul and the 2:00 a. m. taxis were at least 51⁶⁰ "F." Tomah was pretty hard to get at—and it didn't have any Grandads Bluff—(ask Kruse and Showalter), or any Pettibone Park (ask Milton Garthwaite) but Tomah wasn't dry. Shorty Garthwaite traded a fountain pen and a ring just to keep off Main Street. Brown (Nicholas) and Larson L. P. dismounted from a fast freight there one night, taking with them a good share of the road-bed. This Brown, by the way, had to borrow a horse to reach town. Kruse, Larson, Haverland and Moke used to make regular pilgrimages there—in a jitney over the mountains. Portage claimed a fair share—also because it wasn't dry. Moke and Cherry Minor still insist that all they looked for in Portage was the roller rink—perhaps one didn't have to look for the rest.

July was a month of changes. On the first of the month Runde, Shipley and Henry Schneider came back from Brigade H. Q. They were all doggone glad to come back. Then on the 5th, Barlow, after a touching farewell to his steed Blossom, departed for Camp Taylor. Whereupon the amiable Richardson stepped in to the B. C. detail.

On Sunday, July 21st, Lt. Eisner chaperoned a bunch of the old timers on a horseback excursion to Spring Bank Lake—a ride of some 8 or 10 miles. Almost everyone went in for a swim and it was then that Mike Zgiersky, overcome by a brain hemorrhage, drowned. All the quick action and foresight in the world could hardly have averted the tragedy. Mike had gone from among us forever; a genuinely good, honorable soul was lost to the Battery and to the world.

The Regiment was rapidly being brought up to war strength. In addition to the 78 recruits of the 15th, 38 came up from Grant on the 23rd and 32 more on the 26th. Old Louisa Mast honored us with his distinguished presence on the 25th and about two weeks later Claude Raving Bookwalter entered with a ringing challenge to Dan Bridge's claim on the long distance talking championship. Taffy Wall developed appendicitis the very next day.

Wysong, Weisheit and Howard were transferred on the 8th of August. Let us pause to give an account of Charley Howard, proprietor of the Hotel De Grasse. Charley had been transferred to Brig. H. Q.—then some bull headed nag transferred Charlie to the Base Hospital—just this side of eternity. When he left the hospital he used good judgment—getting a long furlough and coming back



HOTEL DE GRASSE

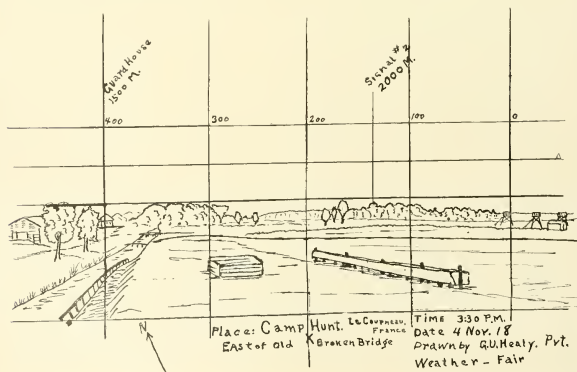
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to "F" just before the Great Hike. Up at Robinson, Charlie made us all, even the buglers and stable men, look like amateurs in the art of gold bricking. He was so good that he seldom was ever called on as Barracks Orderly—which was the coveted soft snap those days.

There was only one job around the camp soft enough for Charlie and that was Range Guard. That was a graft we all wanted to get in on and Kruse, Larson, Taffy Wall and Red Hiland did get in on it most often. Range Guard included riding out from two to ten miles on the range, being dropped with a companion at some pass or road back in the hills, with a view of preventing trespassing on the range. With two men on a post, one man was to stay in the saddle at all times, the other could sleep or do almost anything else; said anything else usually consisted of picking berries, telling about the previous evening's experience or wondering whether Pikes Peak was higher than Bald Bluff. There was indeed happy days.

The last of the recruits arrived on the ninth of August. The best bet being Annette Kellermann with two bear stories. He had both of these straight from Division Headquarters. The first confirmed the Honolulu rumor; the second had us slated for Archangel via Halifax, Ireland and Spitzbergen. The San Francisco-Hawaii-Vladivostok fans had to guess again when the Advance party with John B. Simmons, Florence Evans and the Mechanical Taylor headed EAST on the 13th. The beloved nags were loaded on the 17th after which packing and preparing began in dead earnest. Passes were demanded for LaCrosse and Sparta. The 333rd was almost underway when, as usual, the departure was postponed. Taffy Wall came back on the 22nd and the eminent Kusch started on another tour of AWOL.

Sept. 1st found the Battery with 194 men of which Tomcat Liddle, Hareid, Cluckey and Kusch were soon transferred, leaving 190. We surely did miss old Tomcat. One last 36 hour pass at Robinson came just in time for us to catch the 1:50 for points east, which meant that the trains rolling into camp just before reveille Monday a. m. were packed with "F" men. Another joy was Labor Day—



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which meant 12 hours leave—which in turn meant LaCrosse although one had to dodge the M. P's.

Camp Robinson; good old Camp Robinson.

Somehow, now that its all over, our tenderest Army memories are there. We didn't appreciate it then, but after France—those were the happy days, back there in the warm sand, the hills, trying for all the world to look like mountains, the scrub oak and jack pine—warm summer breeze—plenty of ice cream—long days and short cool nights—mess and plenty of liberty. What more could anyone want in the Army?

The less said of the "trip across" the better.

The Morning Reports reads "arrived at Camp Hunt, France, 9:30 a. m., Oct. 9; distance traveled about 500 miles." Doubtless that's true.

Now Camp Hunt might have been a lot worse—incidentally it might have been—but why be disagreeable? Luckily, it was a sunny morning when we came, for after that it rained almost every day. And we did get a rest and a chance to wander around camp for a squint at France. What we did see here was a canal—some pine trees and a row of wine shacks with grape stands outside. The few mamselles that showed themselves were not up to the standards set in musical comedies. They didn't even wear silk stockings.

So far France had impressed us as a fair to middling country except it was hopelessly out of date; at least fifty years behind our U. S. Wooden shoes, yokes of oxen, draught teams in tandem, two wheel carts, open wells and ancient farmhouses, were responsible for those ideas.

The Advance party re-joined us on the 11th immediately after which Lt. Simons was transferred to Headquarters. At the same time we traded Roddy for Lt. Grigg of the Supply Co. All of us, the older men especially were sorry to see him go—but when we got Grigg we had one of the best Lieutenants "F" ever had. On the 14th George Chandler—a newly commissioned graduate of the Saumur School—came, introducing O'Grady, the Demon Phys. Exerciser. On the nineteenth, the erstwhile Second Lt. Eisner changed his bars (shoulder bars).

The iodine squad had made several attempts to quarantine the Battery but when its a case of quarantine vs. Vin Blanc well old John Quarantine didn't stand a chance. Richardson went to the hospital and had his appendix removed free for nothing, gratis—Budden pulled the same stunt with his tonsils, and Frese had his rheumatism extracted by a miraculous process. The wise men of the base hospital ran a glowing iron rod up and down Big John's back until he couldn't tell whether it was the rheumatism or the burning flesh that hurt him. Frese claims he never would let the doctor know it wasn't a cure. The next victim was Olund—he fell through a culvert—knocked out half a dozen teeth and had to live on liquid diet until both francs and credit gave out.

Now, our eats in France were nothing fancy. Bacon and grits for breakfast, beans or beef stew for dinner and more beef in the evening. The Q. M. in charge of rations was a nut right on onions and variety. He gave us all the onions possible and just as little variety as the Q. M. drill regs allowed. As a result, we weren't exactly pleased with our chow and naturally enough, there were those of us who relieved the monotony of the meagre fare by visiting the enchanting wine palaces where one could also get eggs—3 for two francs. The old timers

hung out around No. 2; the rest distributed their patronage, thirst and francs. And then there was the Widow of the Woods with her shanty out in the brush, where even new customers could get such elevating Bevos as Cognac, Benedictine and Triple Sec. (Trey-plus-six, Moke called it).

The change from hostile restriction to full liberty—regarding booze—was abrupt but in most cases satisfying. It satisfied the thirst and it must have satisfied those who owned the shacks along the Western Front. From the first this quaint "Chinatown" was a source of inspiration. Here it was that one learned to Parley-voo. Choice bits such as "unc franc," "toot sweet" and "bokoo" soon were on every man's tongue. Eggs became "oofs," fried potatoes graduated to "pomme de terre frit," and even bread changed to "pain"—pronounced "pang." Some of the birds got a sneaking idea that they could talk French—so when passes were finally granted, these gentlemen hopped the Galloping Goose for La Teste, tried to talk to someone who didn't understand a word of English and found out they didn't know so much French after all. In a stirring address at the time of first passes, Lt. Eisner, official orator of the Battery, dealt brilliantly with the subjects of Wine, Woman, and Song (French Version). What he said about song, no one remembers; what he said about the mamselles doesn't bear repeating, but what he said about wine won't be forgotten. "Try as you will," he ended up, "you can't drink all the wine in France." He was right—but Lord knows we made a good stab at it anyway.



MADemoiselle SUZIE

French would rob you on, if they had half a chance.

The Y at Hunt labored under some difficulties. Hunt was a newly acquired U. S. possession—in a pretty much out-of-the-way location. The "Y's" weren't

Vin rouge cost 2 francs a bottle—vin blanc "sweet" 2½, oporto, cognac and the highbrow stuff came to 1 franc a shot (one had as much luck with a quarter as with a franc). For a franc one could buy a little bunch of grapes, two little glasses of hazelnuts or about a dozen figs. In the restaurants of LaTeste and pretty Arcachon six francs paid for a table d'hôte meal, not including wine or coffee. No one could drink that coffee anyhow—and chocolate cost 30 cents a cup, so the everlasting wine came to the rescue again. The one best bet at Camp Hunt was the commissary—the next was the Y. At the Q. M. it was worth two hours of standing in line to be able to buy a can of real jam for 30 cents, cigarettes at less than half what they cost in the States and things like towels, soap and sundries that the Native

big enough—there weren't enough of them—and in general they were out of luck. One fact is note worthy—the fellows that did the most grumbling about the "Y's" were the men who were there most of the time looking for "something for nothing." Occasionally one would buy chocolate bars or wafers or chewing gum, but there was always writing paper and envelopes and almost every night there was some sort of an entertainment—as a counter attraction to the gin mills down at the Western Front—which by the way—kept up a rushing business in spite of all obstacles.

It wasn't long after we were established in France that many of us were billed for the various special schools for artillery men: telephone, reconnaissance, Radio, M. G. Camouflage and Gas. Louis Wolf from always said that "any man who has been in the army for six months and then has to go to a school to learn how to camouflage will always be a damn poor soldier." Louis was right—especially when it came to camouflaging work. "Gunner" Ergenbright on first looking over the various Battery M. G. details, leaned over and whispered to Joe Burgmeier (expert in painting and goldbricking.)

"Say, Joe, this must be a dangerous job!"

"Hell, Roy what makes you think so?"

"Take a good look at that "X" Battery bunch—they must want them killed."

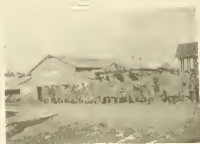
As usual, though, "F" details came out on top. Instructors in every case, turned in flattering reports; we had "just about the best outfits that had been at those schools," they told us. M Fiedler—demon Buck Private—tore down and assembled his machine gun in twenty-two seconds—the regimental speed record. This and galloping for mess were Al's only two bursts of speed during the whole campaign.

At the end of October, it looked pretty much as if we were slated for an early trip to the Front, then Australia gave in and we knew Germany's internal struggles were bringing the war to a swift finish. There were the usual wild speculations ("Dip" Voss almost went bugs) mostly as to whether we would actually fire a gun at the front. Then came the news of the military envoy's conference. After that we didn't bother much about the Armistice. The wild celebrations elsewhere surprised us mildly—our own little Western Front suspended business—the Galloping Goose shrieked in—all flagged bedecked and crazy—the Natives were even crazier than usual, which was going some. But for us, on the whole, it wasn't a wild day—the weekly mail caused more excitement—we were five hundred miles at least a week, from the conflict.

After that the big worry centered on GOING HOME—and avoiding work. To fill out a fading drill schedule football became an event. Under Kellermann there were some fair workouts, and prospects were encouraging. Boebel, Voss, Larkin, Fiedler and Toohey were in the backfield—Franceen, Bridges, Niemer, Weed, Kellermann, Walters, Thompson, Elliott, Pfeiffer and Schlotthauer held an iron line. "D" was held to a tie, tho the ball was within "F's" 3 yard line for three downs. Then "E" was an easy victim. But when we played "D" again every man put up his poorest exhibition and "D" won 12—0. After that "Fini" Football.

Meanwhile, soon after the signing of the Armistice, everything had been turned in and packed away. We were near the top of the list for "partir Amerique." For the better part of a month we lay around with little to do and less will to

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do it—waiting, waiting for the order that was to send us to Bordeaux for home. That grew irksome—disappointments followed rumors—and the final “wine jag” had to be repeated a dozen times. At last when we did board the Hommes on a Saturday noon, we landed at De Souge and not Bordeaux. That little ride of 50 to 60 miles took eleven hours. We went into the heart of Bordeaux, backed out again, switched, waited and dragged along until almost midnight. De Souge was too good a camp—a few days there—then we prepared to hike to Genicart beyond Bordeaux. We had advance information as to the distance, and made good use of the baggage trucks. But even with light packs that hike of 23 miles on Christmas eve was a sad affair. The weak sisters and the tenderfooted were picked up enroute and hauled on trucks. Hiking through Bordeaux was the worst—miles of cobblestones. Tender feet made life miserable even though the novelty of going through an honest to goodness French city kept up our spirits. Lt. Walker in the rear had lots of fun watching John L. Meyers and Eddie Hines staggering along, Charley Weed was ready to collapse at any moment; Showalter, with his bugle and a heavy pack tottered and bent—but bit his lip and paddled on—grimmer than we had ever known him. They were game.

The procession halted in town,—looking over the crowds and shopwindows. A charming mamselle stopped at the curb opposite some of these hardy cannoneers. No denying—she was a peach—full set of teeth and no mustache. “Oo La La” “Ma Cherie” and French phrases like that came her way.

“Hello Boys!” Where are you from? I’m from Pittsburgh myself,” returned the peach in pure American. You never can tell.

Once across the Garonne there was another halt. This time we sat down on a stone pile and watched some Madame tending a herd of swine, right in the middle of the city. She had quite a job on her hands, especially when one of the slippery ones dove through our ranks twice, to visit McNally. The Seven-footer was lying down, knees up, when Frenchy the Pig saw him, dove in through Mc’s knees, and waltzed all over that bewildered genius. Loud cheers from the buck privates.

Beyond the rock pile was a six mile up hill climb thru Genicart No. 1 and thru most of No. 2. The last lap was pure agony,—hope alone kept us going. And when we halted in front of our new home the Captain commanded “Rest.” Rest indeed, no one had to tell us that.

The next day was Christmas. Let us pass over that in silence. Santa Claus brought us permission to lie in bed and miss breakfast—that is, those of us who weren’t on detail. The spectre of “Spike” Hennessy and his mill haunted us all day.

When we did go thru the mill we were prepared. “B” guarded our barracks while we guarded theirs—so we went down to the mill with a lot of good clothes, threw every stitch away and stared in to get a new trousseau—from the bottom up. “Spike” came into the den of Adam, but he didn’t bite anyone. Hard Robert and La Petite Eddie were ready to take care of us in the assembling room. When Eddie Hines clad only in shoes and identification tags, came to the end of the long counter with a shelter half bulging with clothes, Eddie Eisner was there to protect him from Spike’s wild loots.

“F” came through the mill almost without casualties. Tommy Suter ran into his usual hard luck—being held over for two days on account of the French itch. Most of us had it, but the magnificent medicos spotted it on Tommy alone.

According to the dope around camp at the time, we were due to leave Genicart toute de suite. Drager said he'd be willing to swim half way if we'd only get a good boat soon. Kruse longed for Logan Square—and the married men—those poor lovesick birds went moonstruck at the very mention of Wisconsin.

Genicart was a once lovely spot, just across the Garonne River from Bordeaux. We were next to the Lormont entrance of camp, across the street from the Algerian labor company. These Algerians were perhaps the most picturesque outfit encountered in our army career—some of them black as the ace of spades, all of them wild men for fair. "Geraniums" Eddie Hines called them—perhaps because they blossomed out in all sorts of colors. Their uniforms were made up of everything they could lay their hands on, from American hip boots or sandals to campaign hats and flaming turbans. And when they all got together in the open air mess hall for supper—it was a riot of sound and color. They made more noise than a dogfight, auction, and Fourth of July combined. Old "Uncle Tom" was our favorite.

The worst part about Genicart was their Remount. Every other day the entire battery marched down to Carbon Blanc—performing the sacred rites of stable police in knee deep mud. Moke, Larson and Kruse fought for the honor of barrack orderly, Clark decided to be sick and the entire battery history outfit insisted on writing whenever the long sergeant lined 'em up for the remount. On all other days the Q. M. or the Engineers made use of our labor Battery but their work wasn't nearly so disagreeable. Louie Wilfrom, Fred Crowe, Caruso Lewis, Iver Schwallbach and Daniel Darius Rubendal grabbed off a soft job at the new mill—after which their friendships became valuable, especially for those who wanted to exchange clothing.

Previous gloom concerning "Y's", changed to joy after one hour at Hut 7 in Genicart. Mrs. Whatshername was a regular gloom buster, there were days when one could exchange a franc for a big cup of steaming hot chocolate and a



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pair of real doughnuts. Of course guys like Bennett, Boebel, Evans, and Moke, who were a bit delicate, just about lived there. At that most of us fooled the rations outfit by eating there—but then—that Q.M. crowd surely fooled us often enough when we expected to see real food.

We were fed up on rumors, always. Five big transports just pulled in at the American Docks." "The Sgt. Major overheard the Colonel say we'd be out on the ocean a week from today." That sort of stuff kept us from going A. W. O. L. As it was we camped four miles from Bordeaux for a month without being allowed to leave Camp. The liberty that we were to fight for wasn't intended for our use, apparently. So nice little boys like Bradley, Kellermann, Kruse and Carlson took French leave now and then.

What seemed to be a bunk rumor about Marseilles happened to be the truth. On the 18th of what the French calendar said was Janvier we rolled old John Pack, hung on the gas mask and ferocious looking helmet, tied another string around the Souvenirs de France and marched down the hill to the Midi station. Saturday noon the last of the "Galloping Geese" screeched her way out of Bordeaux with "F" men comfortably quartered only 20 men to the Homme Car, and every car had benches for all.

So we travelled in comparative comfort past vineyard after vineyard, thru Barsac, La Regle, Marmande and Agen; sleeping after that thru Moissac, Montauban, Toulouse, Castlenandary and Carcassonne. Sunday morning we ate our breakfast at Narbonne, then turned north to Beziers and east again to Agde by the sea. Certe, built on a mountain over the sparkling Mediterranean, easily made the best impression. Then north again to Montpellier and after that sunset and sleep. We awoke in Marseilles ready for the last lap. One look at the town and it was fifty-fifty whether we would accept a week's furlough or start right off for the U. S. A., but nobody offered us the week's furlough or even a two hours' pass.

There wasn't a man who didn't breathe a sigh of relief when he set down his pack on the Duca D'Aosta that Monday noon—January 20th. We were homeward bound. So we made ourselves "at home" and roamed the decks, before the guards could inform us—"This deck reserved for officers." We heartily enjoyed the first supper of macaroni and hand grenades, little thinking what was in store for us along that line.

That night, after Long Bill had us all safely tucked away in our new bunks, the Duca D'Aosta churned out of Marseilles harbor. We awoke in the morning far out on the blue Mediterranean, and all was well. The Italian Duke seemed to be a better friend than the English Lapland, the sea was quiet, the weather ideal. The next day we sailed along the barren Spanish coast and Thursday morning Gibraltar loomed up—minus the Prudential sign. Before breakfast was over the anchor was down, and within fifteen minutes there was a collier on each side of us, with its crew of picturesque loaders. Then came the flock of peddlers, selling oranges, figs, souvenirs and booze. We gave those pirates most of our money, but they gave us our money's worth—so we had no kick coming. When we left that evening, many a man had enough figs and oranges stowed away around his bunk to keep him from going hungry for the rest of the voyage.

It wasn't long after we left Gibraltar and Africa before almost everybody was sick and tired of macaroni and hand grenades. All day long there was a crowd at every kitchen window waiting hours with mess kits and francs for something worth while eating. Kersten, Kruse, the Healy Tribe, and Garthwaites, or Chris Klingebiel were up there at least half the time. Larson, L. P. knew the location

of the cheese cellar, Rattling George LaBounty knew every other nook on board including the best place for a quiet game with deuces wild.

Old Aggravation Bookwalter had been unusually crabbed on the way down from Bordeaux, so the minute he got on board the Duca da Spaghetty they put him into the ship's hospital. Poor old Book developed six different diseases including bronchitis. When he woke up and found himself alive and able to talk he rallied and pulled thru like a good soldier. "Joe Dugan" Koecke got himself a double strength attack of pneumonia, was on the doubtful list for a while and then thought of home. That cured him too, although he stayed at a New York hospital. Perhaps half the battery "ketchum seasick" at various stages, but they didn't all do their bit for the fish at the same time. Result—no contests in the Over the Rail Tournament.

Felgen lost a good dinner when he bet Larkin that we'd land before the 3rd of February. We didn't see land until the 4th,—but when we did—Oh Boy. We had our last sleep in the harbor that night—Messers Hill and Bradley—32nd degree Loyalists—staging their own little Orange Party while good little boys were sleeping. The next morning we went from boat to dock, where the Salvation Lassies made another hit, from dock to ferry, ferry to train, and train to Camp Merritt, New Jersey.

The only kick against Camp Merritt was that they had another "mill." Otherwise it was a perfect camp. Everybody got fat within a week. The Minnesota boys left us here—Johnson, Elliott, Crowe, Wolfrom, Casey, Fussy, Bookhart, Malcolm, Franceen.

Shafto, Scraper, and Scamihorn were transferred to casuuls for their district; Gus Woerner suffered a sad fate. Expecting to be discharged at New York, Gloomy got tangled up and came to Grant with a bunch of casuuls. We missed him. Gus always worked for the bunch, he did more favors for the battery as a whole than anyone else. On the boats it was Gloomy who ran the canteens, in quarantine he kept us supplied with "Y" stationery, and things fit to eat. He took care of the mail, tended the sick and near sick, found odd jobs for would be goldbricks and helped every man. There was no better soldier in the U. S. Service than Sgt. Woerner.

We left Lt. Grigg behind when we started on our last army railway excursion, Feb. 11th. Nelson, Arvid T. made bokoo provisions for complete enjoyment by supplying cake, fruit and smokes, which, with what we managed to grab along the road, kept us in good humor.

Oddly enough we were routed thru Canada on Lincoln's birthday—shades of '61—how times have changed. On the 13th we rolled into the Polk and Dearborn Station, detrained, paraded, then submitted to a feed at the La Salle. There were speeches but nobody heard 'em. At three that afternoon a tired battery marched willingly along Michigan Boulevard over to the Great Western, to move out for Camp Grant again.

That night through rain and mud we found our last army home, in the approved army method, going around in a circle. No ticks on the bunks, but who cared? The end was at hand,—Webster and his crew were hard at work. Old John discharge was waiting,—waiting so were we. We went through one last physical examination, signed a million papers, and ate Nelson's free lunch three times a day.

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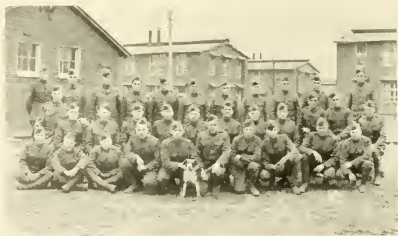
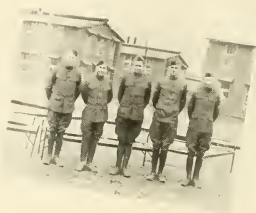
Tuesday night Feb. 18th the Mess Fund was discharged with due ceremony at the Nelson. We feasted like kings,—everything from soup to nuts, including music and cabaret artists who made violent love to Bad Bill Kislingbury, Liza Mast, and Lieut. Chandler.

Wednesday, February Nineteen, Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen,—but why rave! Down in the heart of every one of us that day is the day of days. OLD JOHN DISCHARGE for convenience of the Government. Convenience of the Govt.—better the happiness of Battery "F."

As the last taxiful of "F" men came to the 12th St. Bridge, an M. P. stepped forward to examine the passes. Mac waved him back. "Passes?—ours read 'From Now On.' " Yea verily, from now on. And so Battery "F" ended its History.

Corp. Julius Schlotthauer

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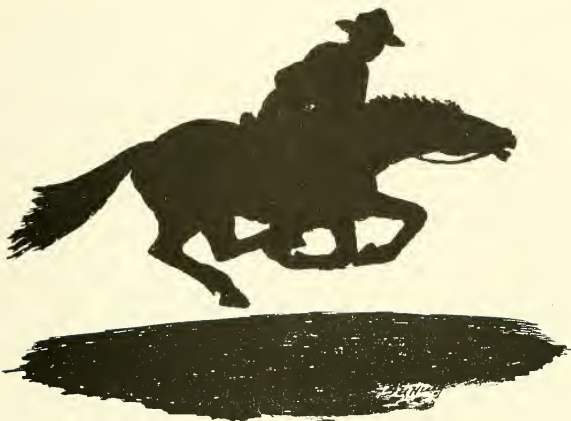


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B. C. Detail

It was a cold dreary afternoon in January. Sgt. Merrill blew his whistle vigorously at the bottom of the stairs. "Everybody in the recreation room." A hundred pairs of hobnails rattled down the stairs.

"Tenshum." Uncle Bill Weston stalked in. Taking a few final puffs at the big meershaum he started to explain the situation. The battery was to be divided into three parts; the Special detail, the Cannoneers and the Drivers. Each man was assigned to one of the sections. Thus was our B. C. detail founded.

Before this organization of the battery we had had some signal drill. We had learned the semaphore, using our arms for flags, until we could tell the other fellow what we thought of him at a safe distance. Now came the buzzer, and its code. It is similar to a telegraph ticker, but the code almost got our goats. Every letter has a song of its own they told us. Lt. Cole helped us out by putting an empty sugar bowl on the buzzer to make more volume to so called songs. This same code is used in Wig Wag, a system of signaling using one flag on a long staff, which is swung to the right or left to indicate dashes and dots.

When these systems of signaling were partly mastered they gave us the aiming circle and the panoramic sight. The first is an instrument to measure angles from aiming point to the target, and the second to lay off that angle and sight on the aiming point thus giving the gun the proper direction. This introduced a new Geometry. Three hundred and sixty degrees had developed into 6400 mils. Angles were always measured from left to right and one mil subtended one yard at a thousand yards (whether it is 9:10 a. m. Monday or 10:00 a. m. the Friday before.)

"The B. C. detail fall out, get pencil and paper and fall in the Recreation Room. Fall Out!" Lt. Nolting tried to teach us the computing of the firing data. There are three methods of finding the proper angle for the gunners to lay off on his panoramic sight from the angle measured by the detail. They are the Greble, Parallel and Parallax. Along with these came the site and mask problems and did we have a time? "Hells Bells."

The detail at this time was composed of such men as Blossom Barlow, Red Smith, Ted Boebel, Joe Niemer, Hog neck Larkin, The Fighting Corporal Bennett, Florence Evans, Colonel Weed, Droessler, Clark, The Healy Sisters, Brown, Heine Schneider, Taffy Wall, Officer Minor, Peter, Jim Hill, Alice Schowalter, Shorty Garthwaite, Barr, Moke McDermott and Larson.

When spring came Lt. Walker took charge and field work began. We measured our strides and made traverses all around the regimental area, using one of the smoke stacks to check by. But for some reason or other this smokestack often changed its position on our maps. On days when it was not more than fifteen or twenty below we often drew panoramic sketches, some times from the top of bridges and sometimes from hilltops, and the wind sometimes stole away the masterpieces.

We took long rides on the dashing sorrels and played war out on the hills south of camp. With what little equipment we had we would set up a B. C. station, string out the wire or use visual signaling, figure the data and send it to an imaginary battery. It was great sport, and brim full of interesting incidents. Take for instance the day the Lieutenant's horse stumbled while fording the river, or the return ride one morning in the rain when we trotted for several miles.

Larson now was official horseholder, the job he always liked, the job he always wanted, and the job he always kept as long as there were horses to hold, although he almost lost it one frosty morning when one of the horses took a notion to return to the stables. Whereupon Bobby Walker made some biographic remarks. But Larson was also the best scout of the detail.

At Camp Robinson our real work began. Here we put into practice the things we had learned at Grant. Yet it was a nervous and excited detail who figured the data for the first problem. But at that it was fairly accurate. A few practice trips on the range put confidence in the men and things went better.

Barlow was sent to the O. T. C. about the last of June and Richardson was shifted from gunner to the detail. Bennett had returned from Headquarters. But by transfers from the battery and changes within it, the detail had dwindled to some eighteen men. Richardson was instrument sergeant. Bennett was instrument Corporal. Boebel was signal sergeant, Evans was signal Corporal, Weed, Clark and Droessler were operators. Corporal Thompson, Larson and G. U. Healy were scouts. Barr and Schlotthauer were linemen. M. C. Garthwaite was orderly's and horseholders. Hill, M. D. Garthwaite, Fiedler and Runde worked wherever they were most needed.

Our experiences here on the Camp Robinson range will never be forgotten; although we were finally sent nearer the battle fields, this was the nearest to war of any thing in our army career. We had many exciting times in our battles against the "Reds," and many on our practice trips.

One forenoon, when we were on the south range, Corporal Thompson was sent to guard a pass that had been overlooked by the range officer. The battery advanced to a new position in the course of the problem and no one relieved Tommy. When the firing was over the horseholders took his horse to the stables thinking he

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had returned to the barracks. But not so. About two o'clock poor Tommy sought the kitchen with a disgusted look on his face.

The plane table was always a sort of a joke among the men. Our first experience with it on one of our practice trips. When we were ready to start Lt. Walker brought the case out of the orderly room. Fiedler offered to carry it. But the rattle of it scared "Woof" who put on one of his coltish exhibitions, causing Fiedler to drop the plane table in the sand. From then on Lt. Walker carried it strapped to his back with a couple of halter shanks.

That same morning we made our exploration of Camp McCoy. Lt. Walker acted as the battery and sent us, with a compass and map to find hill 920. The fog was so thick we could not see a hundred yards ahead nor any of the big hills to give us a general direction. Not one of us had been there before and we had some time. We tried to keep near the railroad but encountered that "Excepted ten acres" and had to retreat to get around it. At length we reached our destination but each of us had vowed he never would try to locate anything again with a pocket compass and a ten year old map.

The fog had cleared by the time we were assembled on the hill and we proceeded to work with the plane table. We tried the Italian Resection, a method of locating a position by the use of three known points. Bobby commanded to take a map on the shady side of a bush while the rest stood around in the hot sun and tried to figure out the why of this Italian dope. We never did figure out the why—it took hours just to find out what to do. Long after dinner time we started back by way of the north range, where we encountered swamps, ploughed thru brush, then cut across the open field between Lafayette and Selfridge knolls where we expected 332nd to start firing at any moment. But they didn't.

One afternoon the detail was going out to Hotel de Grasse for some Wig Wag practice. The men had the flags on the staffs and were carrying them as "Right shoulder Arms." As we neared the Headquarters building a recruit, recently assigned to the regiment, stepped out of the infirmary. Noticing the flags, he stopped, clicked his heels and held his salute while we passed.

In practice once the data came down something like this. Aiming point, potato bug on far side of yonder tree. Deflection, 6300. You can imagine one of those queer expressions come over Weed's face, when such a thing came from his telephone receiver.

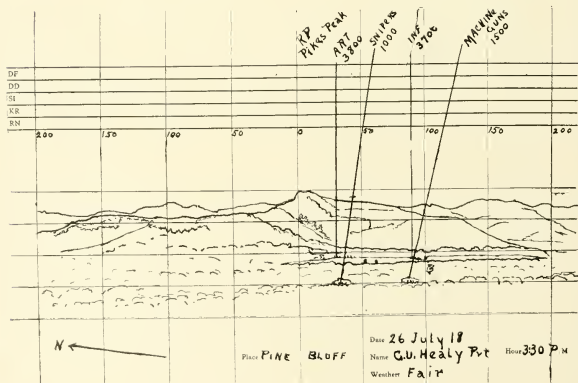
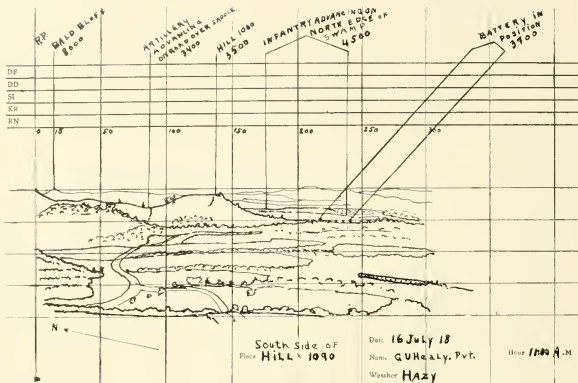
Another thing to be remembered is that nice, light, handy, easily leveled B. C. telescope. Anyone who could accurately level it inside of half an hour certainly deserved a medal.

The day we fired over Hill 1060 about a mile of wire was out. To insure communications Runde was sent with flags on a knoll to relay the signal should they be necessary. As they were not he found a comfortable spot on the counter slope but in full view of the guns. As it happened the shells went high and to the right of him. But he got a neat bawling out anyway.

When the battery was scheduled to fire, word was usually noised around the night before so that the sergeants could get a line on their men and equipment and have things in order. Seven thirty a. m. or one p. m. was usually the hour set for starting to the range. However there were many details to be taken care of before that time.

It was one Thursday afternoon at about 12:30 Sgt. Richardson called the detail outside and with Sgt. Boebel inspected their equipment. Evans, Weed, Clark

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and Droessler carried combination buzzer and telephones. Barr had a spool of wire and so did Schlotthauer. Healy had his drawing board tucked inside his shirt. Fiedler and Runde carried the B. C. telescope and tripod respectively. The signal men and scouts carried flag kits, containing both semaphore and Wig Wag flags. These were always carried so if our wire communications failed we could resort to visual signals. All carried canteens on their belts and a few of the signal men had repair kits in their pockets.

When everything was ready they marched to the stables and hastily cleaned and saddled their horses. There wasn't much emphasis on the cleaning these days, just enough so they wouldn't be "bawled out" by the little Lieutenant should he happen around. When a reasonable time had elapsed Richardson yelled out "Form in a column of twos" such a formation at this time was always ragged. Healy's gray nag had to go thru its usual performance and the Jim Hill special always pulled off a couple of circus stunts, and, well some fellows naturally are slow.

The formation when completed was this; the scouts, Thompson and Healy in the lead, then the two sergeants followed by Runde and Fiedler with the instrument. Evans and Clark came next, then Weed and Droessler, Bennett and Garthwaite, M. D. and Hill bringing up the rear. This formation proceeded to the head of the street and fell in just in front of the Battery. Captain Myers and Lt. Walker, were there mounted, their horses having been taken care of by Shorty Garthwaite and Larson.

Now the whole outfit was formed and ready for business. All were eager to go. All of a sudden the Captain's whistle sounded and he waved his hand from left to right over his head. The men straightened up in their saddles, and the horses, being used to such occasions even came to a sort of attention. His arm came to a vertical position over his head and swung forward, pointing straight ahead. The men pulled up their horses. The Captain's arm came up again and then down. Almost at once we all moved out. At the corner we did "column left" and took the road for the south range. When we were near the range the Captains hand went up, the signal for a halt. Two shrill blasts from a whistle sounded from ahead and the officers went. Then three and the detail went. When near the officers we did "left front into line," "Halt" and "Dismount." The Captain looked up from his map and gave "At Ease." Then he took a paper from his pocket and read—"To Commanding Officer Battery "F" 331 F. A. The Reds, advancing from Tomah are in positions just north of hill 920. The Blue Infantry is stationed in the vicinity of Hill 1060. You will go forward select and occupy positions south and west of Hill 1060." (We knew the country and understood the situation.) The Captain continued "I will go forward on reconnaissance. The battery will follow at an alternate walk and trot, taking the trail to the left." Then he commanded "Posts" and we mounted up and were off. We took the trail thru the brush, keeping out of sight of the enemy at all times. When we had gone some distance we saw Shorty Garthwaite the Captain's orderly coming at full speed on the little bay. He gave some orders to Lt. Radermacher the executive, and bade the detail follow him. We found the Captain, and Lt. Walker near the old rifle range targets. They had selected a sort of swale as a battery position and the hill on the right as the B. C. station. Thompson was left as marker for the first gun. We hastened up the hill without any thought of formation just any way to get there. We dodged bushes, logs, rocks and ditches. When we had gone as far as we could with the horses we left them to the orderlies, Hill and M. D. Garthwaite to hold and crept single file to the brow of the hill. It didn't take long to discover that this place was unsuitable, because it was too distant and Hill 1050 partly obstructed the view so down we went, picked up all the men, and met the battery just as they were about to go into position. Again

the Captain and Lt. Walker, with the scouts and some other officers went ahead to pick out a better position. This time they chose a large swale about a mile west of Hill 1060 and just in line with it and the target, so there was ample defilade. The B. C. station was to be on the high point north of 1060. We met the Captain near the gun position. Thompson was again left as marker for the first gun and Weed and Droessler as operator and recorder. The horse holders brought their horses and we all made for the B. C. station. We disregarded the General's order about running the horses. In fact there were but few that could keep up to "Sam," the Captain's horse, without running. They were nearly exhausted from the last few hundred yards of steep climbing when we reached the little clump of trees just below the crest. Again Hill, Larson and both Garthwaites took care of the horses and the rest of us crept single file to the top.

Sergeant Boebel immediately set about to establish communications. There was about a mile to go so after fastening an end to a brush near the B. C. station Corporal Evans started down the hill unrolling the wire. Part way down he passed the spool over to Sergeant Boebel who was mounted and who continued to string it out. Just over the knoll between us and the guns he had to stop to connect the other spool and then galloped the rest of the way to the guns. Schlottbauer and Barr were left as mounted guards.

In the meantime Sergeant Richardson and Corporal Bennett had been toiling with the B. C. telescope after moving it twice for the Captain and a couple of times for the Colonel, who happened to be there. They finally set it up in an old trench just on the forward slope and covered with bushes. They measured the proper angles using for an aiming point "Battleships Prow," a point of a hill that suggested the name, and for a reference point, Bald Bluff. Figuring the firing data was next and required only a few minutes.

Healy had received the location of the sector and was concealed behind a bush drawing a panoramic sketch.

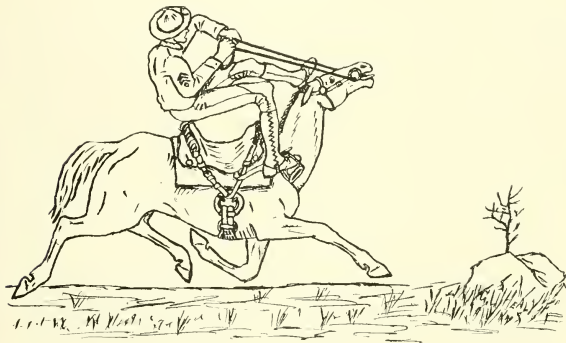
As the distance was so great, Lt. Walker feared the communications by wire might fail so to make sure of some kind of communications he decided to send a man over to the knoll. Runde was one of the best men with the flags so he went. But soon Clark's buzzer clicked. The wires would work. The buzzer clicked "L" the signal for attention. He sent back "K X." Then came the message, "F O N E." Clark sent back "R" which was to say he had received and understood the message. They switched to telephone and started talking. Clark called "Battery" and Weed answered "B. C."

A message over the phone is always repeated by the receiver and if it is correct the sender says "check". That is why "check" became the most popular word in the detail. After a few minutes we heard Clark say "B. C., message to Captain Myers, Battery in order and ready to fire, signed, Radermacher Executive." Corporal Evans, who was recording, reported it to Captain Myers. The firing data was now completed. The Captain sent back, "Message to Executive, Aiming Point, Battleship's Prow., Deflection 1480, On No. 2 Op. 5, Si. 305, Kr. 26, B. R., Do not load, 3000. This would put the guns on the reference point. When they were laid Lt. Radermacher reported.

Information had come to us that the range was clear and firing safe. The safety officer at the guns reported "safe to fire." That meant that the guns were so laid that when they were fired there was no danger of the projectile striking anything on the hill which might cause it to glance or explode. Captain Myers sent back "Right 60-3200." The officers took their glasses and Richardson the telescope to observe the fire. Two seconds later and the second gun fired and it

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also was normal height of burst and doubtful. Another interval of two seconds and the third gun fired. It was low short. The fourth went high doubtful. The first fell to the right of the target also. So the following message went down. "Left 20, down 5, 3600." This brought the bursts nearer the targets but over nearer the ground and the fourth gun still high. This time the range only, was changed "3400." These shots were also over, the 3rd and 4th a little to the left and the 4th still high. Rice must have stuttered when he set his corrector. Now Clark's monologue ran thus. "Battery, Check corrector on 4th piece,—check.— On No. 1 close 5—check—down 2—check—3300—check." Now they fell short but in line with the targets and otherwise correct. Now we had a bracket of a hundred yards and were ready to fire for effect; "Up 5—Battery 1 round—3300" was the data. The four guns went off almost as one. The gun crews were working fine. We closed on No. 2, one mil and fired a couple more volleys at 3300 and 3400. The Colonel decided we had found the targets and to save ammunition gave "Cease firing."



MARKING THE ROUTE

We fired three more problems similar to this and then the command "Close Station." At that we put away our instruments and prepared to go back to the camp. The biggest job was rolling up the wire again. But they started it at both ends and soon had it on the spools. We took our time returning not wishing to warm up the horses too much and besides we like to discuss the incidents of the days work, picking out the serious mistakes and showing where they might have been avoided.

At Camp Robinson we passed our most enjoyable and most exciting days. Never will we forget the trips to the range for practice and for firing, and the long rides for reconnaissance work. Then lying in the shade and listening to the explanation of some new points; the map work and the locating of the Robinson sign posts; the memories of these still linger in our minds, so it was with deep regret that we packed our equipment and turned in our horses to depart to that Sunny France.

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In France our B. C. work was altogether different. The signal men went to telephone school and the instrument men to reconnaissance school. Our lineup was considerably changed by the assignment of the new men. The instrument detail was composed of Richardson as sergeant, Bennett, Weed and Bradley corporals and Toohey and Koecke. The signal detail was composed of Boebel as sergeant, Evans, Droessler and Schlotthauer corporals, and Privates Clark, Kersten, Lewis, Runde, Healey, Barr, Carlson, Lehman and Austin. Larson, Crowe, Wolf from, Hill and Healy G. U. were scouts.

Instead of continuing our work on open warfare as we were taught in the states, we studied the warfare of position. This made necessary considerable map work, bringing into play the goniometer, that little French instrument so supposedly wonderful. It also involved the north brothers, Lambert, Magnetic and True, and the 'X' and 'Y' lines. Of course we had a plane table again, a nice, convenient little outfit. We used the Italian Resection and the one and two methods of locations and located many points on both sides of the canal, using such known points as LaCass signal, the camp signals, the orienting stations and the umbrella tree. The instrument detail made innumerable traverses with fair success. For a chain we managed to get fifty yards of borrowed telephone wire, much to the dissatisfaction of the signal sergeant.

Meanwhile the signal detail were stringing wires quite promiscuously among the trees to try out their neat little switch board, which, when set up on its legs, looked like a tin piano.

At length someone discovered the magic number to be eleven and it was all off. So this time we eagerly turned in our equipment (used the switch board for kindling) and prepared for that glorious land where the sun shines once in a while and the beds are made with springs.

Sgt. Albert M. Richardson



Gun Drill

Our first gun drill was performed at Camp Grant sometime in October under the instruction of "Uncle Bill" Weston. We had boxes and barrels with a board laid across them to represent guns and caissons, and although we got some idea of gun drill around these boxes it was pretty vague.

One day "King" Cole was giving a squad standing gun drill and Ed Hines was one of the squad. Cole gave the command "Change posts, March." Hines wanted to make a good appearance before Cole so he jumped nimbly over the box which represented the caisson to his post on the other side. "Hines, don't do that," Cole advised. "It's five feet high when you get the real thing."

After about three weeks of this gun drill, we were considered good enough to go over to Headquarters Company which was then across the camp on North Service Street, and drill on some wooden guns they had fixed up from the wheels and axles of a buggy and a piece of telephone pole. These were a bit better, of course, as they looked like guns from a distance. These guns had to be used by all the batteries in the regiment, so a schedule was made out, and each day at the scheduled hour the gun squads were marched over to the wooden guns and put through an hour of very strenuous drill at "Call off," "Cannoneers post." "In front of your pieces. Fall in."

One day while we were taking our hour of physical exercise on these wooden guns, Captain Meyers came out to see how the men were progressing. In changing posts some poor bird was unlucky enough to run in front of the gun and have the Captain see him. Immediately the Captain cried out, "My God, man, don't ever do that again. You might get your head blown off some time."

About the first of December we got our real three inch guns and caissons; but there were only four for the regiment, so we didn't get very much drill on them before snow and cold weather. One of the guns was then moved into the annex of "E" Battery barracks and each day we had a little drill inside. It was during these drill hours that Eddie Voss and Richardson won their fame on the guns.

In February we had a competitive gun drill in the regiment, so Lieutenants Cole and Welsh picked a crew which they drilled, but it failed to carry off first honors; the officers said they were second by only a slight margin. The crew consisted of Richardson, Fischer, Voss, Ivey, Rice and Sersch.

There was one great drawback in being a gunner, and that was that you had to wash harness every Friday afternoon while those in the B. C. detail did not have to. This fact hurt Taffy Wall more than anyone else, and every Friday, while washing harness, he would growl because the B. C.'s didn't have to help, and the rest of the boys would urge him on just to hear him growl. The more he growled the harder he scrubbed until he was scrubbing away viciously without knowing it.

By the time we got to Camp Robinson we had four well trained gun crews. Corporal Voss fired the first shot for Battery "F" at Camp Robinson and also was gunner on the gun that fired the first shot for us on the range at Camp Hunt, France.

During our career in the army, we drilled on and fired three different makes of guns—the American three inch, British Seventy-five, and the French Seventy-five.

The section chiefs for the battery at Camp Robinson were Lorenz, Lovell, Amundsen, Syvrud, and Niemer; the gun corporals were Woerner, Larkin, Fischer, Thompson and Voss; the cannoneers were Peart, Billings, Rice, Ivey, Sersch, Sorum, Schriber, McDermott, Felgen, Hiland, Shipley, Berg, Micken, Peter, Wagner, Sutter, Brown, Howard, Kruse, Hellmer, Zgiersky, Wall, Dreibelbis, Anderson, Healy, P. D., Garthwaite, M. D., Wysong and Liddle.

At retreat Wednesday, July 1, 1918, Sgt. McNally informed us that Battery "F" would fire the following day. We all knew that that meant a long hard day for us, and the section chiefs and gunner corporals immediately started to worry for fear some one of their crew would pull some boner and show the battery up before the officers of the regiment as they all came out to "observe" when a battery fired.

The next morning at 5:30, the most detestable of all calls in the army, "first call" woke us from our sweet dreams. After breakfast came the inevitable policing with its usual, "Be sure and get all the cigarette stubs and matches," "Take your hands out of your pockets," "Bend over," "Get everything." This being satisfactorily completed forty men were detailed to fill the caissons with ammunition, the rest of the battery went to groom. The ammunition had to be carried in 150 lb. boxes from the regimental supply house to the corrals which were about two blocks away. After the caissons were filled the section chiefs were assigned to their pieces, told to look them over and see that all the equipment was on them. So each sergeant took his gun crew and inspected his section. As usual there were no axes or shovels so the gun crews scouted around to find some. After this was done we all went back to the barracks for dinner at 11:00 o'clock.

The last of the men were still washing their mess-kits when the whistle blew to call us out. Everyone scrambled to get into line and every man you met told you to hurry. At 11:45 the battery formed in the regimental street, the B. C. detail in the lead, the gun sections following in their order, the cannoneers riding on the gun and caissons, the section chiefs on their own mounts beside their sections. At 12:00 o'clock sharp we started for the range.

We went out on the road past the depot as we were to fire on the North range. The B. C. detail left the rest of the battery shortly after we hit the trail, dropping markers at the turns to direct the battery. We followed this road about two and one-half miles when Lt. Radermacher, who was in charge, called a halt as we had not found a marker nor seen a sign of the B. C. detail. While the officers were holding a consultation to decide what to do Lloyd Larson galloped up. He had been left as marker but somehow the battery hadn't found him. The battery

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was then turned around and Lloyd led us back to the right road. Considerable time had been lost in the detour so we had to hurry and the nags were soon flecked with foam. The road was sandy and the wheels had dug it out until it was one deep rut after another. Every time the wheels hit one of these ruts the cannoneers were thrown about two feet off their seats and came down only to be tossed back up, maintaining their positions only through the use of the grip straps which they held to as they never before had held. After this stretch of bad road was covered we halted under cover of some woods to rest the horses. While we were stopping the command came down: "Prepare for action."

At this command the cannoneers immediately vaulted from their seats and leaped to work. The gunner took the sight shank from No. 2, put it in its place, then took the panoramic sight from its box, examined it to see that it was all right and put it back in the box, unlocked the piece, tried the elevating and traversing



AFTER A DAY ON THE RANGE

gears, ran the gun back on the cushion and locked the piece. No. 1 removed the range quadrant from its box, put it in place, opened the breech, examined the breech mechanism and closed the breech. No. 2 removed the sight shank and gave it to the gunner, then removed the breech cover. No. 3 removed the muzzle cover, No. 4 the fuse setter cover, No. 5 unlocked the caisson door. All this was done in about 15 seconds. As soon as each man had completed his duties he took his seat and in a few minutes we were again on the move.

Everyone was watching now for the marker that would show us where the battery would go into position. We went about half a mile and came out on an open flat and there on the farther side was the marker. We drove into the position and got the command: "Action right!" Every man was on the ground almost instantly, the guns and caissons unlimbered, the action chiefs dismounted, turned their horses over to the swing driver on the gun limber, then the teams in charge

of "Seven-foot" Bill were driven away to some sheltered place out of sight of the enemy. As soon as the limbers were out of the way we swung the guns around into place with their caissons on the left and made them ready for action.

The gunner put the panoramic sight in place and unlocked the piece; No. 1 opened the breech and attached the lanyard; No. 2 threw back the trail hand-spike; No. 4 and No. 5 let down the fuse setter and opened the caisson door while No. 6 cut brush to camouflage the gun and caisson. When the gunners had completed their duties the executive pointed out to them the aiming point. As soon as their sections were ready the section chiefs reported: "—section in order, sir." Then the message was sent by telephone to the B. C. station "Battery in order and ready for data." While the cannoneers were waiting for the firing data they got some waste or anything else available for their ears. Section chiefs warned their men to make all their settings accurate and to the gunners and No. 1s to be sure and keep the bubbles level. While every one was impatiently waiting the command suddenly came over the telephone: "Battery attention" the firing data followed:

Aiming point as indicated

Deflection 3500

On No. 2 open 5

Site 305

Corrector 30

Battery right

Do not load!

3200

When the gunners had completed the settings the safety officer inspector inspected each gun to see that the projectile would clear the trees in front of it. After his inspection the report was sent by the telephone to the B. C. station: "Safety officer reports safe to fire." Our target was a machine gun emplacement. After much more impatient waiting the command came "3200." Immediately the range was set off on the range quadrant and fuse setter. No. 5 took shell from the caisson, placed it in the fuse setter and turned it down to set the fuse. No. 4 gave the shell an extra turn to make sure it was properly set then took it out of the fuse setter and put it in the gun. No. 1 closed the breech and called "Set!" the gunner "Ready!", the section chief warned "With the lanyard!" "Stand clear!" and raised his arm above his head to show the executive that his section was ready to fire. Roddy, our executive, stood near the operator, his feet wide apart, his head cocked to one side and his arm above his head waiting for the section chiefs to show that they were ready. When satisfied that the guns would fire at the proper interval, Roddy brought his arm down smartly. Almost simultaneously the first gun was fired, the other sections following in order in three second intervals. The fire was observed from the B. C. station and corrections sent down after each volley something like this:

Right 20

On No. 3 close 5

Up 3

3600

After the imaginary machine gun placements were blown to pieces we got a few minutes rest, then new data came down and we started firing again; this

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time on imaginary infantry approaching from the north. We worked hard but could not stop their advance and after half an hour of firing the order came: "Cease firing!" "March order!" "Limber front and rear!" The guns were immediately made ready for the road and a man sent to signal to the first sergeant to bring in the limbers which he did at double time. The guns and caissons were limbered up in a jiffy and the battery retreated two miles where we took up a new position and again hammered away at the advancing infantry, this time mowing them down to the last man.

About five o'clock our work on the range was completed; we limbered up and started back to camp arriving there about six o'clock. The guns were parked, the horses put away and of course every one wanted to go to supper as it was already past our usual supper time. But before we got out of the corral the captain rushed in, insisting that the guns should be cleaned before mess. This was a sad blow but a necessary one and we had to take it, so we all set to work and in an hour the guns were cleaned and greased, then the usual inspection followed; first the section chief looked the gun over, then the captain looked at it, next the adjutant and last the ordnance sergeant. If it suited each and every one of them—all right, if it didn't—well it all had to be done over again. We might add that Battery "F" established the record for speed in properly cleaning the guns.

The paulins were stretched over the guns and the cleaning materials put away by seven o'clock. Our work for the day was finished, but the saddest thing of all happened as we were going to supper; the "special" for Sparta pulled out and the boys were left behind.

As soon as we were dismissed we took to the showers and the cry went up, "Another day, another dollar."

Sgt. Joseph H. Niemer



Equitation

"Say Moke how would you like to be at Camp Grant now riding the wooden horses like we did when we first joined the army?"

"Well if I knew then what I know now I would have tried for a job with the Q. M. or M. P.," replied Moke. "Kislingbury may be a good carpenter but he can't put a barrel on legs, with a head on one end and a tail on the other and make me believe it is a horse."

This wooden horse was our first materiel, used for teaching us the stunts we needed to know later on. Lt. Eisner used to take us out of the corral where the dummies stood, their legs buried in ten inches of frozen mud, and put us through the tricks. The first day he showed us how to mount by placing the left hand on the withers (as he called it) and the right hand on the back, then by giving a good jump he could manage to get up, but we didn't find it so easy. It didn't take long to learn to mount but when we had to lean back, raise knees, and cut scissors it was no joke, but everybody tried. Mike Zgiersky was the star actor with Jim Mineff a close second. "Col." Weed carried away the most splinters. Charley said if everybody got as many as he did there would be no horse left. Well why shouldn't he have collected the most?

Before the wooden horse was well broken we got some real artillery horses, at least some were branded "A" which was all that could be said for some of them as far as being artillery horses was concerned. Each animal was equipped with a hemp rope halter and a coat of hair long enough to braid. And they were not as quiet as they might have been by a long shot. Everybody in the outfit had at least seen a horse, but these looked more vicious than any we'd ever associated with before. It was our duty to care for them, so we went to work with a will. At first we took them for long walks, to train them to lead and we tried our best to show them that we were harmless; but they were running the bluff on us so that we didn't bother them much, and kept away as far as possible. Irving Wall

said, "The farther away I can keep away from those beasts the better I feel," so he got the job as cook.

Soon after getting the old farm plugs so that they'd lead Lt. Eisner took us to the stables and asked "All who can ride step one pace forward." No one stepped out, not even John L. He must have been on K. P. or goldbricking. Then the "Loot" began picking his riders choosing about half of the battery. The rest were ordered to go into the stable and each to lead out a horse. They seemed as big as mountains and as wild as wolves to us trembling rookies, when we were told to place one hand on the withers, the other on the back and mount according to instructions. Some were easy. Friedly made a lucky draw getting 91, but the man who got Tuffy was S. O. L. The prescribed form for mounting was not always used that day. Some of the horses were led up to the fence where the rider would slide on quietly. Other riders were lifted to their seats, only remaining a few seconds, then practicing aviation. No one was seriously hurt in those days except Gus Woerner; Gloomy Gus got a broken leg. As soon as a few were mounted a line was formed around the stables, with one man leading and one riding, the latter hanging on to the mane with both hands. Before long the rider was ordered to "fold arms let his spine grow limp, his legs hang naturally and still stick on." Was it possible? It was after a little practice alright, for no one wanted to fall.

A few days later the Q. M. parted with 25 watering bits and some blankets and surcingles. 25 men could now ride at a time, and we thought the fun was coming. But when we tried to drive a plow horse with the calves of the legs we were up against it. Eisner knew just how to do it though, and the way he told us to ride 'em wasn't easy. The first was, "Take the reins in both hands exerting a light pressure on the horses mouth." How could we hang on? was the question we wanted to ask. To tell the horse you wanted him to go forward you should bat him with the calves of the legs. Some fellow would cheat and try to cluck, but the "Loot" would call him and in picturesque language inform the culprit that he was "in the army now" and not back home on the farm.

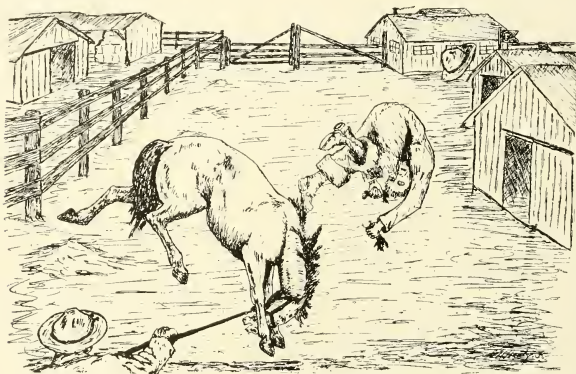
We got a real treat when the Lieut. introduced us to Old John Slow Trot. The first day that we heard "slow trot ho-o-o-o-o" half of the horses got away from us. Maybe it was easy for an old head, but when a new rider bounced six inches from his seat every step and caught himself from falling by jerking the reins the atmosphere became blue. "Keep off that horses mouth and quit jerking those reins, remember those horses cost Uncle Sam \$175.00 a piece and we can get all you men we want for a dollar a day." Rice and McDermott were the worst offenders and caught the most hell. Even Sgt. Barlow would soothe them by yelling, "Never mind if you do fall off you haven't far to fall," although he never tried it himself. Then old 1-2-3 would get excited, with McIntyre on his neck and the saddle blanket slipping off over his tail and would dash off in mad terror. Some fellow would shout, "Ride him cowboy, you'll like it."

If it hadn't been for John L's nerve, some of those half wild snakes would still be free. But he tried as long as there was any hope even though he couldn't stick. When we had supplying exercises "90"—"4"—"91"—"127"—and "6" were favorites. Klondike was more like the wooden horses than any. He never moved while the boys tried mounting from the rear.

Those 25 watering bits were used from morning till night. When men were not suffering equitation in the corrals under Lt. Eisner, Hard Robert would take the B. C. detail out, climbing banks, jumping ditches, running through the woods or swimming the Rock River. Nothing was impossible although Bob bounced just as high as the rest of us. Believe me John B's "Liver" would not satisfy

our appetites after a long jog lead by the heroic Robert. Quoting Officer Minor, "Never again will a board seat seem hard." It was sad for Bennett too. The "Fighting Corporal" had been somewhere in a warm place most of the winter, but one day got up too early and fell out with the rest of the battery. The detail went out for a hard ride led by Sir Robert. They got lost and it started to rain. When they returned, all were riding uncomfortably, but the tender Bennett was suffering. Right then and there he declared it was his last ride, and no one blamed him.

At last Spring came and as the weather warmed the horses shed their long coats, all but the mane and fetlocks, which we clipped. It wasn't until then that Lt. Walker found Pushfoot the speediest horse in the corral, at least it seemed that way when we had to follow him. The clipping machine clicked away constantly adding a lot to the appearance of the outfit. "Get your horse clipped and claim him," the Stable Sergeant told us, but when we had him clipped, some one else claimed him.



MAKING HIM LIKE IT

What's that? We're going to get full equipment for overseas? Well sure enough we got 40 complete outfits, saddles and bridles. They came just in time to. We drew them at midnight and slept on 'em. The following day was to be our big Blackhawk parade at Rockford, and that new saddle and bridle was just the stuff, for we all expected the little Blonde, with the big blue eyes, to be on the corner of State and Main to watch us go by. We were up early the next day fitting those saddles to the horses we had spent so much time clipping. Then Lt. Eisner formed the cavalry troop in line, commanded, "Count fours!" and we practiced fours right and fours left until time to move out. We sure were a snappy looking outfit in that parade with our sorrels shined up with the old "high polish" glistening in the sun.

The new saddles and bridles seemed to create a new interest and Sunday riding circle was started. It became regular Sunday morning stunt to get a wild one on a rope and have Jim Hill ride him. Danny Becker even complained that

Battery "F" was disturbing the slumber of his stable details. It was worth a court martial the fun we had. After the grooming was completed, Hutch would have a wild one led out, a long rope put on him and any one who cared to could ride him. It was a good ride too, while it lasted. Before it ended the horse gave up, unless it was a particularly stubborn one.

What was to be done with those bad ones was a serious question. Every time we tried to train them they got the best of us, and after they had gone the limit, kicking Higgins and Hines around and pushing Kaplin's face in, their day of reckoning came. Enough horse were saddled to lead five of those brutes for half a day, changing the saddle horse every hour, but keeping the "snakes" on the jump. Once when way out from the corral "114" shied and ran into "129" who politely kicked over the rope and "114" was a free horse only he couldn't realize it. The riders just gathered around quietly and caught him. Of course we couldn't tell our story, so Lt. Eisner didn't hear about it, until some sticky sergeant overheard the boys joking about it. Those five devils traveled fifty miles and only one of them refused to give up. They were all hard boiled but that one was the limit. None of them were ever well enough trained to be ridden by a soldier. When we started on that long hike to Sparta the worst ones were turned back to the remount, but "114" and the Keghead were led behind the caissons. When we got them to Camp Robinson they had a regular training. Every day a detail headed by Syvrud and Billings with Dreibelbis and a few other huskies harnessed and drove them in spite of all the hell they raised until finally they tamed down, but they were always just the least bit uncertain. Camp Robinson was an ideal place for rough work and besides the long hike had made the bunch veterans.

At Camp Robinson we sure had a chance to show our horsemanship, for the range was a big one. Every day the B. C. detail would go out to Lafayette Knoll, Pine Tree Bluff or some other high point to get a squint at a favorable aiming point or at a fierce battle between the Reds from Tomah and the Blues from Sparta. The way we galloped to the foot of those hills was nothing shabby for Hard Robert generally had blood in his eye and we had to follow. The warm weather was favorable for blisters too, but that made no difference, we were hardened there.

Just when we thought we were hard enough to go through hell on a rail, Eisner took the whole battery out with blankets and surcingle for a one hundred per cent test. One morning after a work out he inquires, "Do you feel alright Schlott-hauer?" And Julius answered rubbingly, "Oh my yes." But Julius would have been willing to stand up for his meals during that warm weather. Even Bridges enjoyed his ride for after a hard day in the shop he would saddle Dan, the old wind broken cow pony, and jog off to look for souvenirs on the range, followed by Red, Burrows and Haverland. No one knew what happened but they had hot arguments in that old shop over which was the fastest horse in the corral. Cooper Kohn seemed to have them all stopped, for Tuffy could come through with a prize on any track. Higgins claimed the high jump. Pete never did stop for an ordinary gate or the bar across the stable door, if he was hungry and he was always hungry.

To have something real exciting to do, a crude hurdle was built in the corral and each saddle horse was tried out. Pete showed 'em all up, but when it came to a low jump over a bale of hay, Amundsen's "19" or "149" the "Slicker," "Doc," "30" and "155" were all good. Of course Shorty was always there, riding his pony with a halter, but that was to be expected, there was nothing impossible for that pair. A small horse and a small rider but they did big things. When we had real hurdle drill with Eisner commanding, the riders would be lined up, ordered to tie the reins in a knot and fold arms as the horse took the leap. Many a rider took a hard fall in the soft sand, but it was the best way to teach them

not to jerk the horse when he went over. Then the horse would gallop off to the barn before the reins could be recovered.

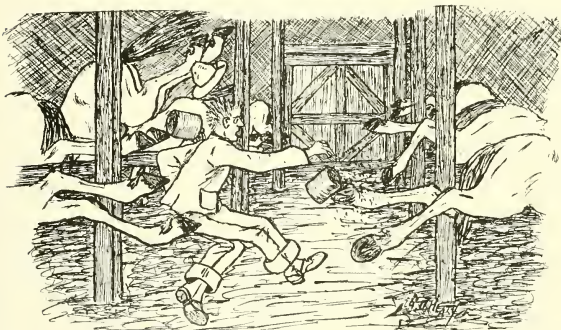
When the older veterans had learned about all the tricks in the red book, the rest of our men joined us and the same stuff was taught them in a hurry. Drager will never forget riding that horse on a slow trot with his arms folded. John L. and Hines were kept busy loading Lawrence back on his horse after each fall. It took a detail to keep Casey, Deshaw, Kellermann, Elliott and Frese on their horses. Every man had to ride with arms folded at the slow trot in order to get a good seat, even though they bounced from their horses' ears back to their tails. The horses were gentle and paid no attention where the men landed. All this drill was done with one man leading and the other riding. But as soon as a man showed ability to ride, he was given the watering bit and a place in the ring as a rider. For a while the recruits had equitation alone, but that was tame, so before they had finished their riding lessons the whole battery would go together.

Monday morning was always the favorite day, after a week end at LaCrosse. Everyone rode bareback, or with blanket and surcingle and we all had to work off a grouch. The battery would "fall in" "right dress," "count fours," "prepare to mount" "mount" and with "Right four forward, fours right, Ho-o-o" head for the gate and thence to the drill field out in the stumps west of camp. That was where many of us sobered up, altho for the first part of the drill all the commands sounded alike, just a long string of hours, whether Lieutenant Eisner had too much La Crosse or we'd had too much Portage, we never could tell. Fifty-fifty would probably be correct. After a good stiff cavalry drill we'd pull the individual stuff, "leading trooper from front to rear, trot" etc., "galloping using the correct lead," "What lead have you Schlotthauer?" "Right Sir," guessed Julius, but the probable error was "agin him" and he'd have to guess "left then" before he'd be rewarded, "correct." When we'd play follow the leader, with Lieut. Eisner showing us the way, we'd wind up in all sorts of serpentine formations and woe be unto the unlucky cuss that got mixed up; Oh Boy, what the Loot couldn't tell the trooper that pulled a boner on a Monday morning session was sure not worth mentioning. Them wuz the days.

Riding a well broken single mount was a joke compared to driving a pair in harness. It was mighty hard work training them, but we turned out some well trained six horse teams before we were thru. It was a never to be forgotten morning, that old "Take it from me" Collins took the battery out on the hill by the Remount Depot. It was colder than H—I and each man was leading two horses. He had us pulling off teams movements, leading six horses around as teams. We nearly froze. We preferred to have Hard Robbie show us the team movements in the warm Non-coms' room, using a hobnail shoe for the piece team and a russett shoe for the caisson team. We worked early and late, matching up the pairs for gait, size, color and disposition and, by the time we had a few well trained teams, we found that we'd developed some first class drivers too and from then on the work progressed rapidly. Lt. Eisner was mighty hard to suit at first tho, he wanted the "near" reins held just so and the "off" reins had to be held in just the correct manner, the whip had to be used on the "off" horse and the manner it was applied had to follow the "Drill Regs" to the last detail. It wasn't long until the right way was the easiest and the section chiefs and drivers got to bragging about their "grays" or "roans" or "box-cars." With lead drivers like Willie Peart, Sorum, Ivey and Taffy, taking a six horse team thru the brush and stumps got to be a cinch. Larkin was a handy driver to have around, as he could tip Sgt. Ted Syvrud off in such a tactful manner when Ted would slip up, "Come on Baldy, heads up there, Column Right's the command." Of course Ted was properly grateful (?). We soon had a well trained Battery Mounted and we were ready for any sort of field service.

331st Field Artillery

Certain horses, single mounts in particular, became pets of their riders. There was old Sam that Capt Myers was so fond of. Sam had a knee action in front that was a combination of Sgt. Merrill on Guard Mount and Lieut. Radermacher parading on a Regimental Review. Lieut. Eisner used about three, the "Slicker" for drill and equitation, old "thirsty" on the range and jumping the hurdles he'd use Stable Sgt. Higgin's pet Pete. John B. rode Pedro, the Military Marvel, altho a couple of times when Pedro was improperly groomed, the "loot" rode Pvt. Hellmer good and plenty. Lieut. Frew liked "119" best, while Lieut. Walker would ride any of them, altho Pushfoot was his choice. Top-cutter Bill rode "78," Chief Horseshoer Bridges rode his namesake Dan and Cooper Kohn claimed "Tuffy," so named because he had the cutest little mustache just like Tuffy Baird's of Hq. Co. Lieut. Mitchell had his private mount "Doc" that Hines thought so much of. After the Lieut. was transferred to Hq. Co. Hines had only "114" and "Keghead" left to groom with his long handled stable broom. Cpl. Max Webster had "90" for guidon horse and groomed him at least twice, according



ALL HE DID WAS RATTLE THE CAN.

to eyewitnesses, once at Grant and once at Robinson. Shorty Garthwaite claimed the smallest horse in the battery and, of course, Sgt. Barlow had the best horse in the outfit, as also did George U. and 192 other members of "F" Btry. All that George U.'s gray needed was training and his rider was giving him lots of it. Schlotthauer rode No. 14, the horse with the coach-dog gait. No. 14 proved the statement made in the F. A. D. R., that a horse takes the disposition of it's rider.

It was a sad day when we moved "overseas" and had to leave our good friends behind. They were sent back to the Remount Depot at Camp Grant and their life in the 331st Field Artillery was ended. But before they were loaded on the trains the Captain took a last gallop on Sam, Pete jumped the hurdles for "Red," Lt. Eisner slipped the "Slicker" another measure of oats, Shorty took a last jog on his pony, "Tuffy" bit Cpl. Kohn just once more. Sorum whispered a last goodbye to his gray team and "Finis" was written after "equitation" in Battery "F," 331st F. A., U. S. A.

Corp. Roy T. Evans

331st Field Artillery

In the preparation of this section the following articles were completed which unfortunately had to be omitted due to lack of space.

Hommes Cars—Corp. Glenn Bennett.

Gas—Sgt. William Kislingburg.

The Hike—Corp. Clement F. Thompson.

Robinson to France—Pvt. Alban B. Fiedler.

Paper Work—Corp. Clifford M. Bradley.

Mess—Corp. Clement F. Thompson.

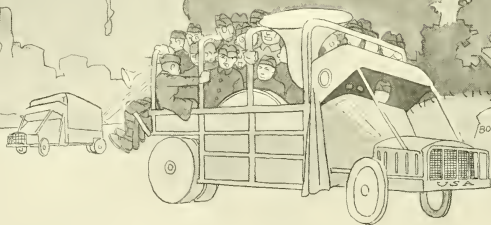
Rumors—Corp. Clifford M. Bradley.

Guard Duty—Sgt. Gustave Woerner.

Goldbricking—Corp. Clifford M. Bradley.

The statistics of this section were prepared by Corp. Maxwell Webster.

The Band



CHARLES
SUSKROE
BORDEAUX
JANUARY
1919

The ——— Band

When first I joined the army, I enjoyed it very much;
 I thought that I might just as well go help to trim the Dutch.
 The bucks in the Artillery all seemed so very grand,
 But I thought I could play a horn so I joined the——Band.

Now things went fine for quite a while; we never had a fuss,
 But it wasn't long till every one was interested in us.
 When the Company had work to do, we got severely panned;
 They'd always raise a holler, "Where is the——Band."

We dug some ditches, did K. P., and scrubbed and shoveled snow,
 And cleaned the stables, played for drill, were always on the go.
 The barns were full of fiery steeds, the Company lacked the sand;
 So they turned the worst ones over to the lousy——Band.

Besides all this we played for them about eight hours each day;
 But the——Band was rotten, at least that's what they'd say,
 When we made for the mess line, you would hear on every hand,
 "Hurry up, you Company men, here comes the——Band."

"Oh, anyone can play a horn," that's what they seemed to think,
 "It only takes two weeks to learn, so why raise all this stink?"
 If our job looks so easy, just let them try a hand,
 And grab a blasted instrument and join the——Band.

And if by chance there's any one who thinks they'll call this bluff,
 He'll soon find out, he'll be convinced that he has had enough,
 Now let's all try to get along, we're part of this great land,
 So we'll help you and you'll help us to help the——Band.

If some musician has bum feet and you don't like his looks,
 Don't call the whole damned outfit a dirty bunch of crooks;
 But look around all through the bunch, pick out the guilty man,
 Call him the dirty slacker, and not the whole——Band.

EPILOGUE

Suppose some man gets wounded—some Hun should leave his brand,
 When we go out to pick him up, would he curse the——Band?
 Suppose he dies and we play taps for this deluded friend,
 "Well, I'll be damned" his ghost would say "——the——Band."

331st Field Artillery



TOP Row—Legge, Tuttle, Lottridge, Claus. BOTTOM Row—Hurd, Reppin, Kellar, DuVall, Steuterman, Lippolt, Colger, Tegder.



TOP—Cophin, Freeman, Krueger, Gaughan, McMaster, Feagan, Ableiter, Coher. SECOND Row—Givens, Cummings, Piddick, Baima, Laet, Laurier, VanDuyen, John Hansen, Webster. BOTTOM Row—Ulrich, Hanisch, Foster.



TOP Row—Bellin, Walter, Saxe, Stepmann. SECOND Row—Helsapple, James Hansen, Holt, Malchow, Sugbroe, Tuma, Shafer. BOTTOM Row—Frost.

Personnel

REGIMENTAL BAND 331st FIELD ARTILLERY

Lieutenant William Laurier, Director
Ernest C. McMasters, Assistant Director
Harry M. Coplin, Sergeant Trumpeter
John W. Van Duyn, Sergeant—Drum Major

INSTRUMENTATION

Musician 1st Class James S. Hanson, Librarian.

CLARINETS Bb

Musician 1st Class Dominick B. Bajma, Premier.
Corporal Benjamin F. Biddick, Assistant.
Corporal Harold E. Cummings, Repiano.
Musician 2nd Class Helge Tegner, Second.
Musician 2nd Class Samuel Colger, Second.
Musician 3rd Class Charles J. Lippolt, Third.
Musician 3rd Class Frank Steuterman, Third.

CLARINET Eb

Musician 1st Class George H. Givens.

OBOE

Musician 3rd Class Frederick M. Lahrman.

FLUTE

Musician 1st Class Arthur W. Keller.

PICCOLO

Musician 2nd Class Donald DuVall.

SAXOPHONES

Musician 3rd Class Frederick M. Lahrman, Alto
Musician 3rd Class Melvin C. Reppin, Tenor.
Corporal Rodney Hurd, Baritone.

CORNETS Bb

Musician 1st Class John R. Hanson, Premier
Musician 1st Class Leon U. Webster, Assistant
Musician 1st Class James S. Hanson, Repiano
Musician 2nd Class Walter H. Helsaple, First
Musician 2nd Class Conrad P. Holt, Second
Musician 3rd Class Henry W. Malchow, Second
Musician 3rd Class Lee C. Canfield, Third
Musician 3rd Class Charles A. Sughrue, Third
Musician 3rd Class Frank Tuma, Fourth
Musician 3rd Class George I. Shafer, Fourth

331st Field Artillery

HORNS

Sergeant Trumpeter Harry M. Coplin, Premier
Musician 2nd Class Herman G. Claus, Assistant
Musician 3rd Class Lawrence C. Lottridge, Second
Musician 3rd Class Earl Tuttle, Third
Musician 3rd Class George B. Legge, Fourth

EUPHONIUM

Assistant Band Leader Ernest C. McMasters

BARITONES

Musician 2nd Class Frank A. Feagen
Musician 2nd Class Arthur H. Ableiter

TROMBONES

Sergeant Axel I. Stenman, Premier
Sergeant William A. Saxe, Assistant
Corporal Math A. Wolters, Second
Musician 3rd Class Otto E. Bellin, Third
Musician 3rd Class Vernie Coher, Bass
Musician 3rd Class Irwin L. Christy, Bass

BASSES

Sergeant Max W. Freeman, Eb Bass
Musician 2nd Class John J. Gaughan, Eb Bass
Musician 2nd Class Adolph W. Krueger, BBb Bass

BATTERIE

Sergeant John W. Van Duyn, Tympani, Bells
Corporal James C. Forster, Snare Drum, Traps
Musician 3rd Class Theodore Hanisch, Snare Drum
Corporal Joseph R. Frost, Bass Drum
Musician 3rd Class Adolph E. Ullrich, Cymbals

REPRESENTATIVE CONCERTS

Camp Grant Thanksgiving Day 1917
Camp Grant, Billy Sunday Day, Apr. 22, 1918
State Capitol, Madison, Wis., May 19
Sparta Wis., May 30
Tomah, Wis., June 26
Wilton, Wis., Aug. 2
Camp Mills, N. Y., Sept. 9
On board S. S. Lapland, Liverpool, Eng., Sept. 29
Y. M. C. A., Romsey, Eng., Oct. 2
Belgian Hospital, Cherbourg, France, Oct. 5
Camp Hunt, France, Armistice Day, Nov. 11
Base Hospital No. 22, Souge, France, Dec. 22
Camp Genicart, France, Dec. 25

331st Field Artillery

Grand Amphitheatre de L'Athene, Bordeaux, Dec. 26
Salle Franklin, Bordeaux, Dec. 29
Balcony Y. M. C. A. Bordeaux, Jan. 1
American Docks, Bassens, Jan. 14
On board S. S. Duca D'Aosta, Marseilles, Jan. 20
Gibraltar, Jan. 23
Camp Merritt, N. J. Feb. 7

PROGRAMME

Regimental Band 331st Field Artillery
Grand Amphitheatre de l'Athene
Bordeaux, France

La Marseillaise

Overture to "Oberon"

Weber

Waltz "Crimson Petal"

King

Selection from the opera "Macbeth"

Verdi

March "Le Regiment de Sambre-et-Meuse"

Turlet

INTERMISSION

Grand War March and Battle Hymn from the Opera "Rienzi"

Wagner

Waltz "Moonlight on the Nile"

King

Concert Suite "Atlantis, The Lost Continent"

Safranek

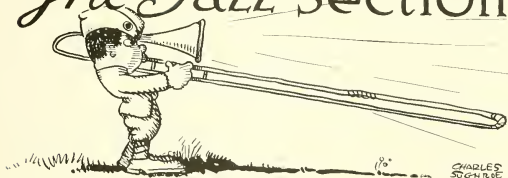
"The Stars and Stripes Forever"

Sousa

The Star Spangled Banner

During the programme the following encores will be given: "Trombone Blues," Jewell. "A Night in June," King. "Sally Trombone," Fillmore. Fox Trot "My Belgian Rose." March "U. S. Field Artillery March," Sousa.

The Jazz Section



"Watch yourself!" cried a commanding voice in strident tones. With an obedient quiver, the Royal Italian S. S. Duca d' Aosta did a column left and just missed knocking the Rock of Gibraltar out into the middle of the Atlantic. Thus was a great disaster narrowly averted. If there's anything Our Director can't direct, he ain't found it yet.

On past the big pebble and out onto the wet and zigzag Atlantic oozed the overgrown tin bathtub for its mad dash homeward at ten knots per hour, some hours. Aboard the awful Wopus boat, besides leagues of macaroni and gobs of alleged meat, rode the cream of the A. E. F., while down in the cellar in apartments especially reserved for them skulked the creme de la creme, the doggoned band.

On fine days the musicians were allowed to come up for air and to play blithesome airs to cheer up the officers (Who cheered up the band? No-body!) and so on this particular day on the last of January, nineteen nineteen, the boys sat gracefully grouped in a circle like an egg, just as they had appeared before all the crowned heads of Europe at the most prominent Y. M. C. A's, and carelessly jazzed their way through "Maximillian Robespierre." Yessir, the boys were in a largo frame of mind, for while they toyed with the music, keeping one eye on the li'l notes and one on Our Director, the other kept straying over the portcullis toward the western horizon. Hard for you, perhaps, but easy for them, for they learned that little trick at guardmount. And though only fourteen hundred kilowatts and seventy-six centimes out of the port of Marseilles, the musikers were already straining their eyes for a glimpse of the Goddess of Liberty, the most beautiful lady in the world, excepting of course the Girl Back Home.

A few short days and this grand galaxy of musical marvels was due to scatter to the four points of the compass, from Osaveous, Minn., to Buzzard's Roost, Arkansas, and even worse and so for several days the hard-boiled company guys had been treating the band-boys almost as equals, so that next summer when the circus comes to town, they can sit over next to the band with the girl Back Home and holler, "Hey, Mack! How's all them buzzards?"

The pride of the A. E. F. first saw the light back at Camp Grant in September, 1917, when Lieut. Wm. Laurier, not commissioned at that time but a band leader in the regular army, came down from Camp





Robinson, Wis., where he had finished organizing and training the band of the 8th F. A. He immediately set about organizing a military band for the 331st F. A., just forming, and all the musicians in the regiment were transferred to Headquarters Company on September 28, which marked the passing of peace for the company. And also for the musicians.

The first rehearsal pulled off on October first sounded like a gang of mules policing up a tin barn, the rioters including Dom Baima, Web Webster, Pokerman Cummings, Largo Bill Saxe, Uncle Adolph Krueger, Hatchet-face Claus, Pete Hanisch, Hiene Malchow, Potts Bellin, Useless Ullrich, Farmer Holt, Abe Helsaple, Red Hurd, Abbie Ableiter, Boogey Lippolt, Jack Frost and two musikers from Bell's Rockford band, Scotty Legge and Alec Stenman, the latter copping all honors for being the first enlisted man in the regiment. Government instruments arrived on October 10 and the band began to play guardmount and retreat, besides putting over three concerts a week for (or on) the fellows at regimental recreation halls.

In November the band played for Governor Lowden and Senator Lewis on the occasions of their visits to camp. Barnum & Bailey's circus quit for the winter about this time and the third day following Mack McMasters blew in,



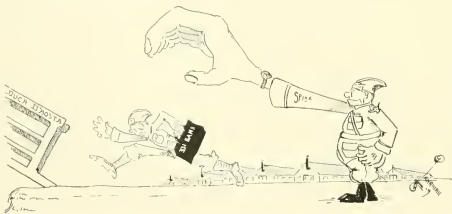
enlisted, warbled a few on his baritone and was handed the job of assistant director right off the bat, whereat Alto Pete Coplin of the circus dashed up and grabbed off the boss-ship of the pest section (here's where we get even with the buglers) his monicker being sergeant trumpeter. Peewee Kellar couldn't hold out any longer and toted his tin whistle down from Bell's band to join out with the Three-thirty-last. October's other great event was the band's da-boo at a Thanksgiving Y. M. C. A. concert and the stuff went over big, the audience being in a good humor because of the turkey, cranberries and ice cream and feeling strong enough to stand anything.

Torchy Freeman, an old pal of Mack and Alto Pete formerly of the fog-horn section of Ringling's circus band, came up on one of those slow trains from Arkansas in the Santa Claus month, closely pursued by Hank Hansen of Barnum & Bailey's, Van Duyn of the Rockford Grand Opera House orchestra and Johnnie Gaughan, who had been ballyhooing with all the carnivals. Then came Jim Hansen, Hank's brother, to be librarian and h'l Bennie Biddick, to be a good boy and do his bit. (My gosh, you just oughta have seen our Bennie over in France!)



Christmas eve is generally a time of good cheer, bokoo joy and all that, but Old Man Gloom was all over the place on Christmas eve, nineteen seventeen, for Hatchet-face had up and come down with measles and got the whole bunch quarantined and so there weren't no passes ner nuthin. And to make it worse, the Emerson-Brantingham band from Rockford froze up while playing "Hail, gentle Yuletide!" at the camp Christmas tree and so our heroes had to stagger over and finish the job and 'twas bitter cold and they like to froze and damned the Kaiser and cursed the day they joined the army 'n everything! Some jolly Christmas eve!

There wasn't a thing to do all winter except rehearse, play concerts, shovel snow with dishpans, make skating ponds, do K. P. and valet for a gang of wild man-eating beasts erroneously supposed to be horses. Several corral concerts were given for their especial benefit, music being supposed to have power to soothe savage beasts, but these here beasts were too gosh darned savage and it took half the band to hold 'em while the other half played. The days whizzed by like snails. Lincoln Abraham was a newcomer the last of April and luckless Bell's



band was nicked for another man, Swede Tegner. In May occurred the Big Hike, marked by a brigade concert on the steps of the Wisconsin State Capitol at Madison, Lt. Laurier directing the combined bands of the 331st, 332nd and 333rd.

Shortly after the brigade arrived at Camp Robinson came the War Department order authorizing the enlargement of army bands to fifty pieces and the awarding of commissions to directors. In addition to daily rehearsals and a whole raft of military and musical duties beginning with a morning serenade before reveille and ending with a post-retreat concert concluding at 7:15 (too late to catch Sparta special) in addition to all this, the boys honored numerous requests from neighboring towns for Red Cross and W. S. S. days and put on several Sunday concerts at Sparta. These jobs were easy to take, however, for there were gobs of pretty girls in the towns and you know how it is with pretty girls and uniforms. Then there was that day in June when Mack, Axel, Hank and Torchy broke the world's speed record getting off the artillery range when the 332nd opened fire. Not knocking the 332nd gunners nor anything, but our fellows were carrying too much speed for their shells.

Meanwhile the band was recruited to full strength by the enlistment and transfer of eighteen new musicians. Barney Faegan put his name on the dotted line on June 14, followed on July 16 by another trooper, Tweet DuVall. The next day a whole batch of new fellows came up from Camp Grant, including Bill Christy, Tennessee Steuterman, Slippery Wolters, Toomey Tuma and Duke Sughrue. More blew in on July 27, including Noisy Coher, Ike Shafer, Jimmie Forster and Puttie Tuttle followed a few days later by the pride and joy of Headquarters company, Sam Colger, the famous Wopus kid from Cleve-land, O-hi!

Goodwin Canfield, a bright lad from Sparta, enlisted on July 31; on August 4 Freddie Lahrman and Larry Lottridge fell off the rattler from Fort Thomas, Ky., and Gibbie Givens was kidnapped from Sparks Bros. circus at Sparta a few days later. This filled up the band so the regiment sailed for France in September.

After that it was just one dingbusted thing after another. For fear of tipping off our location to the submarines, the band was allowed to toot only in mid-ocean, being compelled to desist near the Irish coast, which was not hard to do. At Liverpool we lost Lincoln Abraham; he died of influenza a few hours after being removed to a hospital. The friendly personality of this fine high-spirited lad had endeared him to all and his loss was a personal sorrow to everyone.



The Cootie Waltz

Dedicated to Camp Genicant



TRY THIS OUT ON YOUR CORNET AND HAND ORGAN

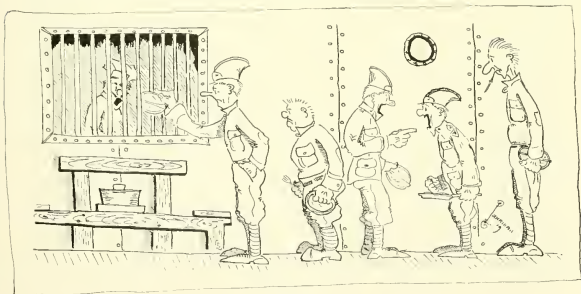
CHARLES SUGHRUE



BEFORE

The band led the regiment through Cherbourg on the entry onto French soil later and cheered the wounded warriors at the Belgian hospital at Cherbourg with a concert for which we were rewarded with the biggest bunch of the biggest chrysanthemums anyone ever saw, all dolled up with the Belgian colors and looking like a billion dollars. The company men were just plain green-eyed jealous when the doggoned band returned bearing the trophy. Oh, yes! Cherbourg was the place where the Frenchman kissed our Johnny Goggin! (And do you remember how they cheered and sang when we played "Le Regiment de Sambre-et-Meuse?" Oh, Boy!)

At Camp Hunt regular rehearsals were again resumed, the entire library having been brought along. The collection was one of which any organization might



AFTER

well be proud, including as it did six hundred selections with a large number of the best concert numbers valued at \$1,000. Daily routing and Y. M. C. A. concerts occupied the next two months and then came the departure for home.

Generous recognition came to the band at Bordeaux, both from the audiences of other regiments and from the camp commander, Col. "Spike" Hennessey, who was desirous of holding the outfit for his camp band. The boys finally got away, but only after playing everywhere day and night for weeks around both camps, at Bordeaux and at the Bassens docks for "Y" concerts, dances, dinners, funerals, a war orphan show and the departure of a hospital transport, the reward being everything from three cheers to a cup of cocoa and sometimes both.

Poor Christie was unlucky enough to get the mumps at the last minute and was left behind. And plucky Goodwin Canfield, ill for months in the hospital at Camp Hunt. We'd have given anything to have brought him back with us. (Goodwin passed away at Columbia General War Hospital No. 1, New York City, on May 29. He was a fine high minded boy of splendid character and this news of his passing will be received with regret by all the regiment.)

The story of the wild, wild crossing of the Duca d' Aosta is too moving for our pen; you tell 'em, Mr. Regimental Historian. Only the band played as never before on that glorious morning in February when the transport sailed up New York harbor past the Statue of Liberty and the air was "The Stars and Stripes Forever"!





**SCOUT
RADIO**

**HEADQUARTERS
COMPANY**

**SIGNAL
BAND**





In Memoriam

Lincoln Abraham

Goodwin Canfield

John Janke

Elmer Schwingel

They Died for Their Country



Captain Raymond Elder Robinson

Born at St. Paul, Minnesota, November 6, 1886.

University of Illinois Mechanical Engineering, B. S. 1908—M. S. 1909

Commissioned 1st Lieutenant, August 15, 1917, at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Joined 331st F. A. August 29, 1917; Adjutant 1st Battalion, August 29 to December 31, 1917. Assigned to Headquarters Co. Dec. 31, 1917; in Command of Company from July 1, 1918. Promoted to Captain, Aug. 20, 1918.

331st Field Artillery



FIRST LIEUT. STEPHEN WILLIAM COLLINS

Born at Rock Island, Illinois, May 18, 1883.

University of Illinois, Civil Engineering, Class of 1907

Commissioned 1st Lieut., Nov. 27, at Fort Snelling, Minn. Joined 331st F. A. Dec. 15, 1917; attached to F Btry. Dec. 15, 1917 to March 18, 1918; assigned to B Btry. March 18, 1918; attached as C. O. A Btry. May 20 to June 3, 1918; assigned to Headquarters Company October 12, 1918.



FIRST LIEUT. GEORGE WALLACE MILLER

Born at St. Paul, Minnesota, March 4, 1893

University of Minnesota, Electrical Engineering, Class of 1918.

Commissioned 1st Lieut. Nov. 27, 1917 at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. Joined 331st F. A. Dec. 15, 1917. With C Btry Dec. 15, 1917 to October 12, 1918. Assigned to Headquarters Company October 12, 1918.



FIRST. LIEUT. WAYNE A. BAIRD

Commissioned 2nd Lieut., August 15, 1917, at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Joined 331st F. A. and assigned to Headquarters Company Aug. 29, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lieut. Dec. 31, 1917. Transferred to Embarkation Camp, Bordeaux, France, Dec. 29, 1918.

331st Field Artillery

FIRST LIEUT. JOHN CALEB HENDEE

Born at Anderson, Indiana, May 16, 1892.

Purdue University. Civil Engineering. Class of 1914

Commissioned 2nd Lieut. August 15, 1917 at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Joined the 331st F. A. Aug. 29, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt., Dec. 31, 1917.



FIRST LIEUT. NORMAN EARLE STERLING

Born at Dixon, Illinois, April 11, 1896.

Dartmouth College, Class of 1919.

Commissioned 2nd Lieut. August 15, 1917, at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Joined 331st F. A. Aug. 29, 1917. With D Btry until Oct. 12, 1918. Promoted to 1st Lt. Dec. 31, 1917. Assigned to Headquarters Company, Oct. 12, 1918.



FIRST LIEUT. JOHN BONNAFIELD SIMMONS

Born at Ottumwa, Iowa, Nov. 16, 1895.

Yale University, Ph. B. 1916.

Commissioned 2nd Lt. August 15, 1917, at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Joined 331st F. A. Sept. 12, 1917. With D Btry Sept. 12, 1917 to Jan. 25, 1918. Promoted to 1st Lt. Dec. 31, 1917. With F Btry from Jan. 25 to Oct. 12, 1918. Assigned to Headquarters Company Oct. 12, 1918.



331st Field Artillery



FIRST LIEUT. CARL HENRY BAUER

Born at Hoboken, New Jersey, May 17, 1894.

Northwestern University, Electrical Engineering,
Class of 1919.

Commissioned 2nd Lt. August 15, 1917, at
Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Joined 331st F. A. Aug.
29, 1917. Promoted to 1st Lt. Sept. 9, 1918.



FIRST LIEUT. LEON WADSWORTH MITCHELL

Born at Rock Island, Illinois, June 19, 1884.

Williams College, A. B. 1906.

Commissioned 2nd Lt. August 15, 1917, at
Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Joined 331st F. A., Aug.
29, 1917. With F Btry to May 24, 1918. With
Headquarters Co. May 24 to August 20, 1918.
With C Btry Aug. 20 to October 12, 1918. As-
signed to Headquarters Co. October 12, 1918.
Promoted to 1st Lieut. Sept. 14, 1918.



SECOND LIEUT. RICHARD GIBSON VINCENT

Born at Newark, New Jersey, March 31, 1891.

Princeton University, Litt. B 1914.

Commissioned 2nd Lieut., August 15, 1917 at
Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Joined the 331st F. A.
August 29, 1917.

331st Field Artillery

SECOND LIEUT. WARREN PEASE JR.

Born at Chicago, Illinois, March 30, 1894.

University of Wisconsin, Electrical Engineering,
Class of 1916.

Commissioned 2nd Lieut., August 15, 1917 at
Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Joined the 331st F. A.
August 29, 1917.



SECOND LIEUT. PAUL V. SWEARINGEN

University of Illinois, Mechanical Engineering,
Class of 1919.

Commissioned 2nd Lieut., August 15, 1917, at
Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Joined the 331st F. A.
August 29, 1917. Transferred to Embarkation
Camp, Bordeaux, France, Dec. 29, 1918.



SECOND LIEUT. WILLIAM LAURIER

Born at New York City, November 8, 1886.

New York University, College of Law, Class of 1907.

Orchestra and Band Leader

Enlisted Sept. 14, 1915. Appointed Band
Leader 8 F. A. Sept. 29, 1915. Transferred to
331st F. A. September 14, 1917. Commissioned
2nd Lieut. July 11, 1918.



Attached Officers

Graduates of the Saumur Artillery School on Duty with the Company since October 8, 1918.

FIRST LIEUT. BRYANT J. BROOKS

SECOND LIEUT. GLENN M. SOOY

SECOND LIEUT. WADE H. DOZIER

SECOND LIEUT. EARL M. SMITH

SECOND LIEUT. DELTON A. BELANT

SECOND LIEUT. JOHN S. ADAMS

SECOND LIEUT. LUCIAN ANGELUCCI

Transferred to Requisition, Real Estate and Claim Service France, Dec. 9, 1918.

SECOND LIEUT. BENNIE BENDETTI

Transferred to Embarkation Camp, Bordeaux, France, Dec. 29, 1918.

Officers Formerly on Duty with Company

CAPTAIN ROBERT A. ALLTON

August 30, 1917 to December 19, 1917. Transferred to School of Fire, Fort Sill, Ok.

CAPTAIN RUMSEY CAMPBELL

December 11, 1917 to March 4, 1918. Transferred to 161st Depot Brigade.

CAPTAIN WINTHROP MILLER

March 27, 1918, to July 18, 1918. Transferred to Personnel Adjutant.

CAPTAIN GEORGE G. GOLL

March 4, 1918 to March 27, 1918. Transferred to D Battery.

FIRST LIEUT. HAROLD E. EDMONDSON

January 25, 1918 to October 12, 1918. Transferred to B Battery.

FIRST LIEUT. WALTER H. RADERMACHER

December 15, 1917 to January 25, 1918. Transferred to F Battery.

FIRST LIEUT. FREDERICK S. WINSTON

January 25, 1918 to October 12, 1918. Transferred to D Battery.

331st Field Artillery



1st Lt. Bryant J. Brood, Jr.



2nd Lt. Glenn M. Souy



2nd Lt. Wade H. Dozier



2nd Lt. John S. Adams



2nd Lt. Delton A. Belant



2nd Lt. Earl M. Smith

331st Field Artillery

FIRST LIEUT. CHARLES S. CRAIGMILE

August 30, 1917 to October 12, 1918. Transferred to C Battery.

FIRST LIEUT. ROBERT N. GOLDING

September 14, 1917 to October 12, 1918. Transferred to A Battery.

FIRST LIEUT. JEROME B. GRIGG

August 30, 1917 to August 21, 1918. Transferred to Supply Co.

FIRST LIEUT. LEONARD H. WHITNEY

August 30, 1917 to October 12, 1918. Transferred to D Battery.

SECOND LIEUT. HOMER W. DAHRINGER

August 30, 1917 to November 20, 1917. Transferred to Air Service.

SECOND LIEUT. D. BLIGH GRASSETT

August 30, 1917 to May 13, 1918. Transferred to 161st Depot Brigade.

SECOND LIEUT. EDWARD S. HUBBELL

August 30, 1917 to May 13, 1918. Transferred to 161st Depot Brigade.

SECOND LIEUT. JOHN I. PEARCE

August 30, 1917 to January 25, 1918. Transferred to Supply Co.

SECOND LIEUT. FRANK W. RAMEY

August 30, 1917 to October 12, 1918. Transferred to Supply Co.

Roster of Headquarters Company

Ableiter, Arthur H.	- - - Mus. 2cl.	Hanisch, Theodore M.	- - - Mus. 3cl.
Anderson, Henry C.	- Bn. Sgt. Maj.	Hanson, James S.	- - - Mus. 1cl.
Anderson, Orville J.	- - - Pvt.	Hanson, John R.	- - - Mus. 1cl.
Anderson Waldemar M.	- - - Pvt.	Harwood, Helon N.	- - - Sgt.
Amacher, Peter G.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.	Haugland, Julian E.	- - - Pvt.
Bahrke, William A.	- - - Pvt.	Hayden, Andrew	- - - Pvt.
Baima, Dominick B.	- - - Mus. 1cl.	Heller, Vurl	- - - Corp.
Barhett, Clarence B.	- - - Corp.	Helsaple, Walter H.	- - - Mus. 2cl.
Bellin, Otto E.	- - - Mus. 3cl.	Hinkle, Jerry M.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.
Bender, Russell T.	- - - Pvt.	Holt, Conrad P.	- - - Mus. 2cl.
Berg, Lawrence L.	- - - Corp.	Howat, James D.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.
Besaw, Clifford A.	- - - Pvt.	Halvorsen, Frank G.	- - - Sgt.
Bible, Orra N.	- - - Bugler.	Huntsman, Carl W.	- - - Pvt.
Biddick, Benjamin F.	- Band Corp.	Hurd, Rodney	- - - Band Corp.
Blackmann, Bertrum C.	- - - Pvt.	Jackson, Carl E.	- - - Corp.
Bollacker, Henry W.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.	Jeangerard, Cyrille J.	- - - Pvt.
Bourquin, Lee M.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.	Johnson, Ernest E.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.
Brewer, Paul H.	- - - Bugler.	Justad, Alfred C.	- - - Pvt.
Bucher, Lewis J.	- - - Pvt.	Kahn, Harry W.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.
Burns, Edward W.	- - - Pvt.	Karst, Edward W.	- - - Sgt.
Cartwright, James H.	- - - Corp.	Keating, John W.	- - - Corp.
Chelbourg, Arthur R.	- - - Pvt.	Keizer, Richard	- - - Pvt.
Christy, Irwin L.	- - - Mus. 3cl.	Keller, Arthur W.	- - - Mus. 1cl.
Clark, Cyrille R.	- - - Corp.	Key, Samuel	- - - Pvt.
Claus, Herman C.	- - - Mus. 2cl.	Kienholz, Aaron R.	- - - Sgt.
Cohar, Vernie	- - - Mus. 3cl.	Kloeden, Henry C., Jr.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.
Colger, Samuel	- - - Mus. 2cl.	Kneebone, William S.	- - - Corp.
Coplin, Harry M.	- - - Sgt. Bugler.	Kretschman, Leo A.	- - - Mec.
Cox, Everett D.	- - - Corp.	Krueger, Adolph W.	- - - Mus. 2cl.
Cuenot, Frederick L.	- - - Corp.	Kuenzel, Eric O.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.
Cummings, Harold E.	- Band Corp.	Kunz, Edward E.	- - - Corp.
Cyrtmus, Orville L.	- - - Corp.	Lackas, Paul A.	- - - Sgt.
Donohue, Roy L.	- - - Sgt.	Lahrman, Frederick M.	- - - Mus. 3cl.
Douglas, Rufus L.	- - - Sgt.	Legge, George B.	- - - Mus. 3cl.
Duval, Donald S.	- - - Mus. 2cl.	Liechty, Ernest A.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.
Eager, Harold C.	- - - Pvt.	Lins, Edward A.	- Bn. Sgt. Maj.
Eastland, Paul L.	- - - Corp.	Lippolt, Charles J.	- - - Mus. 3cl.
Elliott, Harry W.	- - - Pvt.	Lottridge, Lawrence C.	- - - Mus. 3cl.
Evans, Earle H.	- - - Sgt.	McEvoy, John J.	- - - Pvt.
Faegan, Frank A.	- - - Mus. 2cl.	McLachlan, George A.	- - - Pvt.
Fessler, William M.	- - - Corp.	McLoughlin, John F.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.
Flanagan, Arthur L.	- - - Corp.	McMaster, Ernest C.	- Asst. Band Ldr.
Fleming, Edgar L.	- - - Corp.	Malchow, Henry W.	- - - Mus. 3cl.
Foote, Lee W.	- - - Sgt.	Manion, James E.	- - - Corp.
Forster, James C.	- - - Band Corp.	Manuel, Math R.	- - - Pvt.
Freeman, Max W.	- - - Band Sgt.	Markus, Herbert J.	- - - Corp.
Frost, Joseph R.	- - - Band Corp.	Martin, John T.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.
Fry, Harry D.	- - - Pvt.	Marvin, Alfred A.	- - - Cook.
Gaughan, John J.	- - - Mus. 2cl.	Mayer, Paul	- - - Pvt. 1cl.
Givens, George H.	- - - Mus. 1cl.	Mezera, Charles	- - - 1st Sgt.
Graber, Urban L.	- - - Sgt.	Michel, Carl	- - - Color Sgt.
Hahn, Herbert C.	- - - Pvt.	Mickelson, Bernie N.	- - - Color Sgt.
Halperin, Meyer	- - - Pvt.	Miller, Edwin A.	- - - Pvt. 1cl.

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Mony, Earl L.	- - - -	Corp.	Shields, John A.	- - - -	Pvt. 1cl.
Moss, Benjamin	- - - -	Corp.	Shurpitt, Leon W.	- - - -	Pvt. 1cl.
Murphy, William S.	- - - -	Saddler.	Smith, David H.	- - - -	Reg. Sgt. Maj.
Muller, Joseph	- - - -	Sgt. Reg. Maj.	Smith, Edwin H.	- - - -	Cook.
Noll, Harry M.	- - - -	HS.	Stair, Erwin B.	- - - -	Pvt. 1cl.
Ogden, John W.	- - - -	Pvt.	Stenman, Axel I.	- - - -	Band Sgt.
Olson, Oscar	- - - -	Pvt.	Steuterman, Frank	- - - -	Mus 3cl.
Parnell, Narcisse E.	- - - -	Pvt.	Stokley, William R.	- - - -	Corp.
Passmore, Howard C.	- - - -	Corp.	Sughrue, Charles A.	- - - -	Mus 3cl.
Patten, Robert C.	- - - -	Corp.	Sweeney, Francis J.	- - - -	Sgt.
Pawlish, Charles F.	- - - -	Corp.	Tegner, Helge	- - - -	Mus 2cl.
Peckham, Leo E.	- - - -	Pvt.	Tesar, Frank A.	- - - -	Corp.
Phelps, Raymond W.	- - - -	Pvt. 1cl.	Thrasher, Jesse W.	- - - -	Pct. 1cl.
Powers, James A.	- - - -	Corp.	Tripp, Lloyd L.	- - - -	Pvt.
Pratt, George E.	- - - -	Pvt.	Tuma, Frank	- - - -	Mus 3cl.
Reddell, Lloyd E.	- - - -	Pvt. 1cl.	Trudell, John D.	- - - -	Mus 3cl.
Reppen, Melvin C.	- - - -	Mus 3cl.	Turnmeyer, George E.	- - - -	Corp.
Ridgway, Cedric C.	- - - -	Corp.	Tuttle, Earl	- - - -	Mus 3cl.
Rieck, Emil E.	- - - -	Pvt. 1cl.	Ullrich, Adolph E.	- - - -	Mus 3cl.
Roach, Leslie	- - - -	Corp.	VanDuyn, John W.	- - - -	Band Sgt.
Roberts, Tony	- - - -	Pvt. 1cl.	Vowles, Cecil J.	- - - -	Pvt.
Rumpf, Edward C.	- - - -	Sgt.	Waterworth, Walter T.	- - - -	Corp.
Saxe, William A.	- - - -	Band Sgt.	Weber, Romain O.	- - - -	Mec.
Schlough, Charles P.	- - - -	Pvt.	Webster, Leon U.	- - - -	Mus 1cl.
Scholes, Samuel E.	- - - -	Pvt.	Weeks, Ernest W.	- - - -	Cook.
Schultz, John V.	- - - -	Pvt.	White, Charles H.	- - - -	Sgt.
Schwartz, Jay	- - - -	Pvt. 1cl.	Wolter, Mathias A.	- - - -	Band Corp.
Schwochert, Frank A.	- - - -	Bugler.	Yeager, Heinrich	- - - -	Pvt.
Serley, Oscar L.	- - - -	Pvt. 1cl.	Yeck, August F.	- - - -	Hs.
Shafer, George I.	- - - -	Mus 3cl.	Zelinski, Walter J.	- - - -	Pvt. 1cl.

LIST OF MEN FORMERLY WITH HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Abraham, Lincoln (Deceased)	Freark, Parke W.
*Adler, Joseph	Gielow, Henry
Aiken, Warren	Grady, John R.
Anderson, Carl G. A.	*Greenert, John A.
Baumlner, Chas. V.	Hartgerink, William
*Baxter, Rodney R.	Hartness, Arnold
Becker, Elmer E.	Hauptert, Walter
Benisch, Edward	*Hayden, Clement
Bennett, Glenn H.	Herdina, Edward J.
Blossom, Thorpe J.	Hibbard, Earl
Bready, John W.	Hodler, A. J.
Bullis, Roy E.	Jnke, John G.
Butenhoff, Leo E.	Joringdal, Peter M.
Canfield, Lee G.	Kaiser, Henry
Coulthard, Lloyd T.	Kane, Clement
Delin, Arvid	Karthieser, William
Draak, Robert	*Kastorff, Cyrus
Dresen, Arnold A.	Kehrmeyer, Alvin
Ebert, Charles	King, Earl H.
Ebert, George	*Kunkel, Fred G.
Ehmke, Frank	Lakin, Archie
Eisle, William	*Le Beau, Oscar L.

331st Field Artillery

Lehman, Carl	O'Donnel, John J.
Leisner, E. H.	Ostrum, John
Lehmke, Harry E.	Peachy, Clifford T.
Lindsey, Eugene	*Poad, William
Lowry, Charles E.	Pratt, W. S.
*Lowry, Ivan L.	Rochow, Alfons M.
MacLachlan, George A.	Schiller, Clarence H.
McCarthy, W. D.	Schneider, Leo J.
McNamera, Vincent	Schwingel, Elmer (Deceased)
Meidel, Joe	Stamas, Peter
Melville, R. J.	Steen, Fred N.
Miller, Elmer W.	Thompson, Hartley J.
Mills, William P.	*Thrapp, Glenn E.
Misner, Francis D.	*Washburn, Walter B.
*Mitchell, Thomas H.	Waughan, Patrick
Monroe, Everett E.	*Webster, Maurice
Newman, Frank	Williams, William
O'Connors, Lewis P.	Wonn, Harry

* Later received commission.

FORMER MEMBERS OF THE BAND

Aiken, Warren W.	Jackson, Dalvin A.
Amacher, Fred	Janke, John G.
Anderson, Clarence	Keller, Fred P.
Bockin, Walter F.	McCray, E. E.
Christensen, Martin	Roberts, J. B.
Gilson, Elmer F.	Smith, Wesley
Grusnick, Henry	Thomas, William
Hanson, P. L.	Wagner, George
Haxen, Dan	Woolstone, A. L.
Helgersen, Harry	

FORMER MEMBERS OF THE BAND NOW WITH THE COMPANY

Pratt, George	White, Charles H.
Schultz, John V.	Yeck, August



Top Row—Webster, Malchow, Tegner, Colger, Ullrich, Tuttle, Lottridge, Reppen, Lippolt, Legge, Tuma.
Second Row—Gaughan, Holt, Sughrue, Hanson, Krueger, Steuterman, Ableiter, Claus, Helsaple.
Third Row—Keller, Cummings, Hurd, Wolter, Biddick, Baima, Hanson, Bellin, Feagan.
Bottom Row—McMaster, Coplin, Stenman, Freeman, Van Duyn, Saxe, Frost, Forster.



Top Row—Shafer, Coher, Blackman, Jeangerard, Amacher, Liechty, Elliott, Koleden, Justad, Halperin.
Second Row—Hanisch, Huntsman, Key, Hinkle, Mayer, Bible, Kuenzel, Weber, Schwichert, Weeks.
Third Row—Givens, Cartwright, Fleming, Pawlisch, Barnett, Flanagan, Turnmeyer, Patten, Waterworth, Keating.
Bottom Row—Duvall, Halvorsen, Anderson H. C., Lins, Capt. Robinson, Kienholz, Mezera, Muller, Evans.

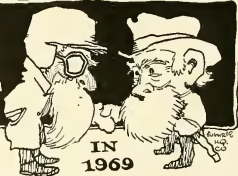


Top Row—Brewer, Besaw, Hahn, Manuel, Rieck, Zelinski, Martin, Burns, Chelber, Kahn, Scholes.
Second Row—Peckham, Shields, Yaeger, Pratt, Noll, Parnell, Stair, Shurpit, Serley, McEvoy, Tripp.
Third Row—Cuenot, Clark, Eastland, Berg, Monty, Kneebone, Ridgway, Harwood, Cyrtmus, Moss.
Bottom Row—Graber, Lackas, Karst, White, Donohue, Douglas, Sweeney, Mickelson, Michel.



Top Row—Schutz, Bender, Howatt, Johnson, Stokley, Eager, Olson, Fry, Bollacker, Keizer.
Second Row—Borquin, Anderson O. J., Kretschman, Murphy, Miller, Hayden, Bucher, Anderson W. M., Roach, Phelps.
Third Row—Reddell, Ogden, Schwartz, Marvin, McLoughlin, Haugland, Powers, Fessler.
Bottom Row—Rumpf, Markus, Cox, Heller, Manion, Jackson, Kunz, Passmore, Tesar.

THEM WUZ THE DAYS



Do You Remember---

- When the band serenaded the Statue of Liberty?
- When Johnnie let the horse chew his gum?
- When Weber got enough to eat?
- When Headquarters ever got the best of anything?
- When the whole 161st Artillery Brigade well nigh got courtmartialed 'n everything for making souvenirs of the French plane?
- When Gibbie refused to play in the next barracks because it had electric lights and was all lit up like a street?
- When Tuttle told the girl at Mauch Chunk he'd meet her in Heaven?
- When Sergeant Graber gave us our "full" allowance of candy?
- When Claus rode the blind?
- When Charlie Ox spilled the music?
- When the would-be hard boiled top sergeant at Camp Grant took us for a bunch of rookies?
- When we did beaucoup detail at Camp Genicart?
- When the colonel was working on the case?
- When everybody played horse with the wagons at Camp Hunt so we could go home right away?
- When Cope played "pay day" at the football game?
- When Battery B swiped our stove and Mack trailed it by the ashes?
- When the rat up and bit Shafer?
- When Lahrman got lost in the Forest de Cognac?
- When the anchor went down at Liverpool?
- When the M. P. chased the band's trucks at Borducks?
- When Sam lost his clarinet and hollered, "Where it is? I don't know where is it?"
- When Clark reported that his girl had rejected a \$500,000 movie offer?
- When Jackson fain would give his diamond to the blonde at Camp Hunt?
- When Lieut. Swearingen gave the lecture on the French money system at La Corneau?
- When Moss listed two one-franc pieces as dutiable articles brought home from France?
- That first real feed at Camp Merritt?
- Sergeant Graber and the full garbage pail?
- The testimonial gold watch and chain the band presented to Third Lieutenant Mezera?
- When the medical corps recommended iodine to a seasick bird on the Duca?
- The bar'l and bar'l's of tears we all shed on being fired from the army on February 19, 1919?

Getting Ready

"Henceforth and hereafter you are under military law."

And they were soldiers, in name at least.

Discarding their blue serges, their English coats or their peg-topped trousers, the men who later were to form the 331st Field Artillery left their respective homes for Camp Grant.

Some took a last farewell fling at old John Barleycorn while others of a pessimistic frame of mind invested in cemetery lots believing that they would receive a week's training with a broomstick and be hustled off to France to become cannon fodder.

Arriving at Camp Grant the men were greeted by the six day veterans with cries and cat calls such as:

"You'll like it."

"Where you from?"

"Close up."

Halting in front of a wooden building which later proved to be their home, at least for clad soldiers met name of "First

Steel cots and issued and the riors" settled down tion of which was A whistle with a shriek rang through

"That's one of men's whistles that about back in West

Peckham, sticking his head out of the window to get a glimpse of the curiosity.

"Outside," bawled an authoritative voice.

"I believe somebody wants us," drawled Peckham in his gentle way.

And Peckham's deduction was correct. Somebody did want them.

"What in H. do you guys mean by sitting there while I blow the whistle. When I blow the whistle, fall out."

"But," protested Peckham, "its quite a distance to the ground."

And then the meaning of the first sergeant's whistle was explained to him.

At this formation a mysterious piece of aluminum called a mess kit was issued and the boys filed into the mess hall to eat the first army meal.

That night the former civilians lounged around, some in pool room style while others, accustomed to reclining in a Morris chair with a bit of femininity "near," were like Babes in the Woods.

Resorting to the soldier's one solace, the cigarette, they lit up and between puffs swapped stories throwing the partly consumed "snipes" out through the open windows. This pastime was rudely interrupted by the appearance on the scene of the privates' deadly enemy—the second lieutenant.

"Cigarettes and matches are not to be thrown out of the windows," he barked. "Some of them lit on the captain's head. You are only making work for yourselves. You will have to police them up in the morning."

Police? Police them? What did he mean? And then a bold youth strode forward and sturdily remarked:

"Sir, if there is any Police work to do I'll be glad to do it. My grandfather was chief of police in my town for years."

And following in the footsteps of his grandfather he soon was promoted to provost sergeant.



of a wooden building proved to be their a time, the civilian the man by the Sergeant."

blankets were then "enthusiastic war for a rest, the dura exactly one minute. shrill penetrating the building.

those traffic police. I heard so much Lima," said "Si"

This police business, the men soon discovered was to play a great part in their training. Kitchen police, stable police, barracks orderly, which is only a "commissioned" term for the job of cleaning up the living quarters—and then there was the "company area." My God what a fluctuating name! Anything and nothing could be included in the "company area." If it was to be policed it could be made to extend in any direction and for any distance. If on the other hand the boys were in quarantine it could be horribly "mangled" and "mini-mized."

After a week of drilling and hand saluting by the numbers in the various batteries certain men were picked out and lined up. Right here the boys made the acquaintance of a person who stuck with them throughout their army life—Old Dame Rumor. "We are going to Texas," and again, "We are going to Honolulu to relieve the regulars who were to be sent to France." And as experience taught them the "Old Girl" was wrong.

Had they profited by this experience with that elusive person they would have been saved many a heartache. Neither of the aforementioned things happened. Instead, the officers informed them that on this day, October 6th, 1917, Headquarters Company, the eyes and ears of the regiment was to be formed and we were the nucleus of the organization—the cream of the regiment.

At "1006" our new home, Headquarters Company was formed according to size with Evans, Kunkel, Trudell and Powers on the big end and Peckham and McNamara on the small end. Trudell, nudging Powers asked, "Whats your name? Mine is Trudell. Don't call me 'fat', call me 'Frenchy.'" And the name stuck.

Some time was devoted to studying arithmetic, French and the like and the remainder of the time was spent on the drill field. Here the boys met "Charlie the Terrible," often called "Charlie Chaplin." His footsteps and wiggle soon grew familiar and how the "soldiers" did retreat when his short, jerky steps resounded through the building.

Then gun drill was put on the schedule and here "Shrapnel" made his debut. He came in like a March wind and went out like a lamb at a football game some months later at Camp Hunt, France.

How amusing it was to watch H. C. Anderson and Reddell hot footing it from post number seven to gunner. This drill usually ended in a general mixup—an example of which follows:

Lieut. Golding—Stomas, what is your number?

Stomas—Seeks (six).

Ebert—Stumbling over trail—My number is seeks.

Stomas—My numer—

Ebert—Peasons (caissons) front.

Lieut. Golding—Fall in and start over again.

Capt. Allton was the first captain of Headquarters Company. He was seldom around. Only on Saturdays, inspection day, did he put in an appearance.

"The inspection was very good with the exception of a few cigarette butts between the bunks and bunks not properly made up," he would remark and hide away until the following Saturday.

After inspection "Colonel" Vincent would take the men for a hike until eleven. Tired and hungry the men would return feeling very much abused because they did not get the full day off. And then the twelve general orders had to be recited before a man could secure a week-end pass.

Brady, from the officer's training school, was acting top sergeant of the outfit at this time. What a time he had drilling the rookies.

Bringing the men back from a hike one day, Brady forgot to give the company halt and the boys continued to march, attempting to scale the wall of the barracks across the way while Brady in a rage stood on the opposite side of the street yelling "Company," "Company."

331st Field Artillery

Brady sneaked up the stairs one night after lights out.

Brady—at top of voice—"Cut out the chatter up here."

"Who in the H. are you?" inquired an irritating voice from the darkness.

"I'll show you who I am," shouted Brady and then like the Arab glided softly away.

Soon he was transferred to a "better" job.

It was not long before things began to round into shape and life in 1006 developed nothing of particular interest.

When finally the clothing was issued McNamara despairing of ever getting an overcoat that would fit him from Headquarters Company swapped overcoats with a colored doughboy from South Carolina.



And how the boys envied Jim Powers when this conversation took place every morning:

Officer to Powers—"Powers have you found a pair of shoes to fit you?"

Powers—"No sir."

Officer—"Fall out."

With an outward look of regret Jim would fall out to join Evans, McNamara, Washburn, Trudell, Cox, and Little Eddie Erdhard, charter members of the famous Order of Goldbricks, who held their meetings in the Y. M. C. A., on their bunks in the canteen, and along the banks of the Rock river.

And then they put the cream of the regiment to work in earnest. Studies and drill of all kinds took up every spare moment. Some would become so interested in the lectures of the officers at these classes that they would wander off into slumberland, there to dream of the day when, marked perfect in their studies, they would be made corporals. Many a man awoke with a start to find that he had been asked some question the nature of which he knew not, much less the answer. Gun drill around wooden cannons and mounting wooden horses were some of the "thrillers" dealt out to the men. Many pleasant hours were spent with old Shrapnel in the "grooves and lands," and polishing the trajectory.

Lieut. Hendee occasionally took the men out for a hike to draw maps of the surrounding terrain and after admonishing them to remain until the work was done would leave them for "more important" duties such as warming his toes in the supply sergeant's room. It is reported that the men he left out in the woods to draw maps were often members of a reception committee that waited upon him when he returned. This, it is said, was made possible by a short cut to the barracks that they knew of.

Winter arrived and with it the horses. "Charlie Chaplin" picked them out at the remount because he was "well versed" in horses, 'twas said. He must have been, when he selected such "playful kittens" as Frenchy, the Indian and Old Forty.

Grooming them by day and guarding the "critters" by night. Pleasant? Ask any of the boys who were there and they will tell you in no uncertain language how interesting it was to clean the Indian's feet and how comfortable it was to walk your post at the stables with the thermometer way below zero.

Every morning the usual formation: count off; squads left, column left and away we went to the barns.



Company halt. Band will ride and the company will groom the first period. Fall out. What a rush for the old salt barrel, each striving to get a grooming kit first and thereby have a chance to "stand to heel" to one of the more "gentle" horses.

How the coat tails of the band boys would fly around the corner of Number 1 barn for Number 2, each making a run for a favorite steed. How Lieutenant Baird would glory in his "horsemanship" while riding "vicious" Little Joe. And do you remember the morning that same animal threw our equitation master at the remount? Of course, well, you know, there must be some good explanation.

At the start of the horse training business Trudell was inclined to hold on to the horse's mane while riding bareback with the rest of the boys around the corral. All this by the way was done in shirt sleeves in the dead of winter. Severely "called" by Lieutenant Baird, Trudell let go of the horse's mane and immediately fell in the snow. His feelings hurt more than anything else, Trudell arose and said to the "animal trainer": "There, damn it, I hope you are satisfied now."

Although Sunday is supposed to be a day of rest, there was no rest for the weary soldiers. The horses must be cleaned on the Sabbath Day as well as any other. The whole outfit suddenly became religiously inclined and attended church services very regularly. Of course no one suspected this was done to escape the grooming period. Every morning after being all slicked up, the horses were turned loose in the corral to roll and cavort in the mud in order that the men might have amusement for the following day.

Old Buckskin was polished daily throughout the whole grooming period and at times a sturdy soldier reposed on each side.

Little McNamara's ability as a high diver saved him from the vicious front feet of Number Fifty-four. Entering this animal's stall McNamara was attacked by this horse. Without stopping to argue McNamara mounted the manger and dove through the window head first to safety.

"Scotty" of the band was kicked in the arm and went daily to the infirmary for treatment. On the fourth day the medic sergeant handed him four pills. "Scotty" dropped one on the floor and thinking to conserve and win the war stooped to pick it up when the medic sergeant halted him with:

"Oh, let it lay. It won't do you any good anyway."

Does Barnett remember when Pinto made the hurdles?

Of course all the boys remember the Mascot and his squatting tendencies.

Feeling on the ragged edge an indisposed private approached Mechanic Weber one day with a request for two CC pills.

"Sorry," said the walking drug store, "but all I have on hand at present is red ones, pink ones, blue ones, green ones, white—"

"Never mind," said the ailing one as he swooned away.

Being in quarantine for the measles and scarlet fever for the best part of the winter, especially around the holidays, made life almost unbearable. After many rumors the men were informed on New Years day that quarantine had been lifted and that as soon as they had emptied their ticks and washed them they could have a pass. What a rush for the stables to empty ticks. And then the grand melee in the wash house where the ticks were to be cleaned. The bits of straw clogged the drainage pipes and water stood two inches deep on the floor. What cared they for wet feet? They were to receive a pass as soon as the ticks were clean and they went to it. It is reported that a few of the "strategy" board turned theirs inside out and then dipped them in water and beat the less resourceful ones to the much coveted passes. Bahrke was the hero of the occasion. Sick with the measles he went down to the stables with the rest of the company to groom so that the boys could get away before his illness was detected and quarantine again slapped on.

Life during our confinement was made easier to bear by the staging of shows three and four times a week. Boxing bouts and stunts of all kinds were put on for the amusement of the men. Some of these developed great possibilities for

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a story but because of the writer's sense of propriety it is impossible to narrate them. However, I might offer the reader a suggestion—ask Corporal Cox.

And then, too, there was that oft-resorted to occupation of shooting the bull. The topic of discussion were our officers and on what merits they picked non-coms, the military appearance of "Humpy" and his knowledge of foot drill, and the mysterious comings and goings of Corporal Jack and his suit case full of books.

In the late winter Capt. Campbell arrived. His hobby was lifting Number Forty's left hind leg at 9:45 a. m.

And then Capt. Miller. Long hikes in the country followed his arrival interspersed with much pack rolling and pitching of tents preparatory to our long hike to Camp Robinson.

One day Capt. Miller, visiting the stables, noticed the death-like stillness about the barns. Approaching Jack Keating he asked:

"Why are the boys so quiet around the barns and show no life?"

Keating: "They are afraid of Lieutenant Baird."

Capt. Miller: "Lieutenant Baird won't bite."

Keating: "No, but they are afraid of his bark."



The Hike

Accompanied by the usual excitement that goes with an army movement of any kind, the bawling out of orders by second lieutenants and the prancing and bucking of fiery steeds, Headquarters Company, 331st Field Artillery, left Camp Grant on its eventful hike to Camp Robinson.

Immediately things began to happen. Private Manuel, who later startled the world with feats in wireless telegraphy, was the first unfortunate to be spilled from his horse. Mounted on a rather spirited black, Manuel endeavored to line up in a column of fours in the corral at Camp Grant. The steed, however, had his own idea of such things and, instead of moving forward, beat a hasty retreat in an inverted manner toward the picket line. The line being five feet high would not permit both horse and rider to pass under. Propelled by "horse power" with the picket line acting as a check on his backward flight to "unprepared positions," "Marconi's rival" found himself astride the line. Not being a professional tight rope walker, "Arlington" decided to return to Mother Earth and was received in an abrupt manner.

Leaving the camp be through Rockford. Pretty men in khaki and then covered their faces. Did Could the men on horse-foreign legion of some kind? provoked an answering ignored entirely. Had the woman-haters of the men who once courted their affections? No, it was like this: the men were marching at attention under the ever-watchful eye of Lieutenant Bauer. Have you heard of the famous order of K. P.'s? No, not the lodge. The dues of this fraternity are paid by the men in the form of hard work and the members meet daily in the army kitchen at 6:00 a. m. to scrub pots and pans and do various odd jobs about the place. And have you by chance heard of Lieutenant Bauer? No, you say. Well, he's the "gent" who initiates the poor "buck" into the society and as a rule is very active in his campaign for new members. Some claim he has eyes in the back of his head and is here, there and



hind, the column proceeded girls threw kisses at the slowly a look of amazement their eyes deceive them? back be members of a Their smiles which usually demonstration were being stern business of war made



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everywhere. Did I hear you say he's jealous of the buck private? Well, maybe so, but I'm a "buck" myself so I can't express an opinion.

In the rear of Headquarters Company rode the expert riders of the outfit leading the "outlaws," or horses which much devoted time and effort had failed to break. To say that they were full of life would be putting it mildly. "Oh, look at the 'sick' horses," cried one sweet thing on the sidewalk. Sick? Yes, they looked sick with their tangled manes and mud-caked legs. Approach one with a grooming kit and see. Although enlisted in the cause of democracy the "sick" ones suddenly decided to follow the example of the "supreme war lord," Kaiser Bill, and become aristocrats. Mounting the sidewalks, the invalids insisted on walking with the rest of the white folks. After some confusion they were rounded up and the column proceeded in an orderly manner.

Except for amusing incidents which varied the monotonous routine, the daily program of the company was substantially as follows:

4:30 a. m.—Swim out of tents to stand reveille.

4:45 a. m.—Men take morning plunge while horses drink their fill from Wisconsin's muddy creeks.

4:47 a. m.—Lieut. Bauer—Adler, hold on to those horses.

4:50 a. m.—Lieut. Whitney—Adler, don't let those horses get away.

4:55 a. m.—Adler takes usual morning bath in creek.

6:00 a. m.—Eat Armour's jaw-proof bacon and drink coffee sweetened with salt.

6:15 a. m.—Police grounds.

6:30 a. m.—Lieut. Bauer discovers piece of paper on ground and orders out men to repeat policing up process.

6:38 a. m.—Lieut. Pease—Stokley, your saddle is not on properly.

6:39 a. m.—Lieut. Pease adjusts Stokley's saddle "properly."

6:42 a. m.—Lieut. Edmondson—Stokley, your saddle sits too far forward. Move it back.

6:50 a. m.—Lieut. Grasset—Stokley, that saddle is sitting unevenly.

7:00 a. m.—Sgt. Mezera—Stokley, aren't you ever going to learn how to saddle a horse? Let me saddle him properly.

8:30 a. m.—After hiking fifteen minutes Stokley's saddle slips. He is severely reprimanded for failure to saddle horse correctly.

8:45 a. m.—Band Leader Laurier declines to lead band through city, claiming he does not care to make himself conspicuous.

9:00 a. m.—Lieut. Grasset—Kretchman, stop that horse from jiggin'.

Kretchman—I am riding Number 40, sir.

Lieut. Grasset—Makes no difference. Don't let him jig.

10:00 a. m.—Lieut. Edmondson—Shurpit, close up.

10:05 a. m.—Lieut. Pease—Shurpit, cover in file.

10:09 a. m.—Lieut. Vincent—Shurpit, keep the proper distance.

12:00 Noon—The "Indian" permits Kunz to put the nose bag on him.

12:05 p. m.—Kunz eats lunch while stroking "Indian's" neck.

12:15 p. m.—Dave Smith annoys men with boisterous talking.

3:45 p. m.—Lieut. Bauer—Karst, hurry up with those horses.

Karst—I am hurrying as fast as I can.

3:47 p. m.—Karst peeling spuds in the kitchen.

3:49 p. m.—Lieut. Pease, believing that the situation requires the presence of a "hero, a leader of men," on the job, volunteers to lead the company through a stump-dotted wood to a muddy creek where the men could water the horses.

4:00 p. m.—Band plays concert to bunch of disgruntled "K. P's" while men water horses.



4:05 p. m.—Two buck privates beat First Sergeant Mezera and Corporal Baldwin, his "bunkie" to the most suitable spot for pitching tents and are not forced to vacate, proving that the day of miracles is not past.

4:15 p. m.—Manion fails to receive daily communique from "friend" in Oshkosh and goes on sick call.

4:30 p. m.—"Frenchy" Trudell gives soap box oration in front of tent.

4:45 p. m.—"Paper, all about the hike on page three."

5:30 p. m.—Mess Sergeant Graber serves "excellent" supper.

5:50 p. m.—Ludwig volunteers to assist in making the sandwiches for the following day.

5:54 p. m.—Ludwig becomes exhausted from his labors and asks to be carried away on a stretcher.

8:45 p. m.—Weber retires for the night without finding a thing to complain of.

11:59 p. m.—The colonel is aroused from dreamland to receive a telegram from Cyrus Kastorff asking permission to join the company in order that he may experience the hardships with the hikers.



On the second day Lieutenant Edmondson noticed that Private Harry Kahn was experiencing great difficulty in keeping his seat in the saddle. In fact one farmer along the road was unkind enough to ask Harry if he was practicing to become a trick rider for Ringling Brothers. It did appear to a disinterested observer as if Kahn had a mania for dismounting while his horse was at a walk.

Lieut. Edmondson—Kahn, can't you ride that horse?

Kahn—Yes sir.

Lieut. Edmondson—Well, why do you let him throw you?

Kahn—He doesn't throw me sir. The animal gave me to understand that he didn't want me on his back; hence I dismounted.

Lieut. Edmondson—Did you ever have equitation?

Kahn—Yes sir, twenty minutes under Lieut. Golding.

Lieut. Edmondson—What did you do during that time?

Kahn—Tried to convince the horse that he should let me blanket him, sir.

Kahn was the easiest man in the company to find. Locate that part of the company which seemed to be having the best time and ten to one Kahn would be there, the center of it all.

Men in column of fours pulling into camp:

Capt. Miller—Fours left front into line.

The men, excepting Kahn, executed the command perfectly. Kahn had been squeezed out and was vainly trying to find a hole for himself and horse.

Capt. Miller—Kahn, get into line.

Kahn—I am trying to, sir.

Capt. Miller—Don't talk back to me.

Kahn—All right.

Capt. Miller—Always say sir to me.

Kahn—Yes sir.

Water was scarce. When Supply Sergeant Sweeney and his healthy assistant Corporal Powers, found in their possession a can partly filled with water they decided to make use of it and remove a little of the Wisconsin dirt from their

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persons. The pail, unfortunately, was not big enough to accommodate both at the same time. After arguing the matter pro and con, Powers suggested that they toss a coin to see who should wash first. This procedure, however, was interrupted by the appearance of Lieutenant Craigmile.

Lt. Craigmile: "What's going on here?"

Sgt. Sweeney: "We have a can of water in which to wash but cannot agree as to who should take the first dip."

"I am in need of soap and water myself," said the lieutenant, "and think I'll take a shot at the pail too."

This complicated the situation and the argument waxed fast and furious. Finally the sun bearing down on the scant supply of water forced a decision.

"We must decide at once," said the officer, "so the dirtiest of the three can enjoy the initial plunge." Sweeney, it was unanimously agreed, was the dirtiest of the trio. After he had removed the top layer of dirt the lieutenant remarked:

"Now, Powers, the race for the pail has been narrowed down to you and me. The man having the smallest area to police should follow the sergeant."

"But Lieutenant," protested Powers, "that's a heads you win, tails I lose affair."

For the benefit of any one who does not know our good natured corporal let me enlighten him as to Power's dimensions. Jim stands five feet ten in his socks and tips the scales at 225 pounds. Far from being hatchet-faced, Jim's mug more closely resembles a full moon. His hands might be compared with the Number 12 shoes worn by our ranking duty sergeant.

Lieut. Craigmile: "Yes, I know, but I fear if you wash first, when my turn comes I will find that the pail contains not water, but a sample of Wisconsin swamp land. You have such a large area to police, you know."

Anyway the triple play was made in the following manner: Sweeney to Craigmile to Powers.

Throughout the trip the troops were in constant receipt of cigarettes, candy, flowers, and fruit from the generous citizens.

At Madison camp was made in the State Fair Grounds. The grounds were filled to capacity with visitors from miles around. The next day Colonel Ward paraded the brigade through the state capitol. Passing the Capitol Building some one was heard to remark, "its a good thing Corporal Jack Groenert isn't here. If he were, he would probably order me to clean the dome of the capitol without a ladder."

The most thrilling adventure of the company on the hike, if not in its history, was experienced at Poynette when the camp was literally wiped from the face of the earth by a cyclone. Sweeping everything before it, the storm, accompanied by a heavy downpour of rain, played havoc with the neatly arranged army tents. Not one was left standing. Even the large cook tent with its heavy supports was blown down.

Private Fry, who was in the cook tent at the time, lost a tooth in attempting to stop the falling center pole with his mouth.

Supplies in the cook tent were either blown away or damaged by the rain to such an extent that they were unfit for use.

Pup tents, tent pins, caps, blankets and uniforms went sailing majestically away.

Frightened by the fury of the storm the horses tied to the picket line became frantic. A stampede appeared inevitable. Tugging and pulling at their halters, the horses threatened to make a wild dash through the night carrying picket line and all. Fortunately it held, for the camp of the men lay directly in the path of the horses.

Private Martin, attracted by the cries from the picket line of "forty eight horses loose," ran from his tent expecting to see a general stampede. Instead he found Private Harry Kahn on guard at the line attempting to tie up horse Number 48 while shouting at the top of his voice "Corporal of the guard, forty

eight horses loose." Seeing a figure moving about with a lantern Martin yelled: "Hey you, what the H— are you doing with that light over there. Bring it here where it will do some good." As the apparently awed person approached, Martin recognized him as an officer of the camp. Martin disappeared in the storm leaving Kahn in the lurch.

The storm caught two of the band away from their tent. Caught in its fury, they stumbled blindly along attempting to locate their home. A tent resembling theirs blocked their path. Thinking they could hold the canvass down until the storm had spent itself, they held on to its ends for some time while the rain poured, the thunder crashed and the lightning flashed. To succeed meant dry blankets for the night. Finally, drenched to the skin and exhausted from their labor, they gave up the losing fight with the elements. Immediately the tent, minus these two human anchors, soared away.

"You certainly did hold 'er down while you stuck to it," said a dry clothed soldier from the spot where the tent had been.

"It's on us," said Krueger and Biddick. "We have been holding down the wrong tent."

Coming at a time when many of the men were preparing to retire for the night, the tornado caught some of them minus the conventional attire necessary for a soldier passing in review. The flashes of lightning revealed for an instant many strange sights. Corporal Mitchell was seen sprinting for the shelter of Sergeant Sweeney's supply wagon with rather less protection from the elements than Adam wore in the Garden of Eden.

Others took shelter in an uninhabited house just to the rear of the camp. This house, it seemed, had been erected and furnished especially for the occasion. Beds, blankets, stoves, lamps, in fact all the comforts of home were there. After much merrymaking most of them settled down for the night, three or four in each bed, the balance of the party making their bunks on the floor.

After making sure that all his men were safe, our colonel's first concern was for the safety of his pet kitten. He found her sleeping soundly under his bunk.

Arising the next morning the men found things in a state of chaos. Fortunately before leaving Camp Grant, Capt. Miller had given each man a number and this number was stamped on everything issued to him. This precaution made the task of straightening things out much easier.

"Who's got canteen Number 63?"

"See anything of some extra tent pins over your way?"

"My saddle bags are gone."

The foregoing were some of the remarks heard as the men busied themselves picking water-soaked blankets out of miniature lakes.

Breakfast consisted of black coffee and soggy bread.

Hatless, coatless, some of them minus leggings, they were indeed a sorry looking outfit as they pulled out of camp. Not a man who was there will ever forget the storm at Poynette.

Arriving at Portage, tired, wet and hungry, the men hailed the ever-present ladies of the Red Cross with great delight. Loaded with ice cream, cakes, cigarettes and sweets of all kinds, the members of that great organization made their way among the exhausted men. "Have you had enough cake?" one man was asked. "No, ma'am," he replied. "Have another piece then," suggested the figure in white. "Thanks, but I've had five pieces already. Perhaps some of the other boys would like a piece," said the soldier.

At Kilbourne we were put through one of the most trying ordeals of the trip—the forced hike at midnight. Pulling into the city famous for its Dells, we made camp in a thick wood on the outskirts of the town. The following day was to be one of rest, and the men after making their bunks on the hard ground rolled between the blankets with sighs of satisfaction. The next morning after the necessary routine work was finished we were free for the day and most of us took the opportunity to visit the Dells. Returning that night as tired as any sight-

seers we looked forward to a sound peaceful sleep. But at ten o'clock the bugle blew assembly and we tumbled out of our bunks, rubbing our eyes and wondering what was up.

"Break camp and be ready to move in an hour," directed Capt. Miller.

Lanterns, flashlights and candles were immediately brought forth and in a remarkably short time the men were ready to leave. In the inky darkness of the night the column moved slowly out of the woods. It was impossible to see the man in front because the thick trees, interlaced at the top, shut out even the starlight.

It was a tired and sleepy bunch that filed out of Kilbourne that night. Many a man awoke with a start to find that his horse had left the formation and was peacefully nibbling grass along the roadside.

While at a halt Color-Sergeant Mickelson noticed a man on the ground snatching a few winks of sleep.

Approaching him Mickelson said: "You can't sleep here. You may be left behind," Receiving no response he administered a well directed kick to the soldier.

"Beat it," said the person aroused from dreamland, as he turned over to resume his nap. The turning process revealed the features of Capt. Miller. The sergeant vanished.

Nearing Camp Robinson, Corporal Markus was overheard asking a pedestrian how far it was to camp.

"Oh, I reckon about four miles as the crow flies," he replied.

After travelling for fifteen minutes, the question was again put to another man along the road. "Four miles," came the answer.

Again, after prodding their weary horses along for another fifteen or twenty minutes, Markus got sufficient courage to put the question to a group of persons standing at a cross-road. In perfect unison they replied: "Four miles."

"Thank God we are holding our own anyway," moaned the soldier.

Both men and horses stood the fifteen day grind splendidly. Only one man was forced to drop out along the way. Bugler Brewer was left at Madison, ill. But the appearance of camp in the distance served to revive the sinking spirits of any who may have felt fatigued after their trying experience. For there, where they were to receive the finishing touches necessary to make them capable of giving battle to the invaders of Sunny France, a warm supper and a dry bed, the first in many a day, awaited them.



On the Range

Hiking continually for fourteen days in all kinds of weather, living in the open, sleeping between wet blankets, snatching a bit to eat here and there made Camp Robinson, nestled among the hills, seem like paradise to the weary hikers.

With a few good meals under their belts and refreshed by several good nights of rest, Headquarters Company began preparations for practical training on Camp Robinson's ideal artillery range. Considerable time was spent by Lieutenant Craigmile in drafting plans for the Signal section's reel cart which later played an important part in Cuenot's life. It also gave Weber an opportunity to complain of being overworked while strutting about camp with his eternal hammer reposing on his shoulder. Finally the big day arrived, and after establishing communications the boys settled down to await the first round. A crash, 'bang' and away went the reel cart, Weeks hanging on to Old Jerry and "Si" Peckham sawing away on the lead team as the frantic horses plunged madly down Selfridge Knoll headed towards a soft marshy spot. Here the horses were brought under control, and an inventory taken revealed the fact that, excepting a few breaks and rents, everything was intact.

The 332nd firing on another part of the range was not so fortunate. Wishing to have the honor of firing the first shot, this outfit suffered severely from its carelessness in picketing the horses and safeguarding the men. Several men were injured in a stampede of the horses. Of course the fact that a few shells fell in the neighboring farm yard, killing a dog, and some live stock, and causing the hired girl to quit her job is trivial and hardly worth mention.

Out with the signal section one day Stokley was left behind to reel in wire with orders to follow the tracks of the reel cart. Losing his sense of direction he wandered aimlessly about the range in the hope of striking a road back to camp. Coming out of a thicket he found himself a few feet from a target on which the 332nd would soon direct its fire. Disregarding weeks of teaching to the effect that the safest place to be when the 332nd was firing was on the target, Stokley dug his spurs into his horse and galloped madly toward the railroad tracks and safety. Returning to camp that night he soon discovered that the joke was on him for the signal section, held up by the 332nd's firing, had observed his mad dash from LaFayette Peak.

Here, too, Lieutenant Vincent came into his own. A born leader of men, he took a scouting detail out one day and after giving them detailed instructions



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proceeded to a point on the map. The detail soon got lost and returned one by one to the camp. Hours passed and still "Colonel" Vincent failed to put in an appearance. Much concerned over his prolonged stay in the wilderness the boys were considering organizing a searching party when he walked into the barracks and, after carefully hitching up his trousers, complimented the men on their "showing."

"That was good work, men," he said, "a few hour's lecture on salutes and military courtesies and you will be all set to go overseas."

He got by with it of course. No one suspected that he had been lost too.

Week end passes were freely granted and La Crosse with its many attractions was a soldier's favorite rendezvous.

Quite a little bit of difficulty was experienced in getting new clothing from the ever watchful Regimental Supply Sergeant. Many a fake runaway was staged on the range which usually rendered the garment beyond repair; then, and then only, was a new one issued.

And then the "Matron," gathering her children together began to hold school daily. "K. P." and stable police were welcome relief after being forced to listen to such as the following for a week:

"Is that too fast? At the front the radio operator will receive but not translate the messages he receives. The messages will be turned over to the radio officer for translation. Kahn, who is the radio officer?"

Kahn—"I don't know sir."

The Matron—"That's me."

With its improvised wireless set the radio section was the joke of the company. Reinforced by a few telephones, a wig-wag flag or two, and a set of signal flags, it did manage to interrupt communications occasionally.

If it were not for Manuel, the radio section would have sunk into oblivion. From this low depth he occasionally rescued it much to the embarrassment of the rest of the section. His hobby was forecasting the weather for the following day.

The time was drawing near for our departure overseas when a Minnesota and Illinois contingent was sent in to fill up the vacancies existing in the company. The rookies quickly found their place in the big machine, with the exception of "Y. M. C. A. Red" whose life "hung by a thread."

Pressed for room the seasoned veterans moved into tents and left the barracks to the new arrivals. Each gang had a tent of its own, the sharks in one, the wolves in another, and the band on another avenue.

And then came old Dame Rumor with her prediction of a journey overseas. Everything pointed to such a trip, firing on the range being discontinued, and soon the boys were busy packing for that much talked of experience—the journey to France.



Going Over

Pronounced gangplank perfect and having learned to play "train" with the best of children, "Headquarters" Company took the initial step of a journey that was to place them in a position where they could assist in administering a "K. O." to the "All Highest."

Boarding a train at Camp Robinson for an eastern port the men were given all the luxuries of Pullman travel, even to the colored porter, who was thought by McLoughlin to be a new member of the company taken on to match Lins and Manuel.

A real welcome and Godspeed was awaiting us in practically every Wisconsin town.

Going to bed that night Eager was much concerned as to whether he should remove his shoes or whether it was customary to take off any of one's clothing in a sleeping car. Finally Ullrich persuaded him that it was all right.

"I know it is customary," said Ullrich, "because my real estate business has caused me to wander through all states in the union and I know the number of every Pullman car between Cambellsport and Elroy."

Somewhat awed, Eager started to remove his shoes when a sudden curve in the road caused Ullrich to be flung headlong out of his upper.

With a look of astonishment on his face Eager surveyed Ullrich sprawled at his feet and then slowly drawing on his shoes remarked: "As a traveller, you're a good seamstress."

Quite a bit of time was spent in doping out the states through which the train would travel. Chelberg wanted to know if the route would lead them through Iowa. He said he knew that the train would cut through Kansas but he wasn't sure about Iowa.

Speeding through Canada on our way to Buffalo the regiment was given a rousing welcome by the residents of the Dominion. Here the men began to notice patriotic British girls, clad in overalls, working in the factories. The next day "Tennessee" Steuterman complained of a stiff neck but of course it was caused by the lack of heat in the car. Some claim, however, his head and shoulders were out of the window three-fourths of the time. I wonder why?

Reaching Niagara Falls the boys detrained and marched to view that wonderful spectacle of nature's grandeur.

The next night we slept in the squad tents at Camp Mills. Here twenty-four hour leaves to New York were granted, and nearly every one seized the opportunity to visit the big city.

"Spots" Miller came back with only one regret. He said he had visited Chinatown, "Little Italy," The Museum, the Bowery and many other places but had failed to see what was called "Little Old New York."

After an eight day stay at Camp Mills, spent in turning in one tent pin at a time and drawing new shoe laces and then new tent pins again, Headquarters Company donned full packs and boarded a trolley for the docks. Not a man noticed the weight of the packs. Each one had far more weighty things for thought. A steady buzz such as emanates from a beehive floated through the car windows. "They are learning a secret code to be used in France," the conductor confided to the brakeman, as strange mutterings like the following reached his ears: "Colger, Sam, C. G., No—Carl G. A. No—W. M. No,—O. J.—H. C. No,—Anderson, Carl G. A." A "secret?" Yes, the hardest secret in the world for a soldier about to board ship to remember—his name. The confusion of one's name would cause one, the men had been told, to be yanked unceremoniously off the gangplank and told, "There is your new company commander."

Reaching the docks the women of the Red Cross presented the ever-hungry soldiers with delicious coffee and doughnuts. Here, too, the Y. M. C. A. handed each man a card on which was a statement to the effect that the boat on which

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he sailed had arrived safely overseas. Patten wanted to know what the seven kinds of sam hill the folks at home cared about the ship. It wasn't their ship. What they were interested in was whether the boys had arrived safely "over there."

Crossing the gangplank, those who with fear and trepidation had taken the chance and carried with them an extra handkerchief, a non-issued razor, or the boldest of all, a sweater, had the laugh on the fervent believers in Lieutenant Edmondson, who had faithfully followed directions and brought nothing but issued articles. They were not pushed into the deep blue sea to satisfy the hunger of a man-eating shark nor were they shot for disobeying orders.

Our quarters were two decks below the open air, and consisted of one good sized room, packed full of double deck bunks and ventilated by hatchway about twelve feet square up soldiers' curiosity the top deck to investigate Lapland. But here P. blocked their path. little place in the sun," you stay." And stay fact that there wasn't and Kienholz to get once.

The ship was load with soldiers, about having been loaded

Except for a hand and there on the ferries and tugs, our departure was without ceremony. Frantically every one went on deck to take a last look at the Statue of Liberty. Then all sight of land faded away and the shipboard routine began.

Our growing dislike for Germany now turned to actual hate. Sea sickness, boat drill, prohibition of smoking after sundown, all foreign to our existence until this time were thrust upon us. And too, the cumbersome life belt must be added to our stock in trade. The officers, being very attentive to our welfare and knowing that boat drills were something of a bore, attempted to make them more interesting and less of a burden by giving us "physical torture" at these times. The proverbial silver lining to this cloud was the privilege here given us of discarding our life belts for the exercise.

Life went along more or less smoothly for the first few days except for Cox, Jackson, Fry, McMaster and Lieutenant Swearingen, who found that the ocean "chuck" and the confinement had a disagreeable effect on their digestive apparatus. "Oh, no," said Fry, "the heaving of the sea has no connection with the heaving I am doing. It is just something that I have eaten. I am sure that's what's the matter, for I overheard Lieut. Swearingen say that was the cause of his trouble and he has the same symptoms I have." That got by fine until one of the boys asked him how long he had been eating at the officer's mess. This brought out the fact that Fry had been giving the lieutenant some information with regard to the French money system but as yet he had not been invited to dine with him.

Even to this day the boys assert that it was the mess that caused the trouble, and with some degree of probability too for the boys will never forget the porridge with the gasoline flavor, the soft boiled eggs that had never seen hot water and the tea blended with the unnameable taint of everything on board ship. Of course, some of us were prejudiced, for Capt. Miller and Private Passmore, our mess officer and his assistant, considered it "clean, tasty, and well-cooked."

No complaint could be made on the quantity, for "Jerry" would always come around after meals with his "Byes, won't ye 'ave some more pahridge? I 'ates to throw it out."

One incident helps to show how important the food question was. The fifth



ed to its capacity thirty five hundred that day.

kerchief waved here

day out we were going through our regular physical torture and boat drill late in the afternoon. There was a heavy fog and all the ships in the convoy were steadily blowing their whistles to locate each other, it being impossible to see more than a few rods in any direction. Suddenly off our port bow appeared the stern of the largest transport and for a moment a collision looked to be inevitable, with the probable result of sinking or at least badly damaging our ship. In such a dangerous situation, when it appeared as if the folks at home might soon be collecting our insurance, the only conversation that passed between the men crowded on the decks of the two boats was:

"Getting anything to eat over there?"

"No, are you?"

"No."

In a moment the boats steered away from each other and the danger was past.

It was midnight and high time for all good soldiers to be in bed. Except for a muffled click, click, click now and then and mysterious whispers such as "Another blue," "I'll call," "That's good," "Don't flash that dough here," and "Aw, he wouldn't turn us in," nothing stirred.

Those fascinated by that vampire known as the Goddess of Chance were holding their daily midnight session when—crash, bang, biff.

"Duck the pasteboards."

"Who got the pot?"

"Keep quiet," counselled a cool head as he recalled a similiar scene in a Hartford backroom.

"We are hit!" "We are torpedoed!" "Where is my life belt?" "Somebody sound the alarm."

"What's all that racket?" asked he who claims he secured a divorce for a woman in Kansas City.

"Perhaps the raw meat eater is having another spasm," said he who always puts life into the game, "I caught him swiping a bone from the kitchen just before we left Mills."

"Let's go see," said he with the number twelve shoes.

"We are hit!" "I am drowning!" "Give me air!" again rose the shrill cry.

"Let's hurry," said he who later bought a diamond from a fund donated by many friends.

And hurry they did. And the cause of all the disturbance? Holt of the band had been thrown from his hammock by the collapse of the bunk supports, and while shouting, "We are hit," had jumped up to assist Ableiter and one or two others who had also taken the fall.

"Is the boat still afloat?" he gasped, as the boys gathered around.

"Yes," answered one of the rescuers, "but if you ever create such a disturbance again you will be 'hit,' put into a 'sinking condition,' and set 'afloat' on a long journey."

Boys on M. P. duty fared better than the rest for they were able in various ways to get "clean, tasty and well-cooked food" from the officers' kitchen. Sometimes it was rather difficult to talk the cook into handing it out. One night the boys tried and the king of the kitchen was obdurate, telling the men they must have an order from the sergeant of the guard. There being no guard handy, Patten was called into service, and, with his natural hard-boiled manner and bull-like voice, gently told the autocratic Englishman to "give these men what they desire." Thus a few ducks, chickens, and other dainties that were meant to travel the aristocratic alimentary canals of officers only found their way into enlisted stomachs.

Some of the work of the M. P.'s was sufficiently harrowing to deserve a few extras. Barney will always swear so at any rate, for one night he was on guard on the top deck and was supposed to clear the deck at nine o'clock. He waited until nine thirty and then requested the officers and passengers to go below. By

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ten o'clock all had complied with his orders but one officer who was sitting in the deep shadow with one of the attractive passengers. Barnett walked up to him and said, "Sir, this deck is supposed to be cleared at nine and it is now ten."

The officer answered, "That's all right, son. You are doing well," but failed to make a move for leaving.

Barney was not quite sure what he was to do and came back about fifteen minutes later only to find the officer still in the same position with his entertaining companion. He was beginning to get a little sore by this time and said, "Sir, you must go below. This deck must be cleared."

"That's all right my boy, you are doing your work admirably," said the officer.

Barnett found his collar getting too tight and his ears getting hot and just to keep from committing murder, he walked to the other end of the deck, where he met the officer of the day who asked, "How are you getting along?"

"Fair enough," said Barnett, "But there's one guy down along there who says that I am doing my duty well but won't move off from his chair."



"Well, that's Major General House and I guess we had better let him alone," replied the officer of the day.

The days were spent by those not on duty in loafing on the bunks, in the hallways or on the decks. One day Bollacker was lying along the deck house and was grumbling that it was cold, damp, and windy there, when one of the 395th Casuals suggested his moving around to the other side where he would be sheltered from the wind and where there was warm sunshine. Bollacker only squirmed a little closer to the building. "Oh, well, I guess the sun will be around here after a while," he drawled.

Before we had been out many days, practically every one began to cough and conditions became alarming. Sick-calls became the most popular call on the boat, and almost whole companies and batteries were lined up for treatment. The old belief that "hope springs eternal in the human breast" was once more verified, for day after day the men would stand in line in the vain hope that some effective remedy might be forthcoming. Finally their turn would come and after a careful examination they would come away with two CC pills. It was not long before a large number were even unable to get to the infirmary and more had decided that they had enough of CC pills. Some few on board the boat died from this epidemic of the "flu" but the men were a husky, healthy bunch, and

although many who had started the trip in good health came off the boat with pale, bluish faces, the regiment as a whole stood it remarkably well.

A few miles from land the fleet submarine chasers met the convoy and guided the transports safely through the danger zone.

As we came in sight of the Emerald Isle, Flanagan, Donahue, and Shields clambered on the deck house and stood with bared heads in reverence for the home of their fathers. Most of the boys were on deck, too, for the sight of land was mighty good to all of us after our eleven days at sea.

The next morning we found ourselves standing on English soil listening to a little band playing American ragtime, and feeling more like members of a real army than ever before.

All prepared for a wonderful place after Lieutenant Vincent's glowing account of the Salisbury Plains as our probable goal in England, our hopes were dashed when we reached the mud-hole called Knotty Ash and found that we were to live in leaky tents and to sleep on the floor. This was known as a rest camp, but our two day stay there convinced us that the name was ill-fitting.

The next day King George gave us a "royal" welcome with a facsimile of his own hand-writing in which he said he wished he might shake the hand of each of us. This ceremony being over we loafed around camp until the second morning when we started on the tramp to the railway for our ride to Camp Romsey. On this hike Lieutenant Craigmile won the hearts of many a man by carrying the full pack of a private who was too weak from the effects of the "flu" to keep the pace.

The trip to Romsey was a flying one as we later came to know European travel. It was through a beautiful country and many were the exclamations of surprise at the remarkable neatness and well kept appearance of the farms.

The camp at Romsey was a duplicate of Knotty Ash except that there was less mud and a little (but very little) more to eat. The time was spent in lying around and in a tramp to see the old Romsey Abbey. There the men viewed the signatures of the Kaiser and many other people both famous and infamous.

On Friday, the fourth of October, the men made the long hike from Romsey to Southampton, a distance of twelve miles, with full packs. At the end of this tiresome hike they were loaded on a boat filled almost to standing capacity to be conveyed to France. After a night spent in feeding the fishes, the now almost exhausted troupes were landed in Cherbourg, France, and summoning some hidden strength marched triumphantly through that city with colors flying and the band playing.

Over There

On the outskirts of the city the boys were introduced to another British rest camp. Why it is called a rest camp is still shrouded in mystery. Just what the company was supposed to "rest" was not divulged. And the only thing really rested was something not in the least fatigued—the digestive organs.

While being assigned for the night Heller bawled out: "How many men to a tent?"

Top Kicker Mezera: "Ten men."

Heller: "Ten H— They're blamed little bigger than a pup tent."

That night ten heads could be seen sticking out from under each tent while ten pairs of feet were circled around the center pole.

Completely revived after their one night cure at the British rest camp the "patients" were hiked to the water front and lined up along side of a row of things



resembling—well, who can say what they did resemble—the boys had never seen the like of them before.

Covered with mysterious signs such as "Hommes 40" and "Chevaux 8," they were a Chinese puzzle to the now "overseas" men.

"Forty Hommes," said Kneebone, "certainly the people of devastated France are not in that deplorable state. Why, there isn't room enough in one of those things for one family."

"Perhaps they are toys sent over by the Salvation army to be given to the Belgian children. I'll bet that's the case and that we are a detail sent down here to paint and police them up," remarked Clark, famous for his ability as a detail dodger, as he squeezed in between Bucher and W. M. Anderson.

"I don't doubt it," grumbled Howat, "but if I had known that the Belgian kiddies were in need of toys I would have brought over a slightly used toy train that I gave to my kid brother last Christmas. It is larger and much more stable."

"That's a French train," said White. "I studied French at school. 'Hommes,' is French for men and 'Chevaux' is French for horses. In other words it means that the car's capacity is forty men or eight horses. Wait a minute," he added, as the French engineer approached, "I will ask him where we are going."

Approaching the Frenchman White put the question. A puzzled look crept over the engineer's face, and then with a smile on his face he said to White: "Speak English, please, I can understand you so much better."

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Loaded on the train, forty in a car, the boys were not satisfied with the French idea of a troop train. But let them tell you—

Jackson: "This car smells like a horse barn. The only thing that it lacks is the bedding."

Patten: "Sherman was right."

About midnight the remarks turned to such as:

"Get off my feet."

"Give me room to sit down."

"Who's that snoring?"

"Oh, for a real bunk."

"I didn't kick you."

"Lay on your side, Powers."

This was endured for three days and three nights but "Old Man Etat" finally landed us at Camp Hunt some fifty miles southwest of Bordeaux.

Here we were to receive six weeks of intensive training and then to be ready for real action.

Shortly after getting settled in our barracks one of the boys brought the following information: "Say guys, there's a long row of wine joints, right across the tracks. I just killed a bottle of French wine, but it should have been labeled Epsom Salts."

The newly discovered place of many refreshments was soon dubbed the "Western Front," and many fierce battles were fought there.

At this camp the boys made the acquaintance of a mysterious Frenchman by the name of J. Seventyeight. He occupied a little shack not far from Headquarters Company's barracks. He early made the acquaintance of practically every man in the organization and his dwelling was the meeting place for the brave warriors returning from the "Western Front," and for detail dodgers of all kinds. Unkempt and dirty as he was, the boys visited him daily, fascinated by the strange stories he told. Some claim he had been a fortune teller in his time while others returned to the barracks to confide to their bunkies weird stories as to our future movements, which they claimed, he had revealed while in a trance. Experience taught them, however, that he was an unreliable person, for his revelation oft times failed to come to pass.

When our training began, the men of the company were divided into four sections comprising the Band and the Scout, Signal and Radio section. Each group found plenty to do wrestling with the goniometer, the plane table, and the telephone or pondering over firing data, maps, codes, and messages.

Passes were issued to the men giving each one an opportunity to visit the French villages nearby. Every one returned with plenty of souvenirs, tales of wonderful meals, soft beds, and spirituous compounds. To Passmore, however, was given the wicker soup dish for discovering the drink that tasted like gasoline.

Our training was cut short by the signing of the armistice. Soon afterwards our Brigade received notification that it was to prepare for immediate embarkation for the United States. We remained six weeks however before the order came to move. During the wait the boys organized the football team and played several games with the batteries. Several thousand francs changed hands on the result of these games.

Then, as everything comes to those who wait, the order came to move and a few more days found us again in those detested box cars bound for Camp de Souge about fifty miles away. Eleven hours were spent in traveling that short distance.

Camp de Souge was the most ideal camp, located about twenty miles northwest of Bordeaux, having large brick barracks, and looking somewhat like an American camp. On the day before Christmas, after only a three day stay,

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we were ordered to move to a camp nearer the harbor. Desiring to make it in one day, we made the twenty-three mile move on foot; and although the packs seemed light at the start, they were heavy enough before the day was ended, and it was a very weary outfit that finally pulled into Genicart on Christmas Eve.

This was called an embarkation camp but before our twenty-five day stay was up we came to the conclusion that very little embarking was done there. The details were so common and required so many men that even Weber and Kunz, our premier 'detail dodgers,' were forced into service and the non-coms had to take up their long forgotten K. P. duties. Even here, though, there were some amusements such as attending funerals and visiting caves. When the order to move was received, it was to go to Marseilles, Sergeant Evans was heard to say, "Yes, and I suppose when we get half way across they'll decide to take us around San Francisco to get to New York." Any move was a welcome change, however, and when it was found we had hay in our box cars and a whole car load of straw nearby we were quite cheerful. It was a quick trip, too, for the outfit was in Marseilles the second morning after entraining. Here we boarded the Duca d' Aosta and pulled away from French soil about ten o'clock at night January 20.

One day was spent in coaling at Gibraltar. While the crew was busy at this, the men were no less busy sending overalls, tied at the bottom and attached to long ropes, over the side, down to the little boat that came along side, to have them filled with oranges, figs, dates, and anything else that could be eaten.

We had had two days, "wop" grub by this time and realized that it was almost a life and death matter to lay in as large a supply as possible of things that had no garlic or machine oil in them. The food was our only complaint on the trip. Our sleeping quarters were good and we had a large amount of freedom in going about the boat. The ship was slow and small and the transport ran into some really dangerous storms. These things we could take cheerfully, as matters of necessity, but when "Soupy, Soupy" was blown, the cry would go up all over the ship, "Now all together—". Even the sea gulls became dissatisfied and left us about the ninth day out and the only dog on board gave up and quit eating. The dog was eating at the officer's mess, too, and the enlisted men who saw cakes, pies, steaks, etc., going up the stairs will always claim there was quite a difference.

Everything must end sometime and so our trip came to an end after fifteen days. The quiet water near the shore was so welcomed that even Cox, Tony Roberts, and Patten, who had suffered from nausea came to life again and appeared on deck.

Docking about nine in the morning February 5 the macaroni-fed soldiers fell immediately to eating buns, apples, and chocolate, and drinking real American coffee. No man who was not "over there" can realize the joy of our first hours in our own home land again. Then we were on a train bound for Camp Merritt grinning at anything and everything, and not long afterwards were settled in warm barracks with cots and real mattresses.

Sergeant Mezera said that he figured he'd have to sleep on the floor a few nights just to feel natural. Here we stayed just long enough to be de-loused and to get cleaned and well dressed, put on our service chevrons and see a little of New York. Then once more we entrained, this time for Camp Grant to be mustered out.

Football

The batteries had organized their football teams and had put their schedules well under way before Headquarters decided to enter the fray. Several high school and college stars got together and elected Flanagan captain of the team. Lieutenant Sooy (Michigan) offered his services as coach and practice began.

The season started off with a 0—0 tie against Battery C, November 25th. The team showed its lack of practice; and though the boys played a great defensive game, their offense was ragged.

Lieutenant Sooy, who had been absent on leave, returned to camp and started to whip the team into shape. Lieutenant Baird brought his gallant scrubs and real practice began.

The results of the work showed up in a well earned victory over Battery C on December 2nd, score 12—0. In this game Haugland, accepting a forward pass from Flanagan, made a wonderful run of 70 yards. It was a costly run, however, for in the tackle the runner's arm was broken and we were left without the services of our star end.

On December 6th in perhaps the best played and most sensational of the regimental games, Headquarters Company defeated, by a score of 13—0, Battery A. In the last few minutes of the game Karst intercepted a forward pass and ran the length of the field for a touchdown.

Battery D clashed with us on December 13th for the regimental championship. No less than four of our men were carried off the field seriously injured, Trudell and Schlough sustaining broken ankles. Although the ball was in D's territory three-fourths of the time, D was counted victor by a score 7—6. Every man in the company still believes that Headquarters had the best team in the regiment. Look at the line-up and judge for yourself.

THE LINEUP

Trudell, Parnell	R. E.
Kienholz	R. T.
Powers	R. G.
Patten	C.
Barnett	L. G.
McLaughlin	L. T.
Haugland, White	L. E.
Flanagan (Captain)	Q. B.
Karst	L. H. B.
Schlough, Howat	R. H. B.
Liechty, Bahrke	F. B.

Watersorth, Besaw, Schields, Mony.

SMILES



"OH, HAROLD, I'VE BEEN ENJOYING YOUR REGIMENTAL BOOK SO MUCH. ARMY LIFE MUST BE **LOTS OF FUN !!**"

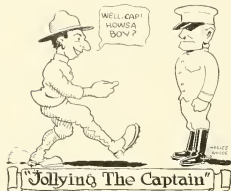
CHARLES
EUGENE 331ST BAND

The Making of a Soldier

On account of the late date on which the draft called me, I did not get into the 331st F. A. until April 25th. But I made up for lost time right from the start.

I was sent over from the Depot Brigade to see Captain Miller, who was at that time the commander of Hq. Co., about a POSITION in the Radio? department,—the position later turned out to be a Job. After bragging about and flattering myself to the Captain, I was accepted; and there I was a full fledged Artillery man.

I was allowed to hang around the Barracks for the first few days to get acquainted with the general rooteen of things, etc. And one morning when the Primare, or first sgt., thought I had been given enough time to catch on, he called me into the orderly room, and said, "say young man, did you ever ride a horse before? I told him that I never did." "Well," he said, "you go down to the stable and see Corp. Jack and he will give you a horse that's never been rode, and you can both start in together."



And we did start in together. And although I was in the Radio section, I had to go to Sgt. Sweeney to get an outfit which had nothing to do with Radio. It consisted of a comb and brush for massaging horses, and a blue suit of Fatiguelets,—the suit was used

mostly on trips to New Milford when emptying horse Bedticks.

When I arrived at the Stable, I heard the command, "STAND A-HEEL, commence grooming by detail." But after a few strokes with the curry comb I found that it was better to groom by de-neck not by de-tail.

But I could not kick about the work at the Stables. The horses were all so pleasant, they were always willing to Shake Hands with you. Sometimes though they would shake with you when you were not expecting it. One of our horses named Eager was fond of surprising the boys. Now and then he would surprise somebody with an UN-announced pat on the back, which generally gave you a free ride on a stretcher. This horse was named Eager because he tried to Kill Harold Eager and was almost successful, and another reason for calling him Eager was because he was always so Eager to put you out of Business.

There were Bokoo pets at the barn. Pvts. Schlough and Barnett can tell you more about these pets,—if they want to. One day Barnett got tangled up with one of those so called pets and then he went around for five days swearing that he was the King of England. And on one morning as I looked through the barracks window to see what the weather looked like, Pvt. Schlough came by in a stretcher singing Poor Butterfly. Between playing Football in the winter and fooling with horses in the summer, Barnett and Schlough earned all the Croix de guares ever made. They certainly were bunged up.

One day when the weather permitted, Lieut. Golding called a few squads together, and for 20 minutes dealt out what is known as Equitation, which means (here is a horse, let's see you stay on) one look at Lieut. Golding's under pins will let you know that he is no rookie on a horse, and he asked us to do circus stunts on horses what couldn't see the joke. I was given a horse that was hard to mount but he was an automatic dismounter, and when the 20 minutes were up, I had no more use for a chair than a rookie has for a shot in the arm. The razor back Lt. Whitney wished on me had a hoof on him like a sewer plate, and he could be heard 3 miles away when trotting. I often wondered how I could sneak across

No-Mans land on this horse without being heard in Berlin. Luckily our horses did not go to France with us. And I had to ride this horse on the hike to Sparta. But with all the faults my horse had, he was as good a horse as I was a rider.

At Camp Grant I was so busy with the Horses and keeping out of their way that I had no time to learn anything about Radio. In fact I didn't know what headquarters company was for, and from the looks of the horses in the stable, I thought we were picked to deliver Ice at the front in the summertime. The Guy that once yelled "my kingdom for a Horse" would have kept His Kingdom after looking at my Horse.

Somehow or other Lieutenant Pease managed to edge in on us with a lesson in semaphoring. This was welcome as this Kept us out of the Stable for an hour or two; this came easy to me as I was Hebrew. And later on I was instructing rekruits in this branch. We also learned a few other useless things such as the General Orders all of which meant the same thing—stay on your post and don't wake up the officer of the day.

After studying the general orders, I was put on Stable guard one night, and before I had started walking my post, up walks the corporal of the guard. He did give me a fine bawl out. He said, "Say rookie what's the matter with you? Why didn't you halt Me?" I said, "Why should I halt you? I know you are the corporal of the guard." He sure was mad, and said, "Well, how do you know that I am the corporal of the guard?" Well I said, "how do you know that I am the Guard?"

After a few preliminary moves, including a practice hike on which they fed us steaks and Doughnuts (we never got them on the real trip) we started for Sparta a trip of 706 miles, 206 miles on the roads and 500 miles off the road watering horses. The trip was very dull excepting 608½ things that happened. The hike was made mostly for experience to men in field work, it taught us quite a little. It taught Me to enlist in the Q. M's. if another war should happen.

On one Sunday, I think it was Sunday because we had sugar in our coffee, we stopped at Madison. The people in Town took to us like Hotcakes, and one party invited me into a ford and to help me along in educa-shun, they shot me thru the University of Wisconsin in about seven min. Later on in the day while walking in the residential section of Madison, a kind family who were out to do their share toward Democracy, invited me to have supper there; and I did have a fine time and supper. It was a real tasty meal too, ice cream, etc. After the meal one of the young ladies started to sing at the piano, and this spoiled what was otherwise a very pleasant evening.

When I arrive back at the camp grounds, I looked around my pup tent and found Myself short of tent pin, blanket and a few other things of less importance. I immediately reported this to the first sergeant, he said, "Well well, don't you know that it's a poor soldier that loses anything in the army." From that time on I was always ahead in sox, pins, blankets, etc. and have always followed that rule.

"Playful 'Eager"



The next day before leaving camp the Red Cross girls visited us to get rid of some camel cigarettes and cookies, and I helped along all I could by taking 10 packs of camels and bookoo Cookies, and I was always willing to do my share to help the Red Cross.

Outside of washing my face once, there is nothing that happened on the trip of which you haven't heard.

I'm not going to say anything about the night of the big storm when Eager one of our Pet horses broke lose, and I was on guard, and I tried to catch Eager, and he knew it, and from the action from his hind feet I knew that he didn't want to be cot, so I picked up a rock and aimed it at his jaw, but my defeckshun was wrong, and I thru the rock into one of C Battery's pup tents, and fortunately the occupant of that tent had gone to town to seek shelter.

After I was relieved from guard that night, I stood over near the kitchen stove, drenched to the skin and wondering what to do, when all of a sudden captain miller showed up and after looking me over, advised me to go to town and try to get Dride up a bit. I told him that I was on Guard that night, but he said, "That makes no difference, go ahead." All the houses being already filled by lucky soldiers I went to the barn near a farm house. There was however only one vacant stall there and that wasn't vacant till I removed a Fox terrier and her six pups; I hated to do this, but bizness before pleasure. Well I slept about six a. m. and then hussled back to camp to change sox, if a dry pair could be found; but before I started looking around I was called over to the Capt. and he informed me that I had committed a fort Levenworth offense by not showing up for guard on the next relief. He had evidently forgotten about the permisshun he gave me, and as it was not my bizness to remind him of the fact, I was sentenced to serve the rest of the trip in the kitchen. This was not bad considering that the trip only lasted six days more, and that I didn't have to water Horses, and that I could borrow butter and Jam from the officers mess for my personel use.

After waiting through the rain and stopping off to see the rock pile at Kilbourn called the Dells, Col. Lambdin finished his annual trip to Camp Robinson accompanied by a regiment of Ivory ready for polishing. They did need polishing as half of the regiment thought that 4 point 7s were lead pencils or shoes. The first week was spent in getting used to the silver plated water, that is what it tasted like, and we also spent most of the week in finding out how many dances a week the town of Sparta produced. That was our chief worry.

We had to be very nice in this town as the regulars who were there at camp a year before made the rounds of the town in a vin blanc condishun, and the people did not take to us so we showed them that we were well behaved soldiers, and then we were given the glad hand.



"Sentenced to the Kitchen"

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Between dances and Silver Dale and Sparta most of the evenings were spent. The girls were ever ready to dance with the soldiers, and after watching some of the soldiers dance, I am sure that the girls done this more for Democracy than for anything else.

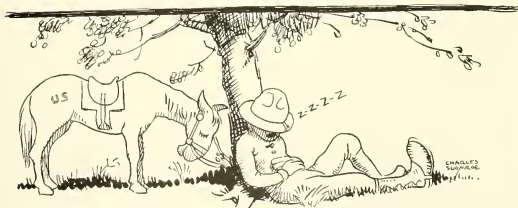
One day the firing on the range finally started and (oh boy) the target was the only safe place to stand on. First of all, the communications would be established by radio or telephone. Two radio stations would be thrown up, and then a lot of semophoring would follow between these two stations in trying to find out why the radio don't work, and in this way most of the messages got by. One day when we for got to bring the Semaphore flags along and the radio was in it's usual condition we yelled across to the other station. And that was a pretty fair substitute. We used every kind of wireless but the right kind; Markoni didn't do much of a favor for us; or if he did, we did not see it. With a mile it sure was a powerful outfit—8 fifteen cent batteries were used. Every morning the different details would mount up and get in formation and gallup out to the range at a speed that would shame the movie cowboys; and after tying up their thorobreds to the nearest tree everybody went to sleep. This my friends was the work of Headquarters Company.

Lt. Col. Perkins would morning in this fashion "Now djuxgzut" nobody knew what got through everybody nodded and hustled off to the range to times a few shots were fired empty shells to take home for fast about artillery work from before many moons past we to cross bats with the Kaiser 4 months at Camp Robinson sand is bad when in a horse's



Well Behaved

give different orders every men, I want you to go to he was saying, but when he as though they understood do some bunk fateeg. Some-because somebody wanted some souvenirs. But we learned reading the newspaper, and were ready to go over to Franc athletic club. We spent about and all that I learned is that stomach.



"A Busy Day on the Range!"



REMEMBER THE ELECTION AT GENICART?

AROUND THE KITCHEN STOVE



Scene—Kitchen at Genicart.

Time—Any K. P. day.

Barney—Well, well, who'd ever thought we'd be sittin' here peelin' spuds in Camp Genicart, hey Judge?

Cartwright—Yes, sir. Who'd a thought it? If you'd believe these posters they get out for enlistment you'd think a soldier's only duty was to stand on the hill with a pair of field spectacles in one hand and a map in the other, and look wise.

Fessler—You said it, and the nearest we ever came to field glasses was to have Prof Brooks tell us they were "milled"—what ever that is. T'listen t' him you'd think we were goin' to be lost forever if we happened to get out after dark without our johnnymeter. What t'ell use can you ever make of that in civil life. Maybe orient yourself in a bar so't you could get out the same door you came in.

Barney—Yeah, there's lots of guff to this man's army but it wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for this d— detail. Think of scrubbin' greasy pans for a bunch of non-coms attached to the army for rations and quarters only. Look at 'em. Look at Lackus and Kunz! Never did a lick of work since they've been in the army. And White! How'd he ever get that way? And look at Karst with his post-mortem promotion.

Douglas—I hate to bust in on your oration but if you don't get to peeling those spuds faster, you'll have a steady job at it. What's the matter with YOU, Cartwright?

Cartwright—Nothin', only the knife got too hot and I was just lettin' it cool off a bit.

Fessler—Well, at that, I'd rather do this than have the job of carryin' the grub into the officers. That's what they call a menial task, ain't it?

Barney—You shouldn't look at it that way, You aren't carryin' it in to the officers. You're carryin' it in to the uniform.

Fessler—Aw lay off! You talk like Lieutenant Vincent. Uniform me eye! ! It's the man inside that's tellin' you that he wants a little potato and a lot of steak! They can't fool me any more with that stuff.

Cartwright—Yes, they sit down just as if they was used to all that service instead of standing up with one eye on the bartender to see if he was watching while they took another pickle, like most of them did.

Marvin—I got a good one, boys; there's five big ships down to the docks and the Colonel's gone down to take his pick. They told him he could have any one he wanted. That's straight goods, too. This fellow said he was talking to a man that worked at Headquarters and saw the order.

Barney (after vainly hunting for the flea that have been prospecting on his ribs).—Well, I hope it's true. It sounds reasonable enough 'cause you know that they never keep troops here more than five days and the Colonel's a great friend of Spike's.

Cartwright—At that rate we might be back by the middle of January, and be mustered out by February. Say 'bo, won't she be great when you can lean your old elbows on Mother's table and jab your fork into the fourth piece of mince pie?

Douglas—How often do I have to tell you fellows to quit spreadin' the bull and to get those spuds peeled? What's the matter now, Cartwright?

Cartwright—Nothin', only I had to dry me hands to roll this pill and I hate to get 'em wet again.

Fessler—Well, I wouldn't mind if we could just get out of this camp. I'm sick of wadin' around in mud up to my knees in the day time, buildin' sidewalks for somebody else to walk on and picking up snipes, and then working all night at the bakery besides.

Barney—You don't seem to think much of Spike and his camp.

Fessler—You're right and as far as he is concerned—

(For the honor of the service and to save a court martial, let's run the curtain down.)

Bunque Phateeg

I'VE OFTEN WISHED THAT I WAS GOOD AT 'ritin pomes and jokes,
So I kud tell a lot about a lot of lazy fokes,
Who ware sum shevrans on ther arms and draw a korporels Pay.
And all they do is bunk fateeg the long and bizzy day.

We have one Corp who hates to work. I wont tell you his name,
Kus Korpel Kunz—he mite get sore'n then I'd get the blame.
And Turny, Berg, and Marcus; no—I wont say they are ded,
But the suckers never do a thing: they always lie in bed.
And if you want some work well done, you'll wait around for hours,
When you depend on Mony, Frost, Eastland or Jim Powers,
And Meller, Roach'n Kneebone must have Surup in ther tiks:
They lay in bed for eighteen days and got the name, Gold Bricks.
Fleming, Moss, and Manion: they have never worked a stitch,
And I suppose if you ask them why, they'll blame it on the itch.
Thers Cummings, Cyrtmus, Cuenot, Passmore, Jackson, and Ridgeway,—
They all shud get a croy dee geer for lyin' in the Hay.
Now this is Quite an Idee for a Pome dont you think,
Ah—If I were but a poet and I had a pen and ink.

331st Field Artillery



LOWER 10 - U.S.A.



ON THE BIG POND



OLE MAN ETAT-THE GALLOPING GOOSE

To The King of The Pests--- The Flea

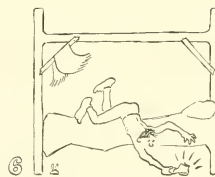
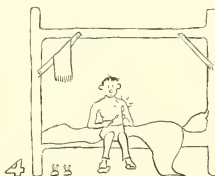
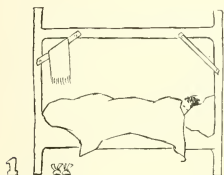
(Reminiscent of the camp at Bordeaux).

Many times I've searched the seams
Of my army shirt and jeans
For a flea.
Insignificant in size—
Yet I know he never dies
Peacefully.

And I'll swear he has a jimmy
That he used just to gi'mme
Misery.
Countless times I've grown insane
From the driving, itching pain
Of that flea.

I've gone searching with a light
Joyfully.
For with what more genuine pleasure
Could one capture any treasure
Than a flea?

THAT-FLEA



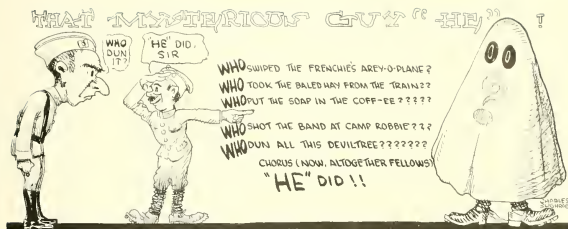
*Traylor
Hq Co.*

Just Another K. C. B.

I remember
and maybe
you remember
one day
at the
stable
at
Robinson
when
Lieut. Baird
told us
not
to talk
while
grooming
and
Stokley talked
and Baird
heard it
and said
the next
man
I catch
talking
will
clean
saddle blankets
for
a week
then
another
fellow talked
and was
put
to Massaging

Blankets
it was
I.
later
in the week
I saw
Lieut. Baird
standing over
in the grain shed
telling a
Sergeant
what a hard Job
blanket washing
was
and he
laughed
and the
Sergeant
laughed
and I
was
wondering
all the
time if
Baird
knew that
I
was only
dipping
them in
the water
and
hanging
them up
to Dry.

Note: For similiar stories interview Keller, Fry, and Baima.



Sayings of Great Men

Lieut. Vincent—When I was on the Border.

Lieut. Bauer—Is that quite clear? Any questions?

Lieut. Hendee—Now get this cold.

Capt. Campbell—Mr. Gregg! Mr. Gregg! Mr. Gregg, make it your duty.

Lieut. Pease—I am fat in the face only.

Capt. Robinson—Column right about.

Sergeant Freark—Right by ones.

Sergeant Karst—Silent retreat.

Corporal Fleming—I'm beat but I'll have to see you.

Corporal Heller—Are you a friend of mine? Whoopee!

Lieut. Smith—Always take a hot bath and a good rub-down after a long hike.

Sergeant White—The point is this.

Band Chief Laurier—Watch yourself.

Lieut. Edmondson—You can't get on the boat if you have an extra shoe string.

Sergeant Saxe—You've got five minutes to sweep out your aisles, make up your bunks, roll your packs and get out of here.

Sughroe—Slip me some dope for the book.

Baima—Gimme.

Pewee Keller—Got a cigarette on yuh?

Sergeant Lackus—Can you imagine that luck!

Lieut. Collins—Surely they were only fooling when they tried to make a soldier out of me.

Corporal Jackson—Why, you wouldn't be pastime for me.

Tennessee—I'll tell you.

Corporal Kuntz—Have you got one of these, John?

Capt. Allaben—Never sleep in the clothes you have worn during the day. Always sleep in clean pajamas.

Hank Hanson—Watch your stuff, fellows! Here comes a company man!

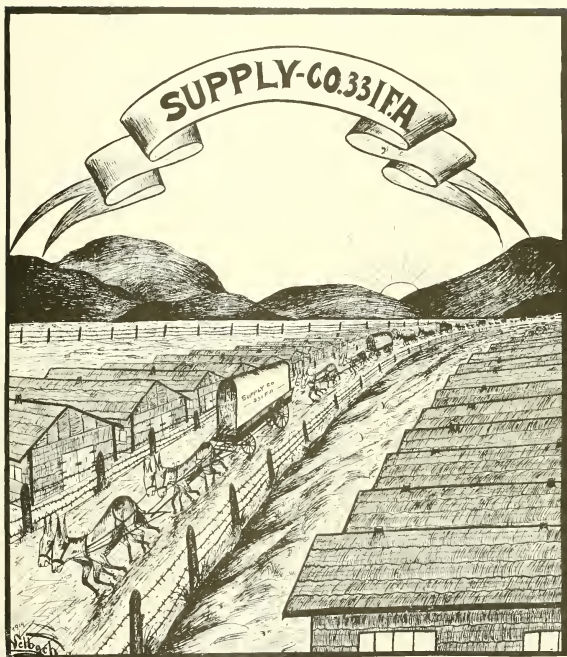


It's Strange But True

Isn't it funny that we got as far as we did in the army with:

Frenchie who was an electrician in civil life, as our cook.
 Lackus who used to milk cows, as our telephone sergeant.
 Hanisch who was a penitentiary guard, as our drummer.
 Turnmeyer who was a cook in a night lunch, as a radio corporal.
 Kunz who was a bartender, as our telephone corporal and financial adviser.
 Sweeney who was a gas merchant, as our supply sergeant.
 Powers who was a druggist, as our supply corporal.
 Graber who fed hogs and steers, as our mess sergeant.
 Wolters who used to hack out tombstones, as a musician.
 Sam Key who stutters, as a verbal dispatch carrier.
 Weber who was an orator, as our carpenter.
 Mayer who speaks half and half, as our telephone operator.







In Memoriam

Wagoner Frank M. Schmitz

He Died for His Country

CAPTAIN DANIEL BECKER

Commanding April 1918 to December 1918.

Was born in Pittsburg, Pa., January 24th, 1878. Educated in Pittsburg. Engaged in business there several years. Entered Regular Army November 28, 1907. Served in 1st, 5th and 8th Regiments of Cavalry. Instructor at First Officer's Training Camp, at Ft. Sheridan, Illinois, May, 1917. Commissioned First Lieutenant, from Second Lieutenant, August 15th, 1917, and assigned to 331st F. A. Served as executive of Supply Company till April 1918 when he was placed in command. Later promoted to the rank of Captain. Served with the Company till December 1918, when he was detached and retained in France for further service with other Regular Army officers.



FIRST LIEUTENANT WALTER H. RADERMACHER

Born March 16, 1888, at Cameron Junction, Wisconsin. Graduated from Barron High School, Barron, Wisconsin, in 1906. Graduated University of Minnesota Law School 1910. Played three years on Minnesota Football Team. All Western end in 1909. Started law practice at Gilbert, Minnesota, in 1910. Entered the 2nd Officer's Training Camp at Ft. Snelling, Minnesota, November 27, 1917. Was commissioned First Lieutenant F. A., and transferred to Camp Grant, Illinois. In December, 1917, was attached to 331st F. A., and Headquarters Company. January, 1918, was transferred to Battery F. Assigned to Supply Company October 12th 1918. December 1918, after transfer of Captain Becker, was placed in command of Supply Company 331st F. A., which unit he served with till demobilization.

331st Field Artillery

2nd LIEUT. JOHN I. PEARCE

Was born at Chicago, Illinois, June 5th, 1893. Attended Chicago Public Grammar and High Schools until 1907. Graduated from Lawrenceville, N. J. Preparatory School, 1909. Graduated from Yale University, 1912. Graduated from Northwestern Law School, Chicago, in 1915. Spent some five years during school and college days as newspaper reporter and advertising salesman. Admitted to Illinois Bar in 1915 and entered the law offices of Winston, Payne, Strawn and Shaw at Chicago. Entered First Officer's Training Camp, Ft. Sheridan, Illinois, May, 1917. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant F. A. August 15th, 1917. Assigned to 331st F. A., Camp Grant, August 28th, 1917. Served with Headquarters Company till April 1918. Assigned to Supply Company, April 1918. Detached from 331st in France December 11th, 1918 and transferred to Renting, Requisitions and Claims Service at Tours. Served as Claims Agent and Town Major at Tours,



Montaigu and Vertou, France till July 19th, 1919. Came back to U. S. July 19th, in Command of Casual Co., 2109. Discharged at Camp Grant, August 31st, 1919.



2nd LIEUT. FRANK W. RAMEY

Was born at Indianapolis, Indiana, September 6th, 1893. Graduated from Champaign, Illinois, High School. Later Graduated from University of Illinois, in Architectural Engineering. Attended First Officer's Training Camp Ft. Sheridan, Illinois, May to August 1917. Commissioned Second Lieutenant F. A., August 15th, 1917. Ordered to Camp Grant, and assigned to 331st F. A. August 29th, 1917. Served with Headquarters Company. In October 1918 was assigned to Supply Company with which unit he served until the demobilization in February, 1919.

Roster of Supply Company

REG'TL SUPPLY SGTS.

Edward D. Mishelow
Fred C. Pieper

FIRST SERGEANT

Howard Flack

MESS SERGEANT

Hugh M. Hilliker

SUPPLY SERGEANT

Alvin E. Duggan

STABLE SERGEANT

Albert W. Timm

SERGEANTS

Roy Seward
Philip J. Gazecki

CORPORALS

Arthur L. Arndorfer
Alvin A. Larsen
Charles R. Rickleff
Harry W. Schutz

HORSESHOERS

Charles Dahl
Ernest Kosack
John G. Kolberg

MECHANICS

Fred W. Heller
Joseph L. Mezera
Charles F. Sanger

COOKS

Joseph H. Cockroft
John W. Daly
Walter W. C. Hetebrueg
Mathias F. Schaaf
Paul M. Vantassel
Alvin N. Kehrmeier

SADDLERS

Cornelius D. Holland
Deen C. Nelson

WAGONERS

Edwin W. Bartelt
Henry P. Blank
Edwin Boerst
Ewald Burmester
Theodore G. Buschke
Charles H. Cramblett
Edward Dhaenens
Leonard Eckstien
Edward W. Eichorst
Benjamin W. Elsing
Forrest A. Fish
Edward F. Foht
James Gorman
Theodore E. Gubine
George F. Hinz
John Hommerding
Otto H. Konrad
Edwin Kuhlman
Daniel J. Leary
Frank Linley



Top Row—Negus, Owens, Humphreys, Nurnberg, Rockoff, Schwartz, Blank.
Second Row—Boerst, Eckstein, Eckberg, Gubine, Heller, Kelley, Hinz.
Third Row—Niles, Milbrodt, Mahal, Hummerding, Rickleff, Schutz.



Top Row—Siedsblaz, Schmidt, Rogers, Trachslar, Rhode A., Richardsen, Rhodes.
Second Row—Raney, Radermacher, Reynolds, Marx, Martineau, Muller, Leary, Losey.
Third Row—Pieper, Timm, Duggan, Arndorfer, Larson, Kolberg.



Top Row—Zinke, Stebbins, Tucker, Vantassel, Swanson, Singleton, Wagner, Selbach, Voss.

Second Row—Gorman, Pearson, Johnson, Burmester, Reckner, Holland, Schleif, Pollman.

Third Row—Gazecki, Barland, Bennewate, Hilliker, Seward, Mishelow, Flack.



Top Row—Mezera, Regel, Roggenbauer, Rake, Ludwig, Foht, Moizan.

Second Row—Conrad, Hetebrueg, Daly, Tobolski, Linley, Kuhlman, Makela.

Third Row—Buschke, Cockcroft, Flsing, Kosack, Briggs, Tourville.

331st Field Artillery

John P. Mahal
Taavetti Makela
Edward J. Martineau
William A. Milbrot
Everett E. Monroe
Raymond Morgan
Murl A. Muller
Wesley Negus
Arthur E. Niles
William F. Owens
Arthur C. Patterson
Carl J. E. Pearson
Adam F. Pollman
Stanislas Rake
Edward W. Raymond
John K. Regel
Clair W. Reynolds
Sidney Rhodes
Stanley J. Rogers
Math Roggenbauer
August Rhode
Paul G. Schleif
George M. Schmidt
Emil A. Siedschlag
Stanley R. Singleton
Harvey H. Stebbins

Edwin J. Swanton
Alfred Tourville
Joseph Tobolski
Verne W. Trachsler
Warren E. Tucker
Murel L. Tyler
Alvin H. Wagner
Carl A. H. Zinke

PRIVATES 1ST CLASS

Carl B. Eckberg
Ben M. Hodgson
Henry Johnson
Earl E. Kelley
Vernon J. Kenney
Harry C. Reckner
Hubert H. Selbach
Arthur L. Voss
Alvin H. Wagner

PRIVATES

Wilbur G. Blackbird
Julius Gums
Oscar G. Losey
Edward A. Ludwig
Lawrence J. Marx
Martin H. Richardson

Ordnance Detachment

ORDNANCE SERGEANT

Oscar R. Bennewate

SERGEANT OF ORDNANCE

Thomas H. Barland

CORPORALS

Oliver W. Heinze

Arthur L. Woolstone

PRIVATES 1ST CLASS

Carl T. Humphrey

Albert E. Nurnberg

PRIVATES

Emil G. Liebenthal

Edmund L. Rieser

Alfons M. Rochow

Jesse A. Rhode

Frank L. Schwartz

History of Supply Company

The Supply Company, 331st Field Artillery, was organized at Camp Grant in the early part of September, 1917, with Captain Harry F. Webster in command and 1st Lieutenant Becker for duty with the Company. A short time later, two regular army men assigned to the regiment were transferred to Supply Company. With these two, (Sergeant Flack and Clarence Briggs) as the entire enlisted personnel, the Supply Company sprang into its feverish existence. The said enlisted personnel spent many hectic days, wherein their duties ranged all the way from drawing and issuing clothing to drilling recruits and filling out the morning report for themselves.

On October 29th, 1917, one hundred and three men were transferred from the batteries to make up the original complement of the Supply Company.

It was not long thereafter that the strenuous real work started. Details worked day in and day out at the Remount Depot, drawing mules and horses for the entire regiment. As a matter of fact the mules did considerably more "drawing" than the men. The famous duel of old "Dynamite" with Lieutenant Becker is a matter of history in the Company. Once captured and led none too willingly to the stables, "Dynamite" continued his rampages to the sorrow of "Bill" Dhaenens. One day "Bill" was detailed to groom mules. He got along fairly well until he tackled "Dynamite." "Dynamite" did not seem to feel the need of being combed and curried. So he let fly with his rear action. Dhaenens was rushed to the hospital and marked quarters for a week, during which time only his eyes and nose could be discerned. But he pulled through and is now as lively as ever, though he has a wholesome respect for "Dynamite."

The winter months passed quickly. Passes were granted each week end and life was cheery and bright. Of course we pass over the time or two when the camp was entirely snowed up and the food and coal threatened to give out.

In the month of April, 1918, Captain Webster left for the school at Ft. Sill and upon his return was transferred as Adjutant of the First Battalion. First Lieutenant Daniel Becker (our present Captain Becker) assumed command, and Second Lieutenant John Irving Pearce was transferred from Headquarters Company to duty with Supply.

About this time rumors were heard that the Regiment was scheduled to go to Sparta for Artillery Firing Practice.

Then came the famous "Sparta Hike" wherein the faithful Supply Company did its full share. Over hill and dale they hit the dusty trail from morn till night. Before the battery cooks were awake in the cold grey dawn, the Supply Company was on deck and out at the picket line, ready to groom, water and feed. By the time the luxurious batteries were sitting down to a nice hot breakfast, the mules were all hitched and the wagons ready and waiting to load up the field kitchens and other impedimenta of the batteries, as well as the Colonel's tent and the band wagon.

Then came the daily grind and the long hours of hard board wagon seats and sweating mules. Once in sight of the evening camp, there was a hurry call for water carts and a mad scramble to feed four inch intake pipes with one inch streams from rickety farm pumps. Then the wagons to be spotted and kitchens and rations unloaded, and angry mess sergeants and madder cooks yelling for their water.



"DOWN"



WAGONER F. M. SCHMITZ

After the batteries were all set, the tired wagoners were privileged to unhitch in their corner of the camp site and to chaperone their mules a mile or so to a watering place all nicely bogged up by the batteries already watered. As a matter of fact, the men usually got more water than the stock. But at any rate the Supply Company warriors were always a happy lot and always got their chow by eight or nine o'clock at night and didn't have anything to do till nearly five in the morning.

To make a long story short, the Company acquitted itself most creditably despite a series of hills and sandy roads and mud and cyclones which even went so far as to blow a wagon over the fence during the well known night at Poynette. The caravan finally wended its way to Tomah and with screaming brake blocks, made the last tortuous descent into the sandy desert of Sparta. It is to be noted that this last lap of the journey consumed a whole day, considerably more time than later trips to Tomah, made on sundry occasions by Mess Sergeant Hilliker and Regimental Supply Sergeant Pieper and other members of the Midnight Crew, who used to go up on the ten-thirty and come back at two.

From Sparta, came the jump east to Mills, the feverish days and nights getting together and issuing the last overseas equipment. The frantic voyage across the bounding Atlantic. The arrival in England, the passage to France, the jaunt to Camp Hunt in the well remembered "Chevaux 8; Hommes 40." The happy days at Hunt, where the mule skinnners had no mules to skin, and so in sheer desperation took upon themselves the humble but necessary duties of the long-eared brethen, which is to state that they were often to be seen lustily hauling about the sky blue Ration wagons and "Camions de Parc."

One tragic event occurred while the Company was at Camp Hunt. It was the receipt of the news of the death of Wagoner Frank M. Schmitz. Schmitz had been taken ill with the Influenza on shipboard and was left behind at American Military Red Cross Hospital Number Four, at Liverpool, England. Word came from the medical authorities that Schmitz had given up his life on October 5th, 1918—the only member of the Company who made the supreme sacrifice.

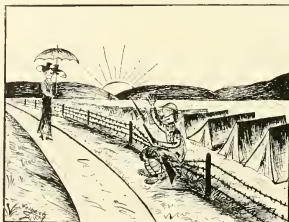
About this time there was a general shift of officers in the regiment with the result that First Lieutenant Walter H. Radermacher and Second Lieutenant Frank W. Ramey were assigned to the Supply Company while Second Lieutenant Baldwin was attached to the Company. Baldwin was recently commissioned at that time having seen service with an engineer outfit at the front.

The life at Camp Hunt continued placid, and the monotony of the daily routine was broken by an occasional trip to the movies at LaTeste, or a week end jaunt to Arcachon. There of a Sunday evening could be found the handsome members of the Supply Company in their best attire, making brave, if futile, attempts to "parley vous" with the fair daughters of the French citizenry, who congregated on the sandy expanse of the seaside, and promenaded up and down the stone pier to the strains of the Artillery Band. Many will be the happy memories of those quiet—or not so quiet—outings, punctuated with an occasional visit to a cabaret where the vin blanc, and vin rouge were served to thirsty soldiers by some fair and jolly bar-maid. All of which furnished a pleasant relief from the dead monotony of the fig and souvenir merchants who infested the well known "Western Front."

331st Field Artillery

All will remember the day when the gas masks and tin hats (Made by Henry Ford) were passed out. But alas, never to be used. Then came the Armistice and the rush to clear for home. The weeks of waiting. About this time Captain Becker and Lieutenant Pearce were detached from the regiment for further service in France, and Lieutenant Radermacher assumed command of the Company. Then came the final orders to move, and the homeward journey via Souges, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Gibraltar, New York and Camp Grant.

A further formal account by the Editor, of the history of the Company can furnish no information of great value to the alumni of the Supply Company. It is far better to see the life in the Company through the eyes of one who lived it. In lieu, therefore, of any further comment we take the liberty of inserting the story of the personal experiences of one who has been a "mule skinner" and a "buck" with the old outfit.



"OH YOU MADMOISELLE!"

My Memories of the Supply Company

By Private First Class, VERNON J. KENNEY

There came one day into the sand swept planes of Camp Grant, a timid rookie. Though still clad in his oldest "cits," he was already feeling the touch of the Army's long arm. For no sooner had the batch of recruits tumbled off their cramped quarters on the train which brought them from their loved ones at home to the bleak and forbidding camp, than the harsh command "Fall in" was given. So, picking up their bags, they fell into column after a fashion and were piloted by a gruff regular army sergeant to the barracks of the old 331st, at Seventh Street and South Service street.

Our rookie hiked along with the rest past what seemed miles of stables, with which he was later to become all too well acquainted, and ended up at one of the battery buildings. Here they gave him a nice steel cot to lie on. There were no straw ticks, so when he awoke the next morning, to the unfamiliar raucous notes of the bugle, he was well nigh ruined. His back was broken in a dozen places and he had a fine checker-board design neatly worked in his skin. All of which resulted from the soft side of the said steel springs. The Kaiser surely would have heard some language if he had been around that morning.

After roll call, he lined up with the others for fatigue, though it occurred to him as an inhuman thing to make a man go to work before he even had his breakfast. And anyway, how could he help to swat the Kaiser by picking up cigarette butts and stray papers.

Then it was "fall in" again, and still no breakfast. The first thing he heard was the lieutenant holler "You look like a church standing out there." He looked around quickly and found the battery had been given "right dress," and he was nowhere near the line. The "top" gave "count off," "squads left," and away they went to the stables. Said the "rookie" to himself, "Here's where I get mine." He had never before been any nearer to a horse than the rear side of a dashboard, but he was game and willing to take a chance. So into the stalls he went and did the "groom by detail." The Officer in charge was explaining how to go at it and about the different parts of the horse. It was all Chinese to the raw recruit. He sidled up to his designated equine prey to get his first lesson under the eagle eyed supervision of a leathery old Corporal.

Of course the horse was one of the nice tame ones, the kind the halter doesn't hold well, and he got his first lesson as he came more or less flying out on the ground with the help of that gentle steed. Just at this point the "Top" came along and called the would be soldier to the Battery Orderly room. "Well, recruit," says he, "you seem to be real handy with the horses. What did you do before you were in the army?" "I was a certified public accountant," replied the "rookie." "Well," says the "topper," "they need mule skinnners in the Supply Company, so we are going to send you over there."

Transfer was duly made. It was noon-time so the new made soldier grabbed all his belongings and struck out double time for his new home.

Never will he forget that first meal in the company. He came in and was shown to his place at table by the well-known Mess Sergeant Hilliker. He sat down and everything on the table went right by him without stopping. So that when he finally got up he had managed to spear at least two spuds for dinner. Then and there he realized that the only way to get any-



"DYNAMITE"



"INDOOR SPORTS"

was next to him, was equally expert in handling the rifle, so the first thing he knew when the Sergeant gave "right shoulder arms," our recruit got a crack on the side of his head which all but sent him to sick call. Everything seemed to be going from bad to worse. And he heard much talk that night of the well known Supply Company mules. He began right then and there praying that he would be sent back to the Battery, "because," thought he, "if a nice gentle horse would act like my friend of this morning, what would a long-eared mule be likely to do."

After some weeks of strenuous work and conscientious attention to duty the recruit began to feel himself at last a real soldier, and eventually was promoted to the distinguished position of a First Class Private. He was given the honorable position of hauling rations, which was not so bad as it required a less intimate association with the braying beasts. And so it went through day after day of work and toil from Grant to Sparta.

Finally came the day of gang plank drill, in which the Company took a great interest. All were lined up. Captain Becker stood at the head of the line and each man was to holler out his name on passing by in single file. One consistent bone-head (we'll not mention his last name) did not know what was going on and thought any name would do, so he called out "Jack Robinson," whereupon Captain Becker, running true to form, exploded all over the lot. Nuff said.

Then came the Sunday before leaving for France. The boys all had their folks and girls out to bid them good-bye. In the midst of the family gatherings came a hurry call to fall out for gang plank drill. That made the boys mad and they swore mightily. But to no avail, for afterwards they were treated to the gas mask drill and spent the rest of the day in packing up and unpacking their kits. This was the bitterest taste of a soldier's life, but all the men took it like good soldiers. That was the last Sunday at Camp Robinson.

The best thing the Company could do at this time was squad manoeuvres. There was one squad which our First Class Private admired greatly. In fact he threatened to put it on the stage. There was Linley in charge of the squad, with Boerst, Schwartz, Liebenenthal, Sidney Rhodes, Regal, Gums and Marx. But this is drifting from the point. Finally came the start of the trip to France. From Sparta the route lay to Chicago and thence to Camp Mills via the well known Lehigh Valley. This line is not traveled by Phoebe Snow and although the Company traveled in alleged Pullman sleepers, they looked more like a bunch of coal heavers the first morning they rolled out of their bunks than like trim soldiers of Uncle Sam. However, at every station through the Valley they were given a royal reception and landed at Camp Mills, N. Y., at the usual hour of midnight. All troop movements, it seems, according to army regulations, must begin and end as near midnight as possible. The reason for this is to cause the greatest possible inconvenience to all hands.

Two or three days on the Long Island flats and the Company was embarked

thing to eat was to get it before the next man.

After chow he was introduced to a scrub pail and a broom and got his first lesson in scrubbing. He had to scrub the barracks under the eagle eye of "Sergeant" Boerst, who had charge of the work. Then came drills which pleased the recruit very much indeed. He was given a rusty old rifle by the Supply Sergeant, one Alvin E. Duggan, who presided over the hole in the wall under the stairway. And out he went to do the manual of arms. Deen Nelson, who

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on the good ship Lapland. Here our recruit learned to live without eating and acquired a heart-felt regard for his noble British allies. God save the King and God help any of the limies if he ever catches them alone again. He was too disgusted to think during the ten or twelve days of the crossing and the first thing he remembers was the arrival at Liverpool on a Sunday morning and the debarkation that afternoon. Scarcely had he set foot on British soil when he was greeted by a reception committee of small boys all crying "Have you any cents, Sam," and he promptly disgorged the contents of his pockets. Then a nice little hike of two hours to a rest camp. At camp he was assigned to a nice wooden bunk with no mattress and no springs and was invited to a royal banquet, consisting of corned willie stew. But this was not a typical English Rest camp and little did he realize the good food that he was eating. Thence from camp to camp he made a study of the situation and arrived at the conclusion that the reason the English call them rest camps is because they give the soldier an excellent opportunity to rest his stomach.

Thence he embarked with thousands of others upon a steamer for a French port. This boat was of a type designed to carry four hundred passengers, but never left dock with less than two thousand. Many a time that night as he turned his other hip bone to the steel deck did he consign his Germanic Majesty to the nethermost region where Hell's fires burn their brightest. Now he was introduced to the French type of side door Pullman. He saw France in style. There were never more than forty men in a two by four box car and while going around a curve one of the cars jumped off the track and jumped back on again. He thought he was seeing things, but there are others who saw the same. This same box car was full of tricks. One morning he and his thirty-nine fellow prisoners woke up to find themselves all alone in the quiet country. This caused no great excitement, as the consensus of opinion in the jail was that the car had merely jumped the track and had been overlooked by the engineer. The verdict was correct and after an hour or two the train came back after them. But the thing which will puzzle our soldier to his dying day is how that car got out of the middle of the train and let the tail end go by and then got back on the track again behind the other cars.

After three days and three nights the train arrived at La Teste and backed two or three times up and down the logging line to Camp Hunt at Le Courneau. Then the train roosted on the siding all night and finally next morning pulled into camp, where the boys unloaded. This was a record trip. Total distance covered being nearly 275 miles and the running time well under 75 hours.

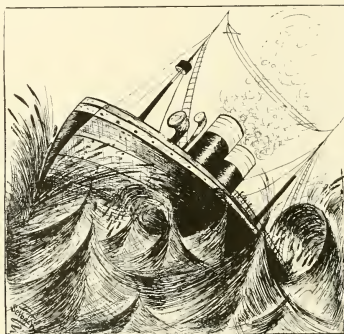
Once at camp, life was not so bad. At least there was enough to eat, even if no variety. So the regiment went into their last training to get the Kaiser. Training was nearly up when the Armistice was signed. So after all, our hero did not take out his grouches on the Germans. Along toward the end of November he was told to get ready to go back home and joined in the general hilarity with which the news was greeted by the boys. After a month of waiting he packed up and moved with the Company to Camp de Souges. Thence to a Camp at Bordeaux; and here he was initiated into all trades of the army. He started out one night and learned to bake bread; the next day he built sidewalks; the next day he shovelled gravel and he finally ended up as a hash slinger in the officer's mess: but all that is now forgotten. He is homeward bound. The macaroni on the ship



"HORSELESS WAGONS"

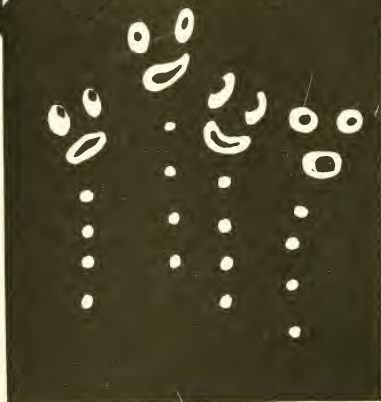
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is great and he will be back in the U. S. A. in a week. He and the boys are talking about what they are going to do when they get back home. They have done their bit. They are good soldiers. The experience was great and out of it will come a greater future for all the boys of the Supply Company.



"DUCA D'AOSTA" CROSSING ATLANTIC
IN SIXTEEN DAYS

HUMOROUS



SECTION

Salkach

LOCAL COLOR

Buck Pvt. addressing himself to the Top Sgt. Flack:—
I gif to you a violet
In token dot I'm glad we met,
And I hope that after this war
We may already yet once more again even get.

Heinze entering mess hall at 8 a. m. for breakfast. Speaking to Lt. Mitchell thinking it was Woolstone,

“Say Guy, what the hell are you doing here eating breakfast this time of the day.”

Humphrey, “It would be all right if the bed bugs would lift their feet but they drag them all over your face.”

Bennewate, distributing three packages of issue cigarettes,

“There’s one for me, one for Woolstone, and then there is one left over.”

Supply Sgt. Duggan, hearing rumors at Embarkation Camp about leaving for the States. “Attinshun Min! Everybody turn in their rubber boots immediately. That don’t mean at three o’clock or after supper, but right away.”

Ten minutes later, he hears that this was a false rumor. “Attinshun again Min. We have orders to go on detail, so everybody draw rubber boots.”

Buck Private asking a sensible question: "Sa-s-say, S-Sgt, w-w-what d-d-do you-u e-e-ex-p-pect t-t-to d-d-do w-w-when you-u-u are ou-ou-out o-o-o-of th-the a-a-army?"

Sgt. Timm: "A very sensible question Sid. If it is in my power to do so, I will try and round up the 1200 mules that I once had charge of, and start a business of my own."

SENTINEL ON GUARD AT ENTRANCE TO CAMP.

"Halt Who's there?" "Three Privates from Battery 'B' 331st F. A."

"Pass on, privates from Battery 'B'."

A few minutes later.

"Halt! Who's there?" "Two privates from Battery 'D,' 331st F. A."

"Pass on, privates from Battery 'D'."

Ten minutes later:

"Halt! Who's there?" "NONE OF YOUR DAMINED BUSINESS."

"Pass on, Supply Company."

Tyler entering kitchen during presence of Lieuts. "Rady" and "Baldy" whose presence was at first unknown to him, "Rest, men, Rest!"

Heinze, striking at Humphrey.

Humphrey: "I'll tell Timm on you."

S. O. L.

1. A casual who has not been paid for eight months.
2. Tobolski on detail.
3. McAvoy out of the Guard House.
4. Officer going back to civilian life.
5. An officer trying to give a correct salute.
6. Soderberg at Le Mans.
7. Capt. Becker smiling while on duty.
8. The Sergeant who did not salute "Spike" Hennessy.
9. The conscientious objector who had no reason for staying at home.
10. The buck private disobeying the orders of a Marine M. P.
11. Trying to get a square meal on the Lapland.

NICK NAMES

Chow Call, the only call the gold bricker hears.

An English Rest Camp, a place of *bloody* discomfort.

Lapland,—A good ship with a bloody bloomin crew.

Y. M. C. A. The gold brickers place of refuge.

GENERAL ORDERS OF THE MULE SKINNERS.

1. To take charge of these spuds and all gravy in view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any stray sausage that comes within sight.
3. To report to the Mess Sergeant any bread sliced too thin.
4. To repeat all calls for seconds.
5. To quit the table only when satisfied there is nothing left.
6. To receive but not to pass on to the next man any meat, cabbage, or beans left by the non-coms, privates or cooks.
7. To talk to no one who asks for onions.
8. In case of fire in the mess hall to grab all eats left by others in their escape.
9. In any case not covered by instructions to call the Company Clerk.
10. To allow no one to steal anything in the line of grub.
11. To salute all chicken, pork chops, beef steak, ham and eggs, and liver.
12. To be especially watchful during the time of eating and challenge anyone who gets one or more prunes than myself.

Tyler leaving the Delouser with a shelter half full of clothing and equipment.

A private from the side: "What are you going to do with all that junk?"

Tyler: "Look at all the cognac I can get for this."

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ROLL CALL OF THE ORDNANCE.

Papa Bennewate.
Taintless Barland.
Dauntless Heinze.
Prudent Woolstone.
Industrious Nurnberg.
Useless Humphrey.
Dovetail Liebenthal.
Serious Reser.
Noble Kate Rohde.
Prof. Rochow.
Dragon Schwartz.

MOTTO—Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow.



Medical Section



CHARLES
SCHWABE

Medical Detachment

Major Carl C. Vogel, M. C.

Capt. Gerald R. Allaben, M. C.

Capt. David C. Farquhar, M. C.

SERGEANTS

Nicoll, David S.

Hummel, Carl

Panter, Edward H.

PRIVATES FIRST CLASS

Gronert, George M.
Secor, Floyd F.

Murley, Fred B.
Vensel, Stephen

Oehlers, Albert H.
Wernz, Leo

PRIVATES

Chambers, Frank E.
Arling, Arvid C.
Bornhoeft, Paul J.
Letsinger, William R.

Davis, James B.
Holzmann, John
Kuniansky, Louis
Largent, Howard
Stevlenson, Orlando D.

Gray, Francis R.
Blohm, Arthur
Kutulis, Kazimer
Pike, Freeman L.

Dental Detachment

Stanley B. La Due, 1st Lieut. D. C.

Harvey L. Maness, 1st Lieut. D. C.

Fadden, Leslie M.

Towne, Wesley

Veterinary Detachment

Charles E. Crowe, 1st Lieut. V. C.

Robert G. Moore, 1st Lieut. V. C.

Coulthard, Lloyd T.
Russell, Arthur B.

Gilman, Carl C.
Brown, Sidney I.

O'Connors, Louis P.
Krecklow, Otto M.





Major Carl C. Vogel, M. C.

Born in Wilton, Wis. Graduated from Northwestern University, 1903. Commissioned First Lieutenant, MRC, March 17, 1917. Promoted to Captain August 6, 1917. Promoted to Major February 23, 1918. Assigned 331st Field Artillery September 5, 1917. Commanding Officer of Medical Detachment since that date. Home address, Elroy, Wisconsin.



CAPTAIN GERALD R. ALLABEN, M. C.

Born in Rockford, Illinois, July 9, 1889. Graduated University of Wisconsin 1911. M. D. Rush Medical College, 1913. Commissioned First Lieutenant, MRC, June 8, 1917. Promoted to Captain, March 19, 1918. Assigned to 331st F. A. July 17, 1918.

CAPTAIN DAVID C. FARQUHAR, M. C.

Born in Washington County, Pa., Feb. 3, 1882. Graduated University of Illinois, 1905. Commissioned First Lieutenant, MRC, June 20, 1917. Promoted to Captain, July 6, 1918. Assigned to 331st F. A. September 5, 1917.



FINIS

Regimental Directory



Regimental Directory

KEY

A to F inclusive indicates the Battery of which the man was a member.

H—Headquarters Company.

S—Supply Company.

O—Ordnance Detachment.

R—Regimental or Battalion Staff.

M—Medical or Dental Detachments.

V—Veterinary Detachment.

t—Transferred.

d—Discharged.

Δ—Deceased.

u—Address unknown.

ABENDROTH, ALLEN E.	A	Markesan, Wis.
ABLIETER, ARTHUR H.	H	Boscobel, Wis.
ABRAHAM, LINCOLN	H Δ	Bloomington, Wis.
ABRONS, WILLIAM R.	M t	1227—17th Ave., Rockford, Ill.
ADAM, A. A.	B t u	
ADAMS, GEOFFREY W.	F t	Wheaton, Ill.
ADAMS, HENRY C.	E	Highland, Wis.
ADAMS, HOWARD C.	E	Muscoda, Wis.
ADAMS, JOHN S.	H	Eureka, Utah.
ADDISON, BURNELL	F t	Lancaster, Wis.
ADLER, JOSEPH	H t	Chicago, Ill.
AESCHELMAN, ALBERT	F	Roanoke, Ill.
AICHER, BERTRAND	B	R. F. D. 1 Box 4A, Randall, Minn.
AIKEN, WARREN	H t	Onalaska, Wis.
ALBRECHT, A. J.	B d u	
ALEXANDER, HARRY A.	B t	Tomah, Wis.
ALEXANDER, ORA L.	E	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
ALLABEN, GERALD R.	M	Rockford, Ill.
ALLEN, CALVIN D.	R t	701 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
ALLEN, LEON B.	B t	Kenilworth, Ill.
ALLEN, LEROY G.	A	Neillsville, Wis.
ALLEN, WALDO M.	E	701 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
ALLTON, ROBERT A.	H t	5 Beard St., Nashua, N. H.
ALT, ANDREW	D	Plain, Wis.
ALTENHOEFEN, JOHN N.	B	R. F. D. 4—Pierz, Minn.
ALWIN, ORA C.	D	New Ulm, Minn.
AMACHER, FRED	D	Arena, Wis.
AMACHER, PETER G.	H	Windsor, Wis.
AMARA, PAUL	D t u	
AMES, EDWARD B.	F t	Potosi, Wis.
AMUNDSON, RANDOLPH A.	F	Blanchardville, Wis.
AMUNDSON, ALFRED C.	F	Fleming, Minn.
AMUNDSON, CLARENCE	D	Holmen, Wis.
ANACHER,	C t u	
ANDERSON,	C t u	
ANDERSON, ALFRED C.	F t u	
ANDERSON, ANDREW	D t u	
ANDERSON, CARL G. A.	H t	Highland, Ill.
ANDERSON, CHARLES O.	B	642 Buchanan St., Minneapolis, Minn.

331st Field Artillery

ANDERSON, CLARE L.	E	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
ANDERSON, CLARENCE	H t	Wautoma, Wis.
ANDERSON, CLARENCE G.	D t	Mt. Morris, Wis.
ANDERSON, DANIEL R.	E	Elk Mound, Wis.
ANDERSON, EDWIN C.	D	Wheaton, Minn.
ANDERSON, ESKIL A.	A	Monterrey, Minn.
ANDERSON, GEORGE E.	D t	Strongs Prairie, Wis.
ANDERSON, GEORGE N.	D t u	
ANDERSON, GUSTAF F.	C	1454 Winona Ave., Chicago, Ill.
ANDERSON, HENRY C.	H	Hamilton, Wis.
ANDERSON, JOHN C.	A	1240 W. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.
ANDERSON, JOHN O.	B	R. F. D. 1, Big Lake, Minn.
ANDERSON, JULIUS J.	A	Bradford, Ill.
ANDERSON, NELS	E Δ	Norde Falkum, Skien, Norway.
ANDERSON, NORMAN	A t u	
ANDERSON, ORVILLE J.	H	Mineral Point, Wis.
ANDERSON, OSCAR C.	B	1119 Second Ave., Eau Claire, Wis.
ANDERSON, OSCAR E.	F	217 Banks Ave., Superior, Wis.
ANDERSON, RUDOLPH J.	F t u	
ANDERSON, WALDEMAR M.	H	Kerhoven, Minn.
ANDORF, JOHN W.	D	Hillsdale, Ill.
ANDREFFESKI, THOMAS	A	Brother St., Kaukauna, Wis.
ANGELUCCI, LUCIEN	H	5419 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.
ANTON, P. R.	B t u	
ANTONPOULIS, CHARLES A.	B t u	
ANTRIUM	C t u	
APOSTOLOPULAS, PETER A.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
ARLING, ARVID C.	M	1008—6th St., Rockford, Ill.
ARNDORFER, ARTHUR L.	S	127 E. South St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
ARQUILLA, LUIGI	D t u	
ASHLEY,	C t u	
ATKINSON	C t u	
ATTLESON, CARNOT E.	D t	Strongs Prairie, Wis.
AURELL, CHARLES F.	D t u	
AURELL, WILLIAM L.	D t u	
AUSTIN, FRED L.	F	515 Hill St., Rockford, Ill.
AWEDA, ALLEY	F t u	
AXCELSON, AUGUST	A t u	
BACKMAN, JOHN	F	611 S. 14th St., Rockford, Ill.
BACCN, GEORGE C.	A	R 1—Kingston, Ill.
BAEBLER, WILLIAM	F	Dayton, Wis.
BAGGOT, VALENTINE	C t	Kilbourn, Wis.
BAHR, EMIL O. P.	A	16 E. 13th St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
BAHRKE, WILLIAM A.	H	Red Granite, Wis.
BAILEY, FRANK	A t u	
BAIMA, DOMINICK B.	H	315 Third St., LaSalle, Ill.
BAIRD, WAYNE A.	H	140 S. Belmont Ave., Wichita, Kans.
BAKER, CHESTER A.	D	Hancock, Wis.
BAKER, JOHN M.	E	426 Glencoe Ave., Highland Park, Ill.
BAKKEN, HENRY H.	F t	Mt. Horeb, Wis.
BALDWIN, CLOYD S.	S	Prairie City, Ia.
BALEWIN, LEC	A t u	
BALDWIN, LISTON G.	H t	LaCrosse, Wis.
BALSLEY, DAVID R.	E t	Richland Center, Wis.
BANFIELD, MELVIN T.	F t	Cuba City, Wis.
BANKER, LEE A.	E t	Richland Center, Wis.
BANTA, GEORGE V.	D	R. R. 10, Logansport, Ind.

331st Field Artillery

BARE, LESLIE T.	H t	10929 Tacoma Ave., Cleveland, O.
BARLAND, THOMAS G.	O	903 Altoona Ave., Eau Claire, Wis.
BARLER, RICHARD O.	A t	657 Sheridan Rd., Chicago, Ill.
BARLOW, SPENCER W.	F t	Watertown, Conn.
BARNES, CHARLEY W.	D	R. R. 6, Chatfield, Minn.
BARNES, HARRISON C.	E	501 S. 6th St., Grand Forks, N. D.
BARNETT, CLARENCE P.	H	Hartford, Wis.
BARNETTE,	C t u	
BARNHART, J. W.	D t u	
BARR, GEORGE E.	F	Boscobel, Wis.
BARRETTE, JOSEPH	F t	Aurora, Ill.
BARTELS, HENRY W.	A	Boscobel, Wis.
BARTELS, OLIVER R.	F t	Boscobel, Wis.
BARTELT, EDWIN W.	S	230 South St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
BASSFETTE, ALBERT	C	Chippewa Falls, Wis.
BATES, GAY	F t	Bloomington, Wis.
BAUER, CARL H.	H	5337 Wayne Ave., Chicago, Ill.
BAUMANN, ARTHUR W.	A	R. 1, Alden, Ill.
BAUMLER, CHAS. V.	H t	Potosi, Wis.
BAUR, JOHN R.	D Δ	R. 1 Box 10 Arkansaw, Wis.
BAUSHON, H. A.	C t u	
BASHOUR, SAM M.	A t	Waupun, Wis.
BAXTER, ALBERT R.	F t	Brodhead, Wis.
BAXTER, RODNEY R.	H t	Brodhead, Wis.
BAY, WILLIAM	B	R. F. D. 3, Dassel, Minn.
BEAN, FRED	C	Box 93, Cadott, Wis.
BEAVER, ELKANAH	D t	R. 3, Spring Green, Wis.
BECHT, PAUL F.	C	R. R. 2, Coal Valley, Ill.
BECKER, DANIEL	S	5637 Broad St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
BECKER, ELMER E.	H t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
BECKER, ERNEST	F t	Lancaster, Wis.
BECKETT, GEORGE U.	F t	Dodgeville, Wis.
BECKLUND, EDWARD E.	F	Box 81, Nemadji, Minn.
BEDFORD, GEORGE F.	C	1104-13th Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
BEERLING, ANTHONY	D	Litchfield, Minn.
BEESECKER, ARTHUR L.	F t	Aurora, Ill.
BEHN, WILLIAM H.	D t	Reedsburg, Wis.
BEIER, FRANK	S t	612 Beaver St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
BELANT, DELTON A.	H	105 Hendrick St., Merrill, Wis.
BELL, GALEN F.	D t	Reedsburg, Wis.
BELLIN,	C t u	
BELLIN, OTTO E.	G	Fall River, Wis.
BELLOWS, G. J.	H t	718 W. Lexington Ave., Elkhart, Ind.
BENDER, RUSSELL T.	H	2717 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
BENDETTI, BENNIE	H	64 Brayton Ave., Providence, R. I.
BENFORD, JOHN M.	D t u	
BENIK, LARRY W.	D	Box 40, Taunton, Minn.
BENISCH, EDWARD	H t	Bridgeport, Wis.
BENISCH, EDWARD G.	F t	Aurora, Ill.
BENISCH, HARRY H.	E	Bridgeport, Wis.
BENNETT, BYRON W.	E t	Richland Center, Wis.
BENNETT, CHARLES	F	409 S. Third St., La Crosse, Wis.
BENNETT, GLENN	F	Dodgeville, Wis.
BENNETT, JACOB E.	F t	Hazel Green, Wis.
BENNETT, LLOYD E.	B	Altoona, Wis.
BENNETT, OLIVER H.	B	R. F. D. 1, Cushing, Minn.
BENNEWATE, OSCAR R. R.	O	2111 Ezekiel St., Zion City, Ill.

331st Field Artillery

BENSLEY, SAMUEL A.	B	Burnett, Wis.
BENSON, SOREN A.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
BENSTEIN	C t u	
BENZIN	C t u	
BENZMILLER, HARRY B.	C	Lodi, Wis.
BENZMILLER, LUDWIG M.	C	Lodi, Wis.
BERANEK, YARO	F	Albert Lea, Minn.
BERG, LAWRENCE L.	F	385 Doty St., Fond Du Lac, Wis
BERG, ROY M.	F	Peever, S. D.
BERG, THOMAS	E	Wendell, Minn.
BERGLUND, ISAK P.	B t u	
BERGQUIST, ARTHUR B.	D	Shell Lake, Wis.
BERKEY, CLAUDE E.	A	1020 Hemlock St., Dixon, Ill.
BERLIK, STEVE	F t	Aurora, Ill.
BERNAS, LAWRENCE	B	2413 W. Huron St., South Bend, Ind.
BERTHING, JOSEPH A.	D t	Oxford, Wis.
BERTRAM, RAY R.	D	2549-11th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
BESAW, CLIFFORD A.	H	Park Falls, Wis.
BETZ, BERNARD F.	E	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
BEVER, GEORGE N.	A Δ	Eau Claire, Wis.
BEYL, HERMAN F.	D	Villard, Minn.
BIANCHINI, ANGELO	A	Langley Ave., Pullman, Ill.
BIBLE, ORRA N.	H	Cazenovia, Wis.
BIDDICK, BENJAMIN F.	H	Montfort, Wis.
BIEGICK, JOSEPH	D t	Westfield, Wis.
BIERMANN, GEORGE M.	D	R. 1. Box 2, Currie, Minn.
BIGGER, SAMUEL E.	C	Biggsville, Ill.
BILKEY, CLARENCE W.	E	Dodgeville, Wis.
BILLETT, OSCAR	D	610-16th Ave. W., Ashland, Wis.
BILLINGS, JOHN L.	F	Cobb, Wis.
BILLINGS, RICHARD A.	A t u	
BINNS, CHARLES E.	F t	New Diggins, Wis.
BIRSCHBACH, GEORGE A.	A t	Malone, Wis.
BISHOP, CARL	A	McLean, Ill.
BLACHGWSKI, FRANK	C	1061-7th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
BLACKBIRD, WILBUR G.	S	North Fond du Lac, Wis.
BLACKMUN, BERTRUM C.	H	Inverness, Fla.
BLADA, CHESTER H.	C	R. R. 1, Browing, Wis.
BLAIR, JOHN F.	A t	Ripon, Wis.
BLAKEWELL, EDWARD R.	D t	Baraboo, Wis.
BLAKLEY, BERT	E	Viola, Wis.
BLANK, HENRY P.	S	South Byron, Wis.
BLASZAK, I. P.	B t	Ramey, Morrell, Minn.
BLEISNER, JESS M.	E t	Richland Center, Wis.
BLISS, EARLE F.	B	89 County St., Attleboro, Mass.
BLOEDOW, EDWARD W.	A t u	
BLOHM, ARTHUR E.	M	590 Chestnut St., Neenah, Wis.
BLOM, ELMER N.	A	R. 2, Fairchild, Wis.
BLOM, H. C.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
BLOSSOM, THORPE J.	H t	La Crosse, Wis.
BLUMCHEN, WILLIAM F.	D	North Freedom, Wis.
BOARDMAN, JAMES E.	E	R. R. 2, Kewance, Ill.
BOBER, LOUIS E.	A	Lone Rock, Wis.
BOCKIN, WALTER F.	A	R. R. 15, Larson, Wis.
BOEFCKER, A. G.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
BOEBEL, THEODORE H.	F	Fennimore, Wis.
BOELKE, CARL A.	A	399 S. Marr St., Fond du Lac, Wis.

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BOERS, VICTOR W.	A t	Ripon, Wis.
BOERSCH, E.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
BOERST, EDWIN	S	Bonduel, Wis.
BOETSCHER, EDWARD O.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
BOGE, A. F.	C t u	
BOGETKA, FRANK J.	B	8267 Brandon Ave., So. Chicago, Ill.
BOHAN, FRANCIS	A	R. R. 5, Fond du Lac, Wis.
BOHN, CHESTER	D t	Reedsburg, Wis.
BOLLACKER, HENRY W.	H	5131 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, Ill.
BOLLERUDE, ORVILLE A.	F t	Hollandale, Wis.
BOLLINBERG, S. I.	C t u	
BOLLIVAR, EVERETT A.	B	R. F. D. 2, Box 9, Dixon, Ill.
BONGARD, GEORGE J.	E	R. R. 2, Grand Rapids, Wis.
BONNEY, JAMES F.	E	R. R. 1, Eastman, Wis.
BONTLY, OTTO	F	Monticello, Wis.
BOOKHART, JAMES A.	F	Verndale, Minn.
BOOKWALTER, CLAUDE R.	F	Melvin, Ill.
BOOM, EDWARD W.	A d	Oakfield, Wis.
BORNHOEFT, PAUL J.	M	515 Oakwood Av., Hyland Park, Ill.
BORTON, FRED	E t	Woodstock, Wis.
BOSIN, ARMOND L.	B	Fox Lake, Wis.
BOSLEY, SAM B.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
BOSTUES, P. J.	C t u	
BOURQUIN, LEE M.	H	959-24th Ave. N.E., Minneapolis, Minn.
BOUZEK, OTTO	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
BOWERMAN, JOHN	E	1827 N. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.
BOWMAN, Melvin	F t	Monticello, Wis.
BOYEN,	C t u	
BRACE,	C t u	
BRAATZ, W.	B t	Fox Lake, Wis.
BRACHT, GEORGE C.	F	532 Bidwell St., St. Paul, Minn.
BRADLEY, CLIFFORD M.	F	1014 S. Clarence Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
BRADY, EDWARD J.	C	New Richland, Minn.
BRAEUTIGAM, WALTER E.	A t u	
BRADGON, MERRITT C.	A	1709 Chicago Ave., Evanston, Ill.
BRAITHWAITE, DAVID J.	E t	Bloom City, Wis.
BRAITHWAITE, JAMES H.	E	Bloom City, Wis.
BRAJE, JOSEPH Z.	A	1843 May St., Chicago, Ill.
BRANDING, E.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
BRANDT, RAYMOND F.	A	R. R. 1, Arpin, Wis.
BRANTNER, ADOLPH L.	F t	Durand, Wis.
BRAUER, A. W.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
BRAUN, MARTIN P.	A	Eden, Wis.
BRAUN, PHILLIP J.	A	Neenah, Wis.
BREADY, JOHN W.	H t	Chicago, Ill.
BRECHLER, HARRY A.	F t	Boscobel, Wis.
BREESE, LINCOLN W.	A t	McLean, Ill.
BREGMAN, E. A.	C t u	
BRUENIG, GEORGE N.	C	Bloomer, Wis.
BRUENIG, JOHN G.	C	Bloomer, Wis.
BREWER, JAMES B.	E	R. R. 3, Richland Center, Wis.
BREWER, PAUL H.	H	345 S. State St., Richland Center, Wis.
BRIDGES, DANIEL B.	F	Monticello, Wis.
BIGGS, CLARENCE	S	Tunnel City, Wis.
BRIGHT, L. A.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
BRINKMANN, OTTO C.	C	West Bend, Wis.
BRISKI, JOSEPH	D t u	

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BROADWAY, ARTHUR	A	212 N. Madison St., Waupun, Wis.
BROCKMAN, ARTHUR W.	F t	Platteville, Wis.
BROKISH, JOHN J.	E	Dodgeville, Wis.
BROMLEY,	C t u	
BROOKS, BRYANT J.	H	190 Dartmouth St., Rochester, N. Y.
BROOKS, JAMES W. JR.	B t	535 South 10th St., Burlington, Ia.
BROSSARD, MATTHEW	E t	Dodgeville, Wis.
BROUGHTON, ERMINE C.	A	Richmond, Ky.
BROVICK, EDDIE C.	C	Stoughton, Wis.
BROWN, CHALMER E.	H t	407 W. Fourth St., Greenville, O.
BROWN, CURTIS L.	C	219 Maple Ave., Kewanee, Ill.
BROWN, FRED E.	F	Arena, Wis.
BROWN, JULIUS A.	D	Hancock, Wis.
BROWN, LLOYD M.	A	R. R. 1, Tomah, Wis.
BROWN, NICHOLAS	F	1618 Oaks Ave., Superior, Wis.
BROWN, OSCAR L.	H t	Thorntown, Ind.
BROWN, SIDNEY J.	V	Barneveld, Wis.
BRUCE, ADOLPH	D t	Lydia, Kans.
BRUCKELMEYER, Charles A.	B	220 Washburn Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn.
BRUENHOFER, CHARLES C.	A t	Beloit, Wis.
BRUHA, ALBERT R.	E	Cazenovia, Wis.
BRUNDAGE, H. A.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
BRUNGART, NORMAN E.	D	Wolfs Store, Pa.
BUCHER, LEWIS J.	H	Franklin Grove, Ill.
BUCHHOLTZ, WILLIAM G.	C	Eitzen, Minn.
BUDDEN, FRANK G.	F	Sinsinawa, Wis.
BUELOW, GEORGE F.	D t	Spring Green, Wis.
BUELOW, RAYMOND W.	D t	Honey Creek, Wis.
BULLIS, ROY E.	H t u	
BUNCH, RUSSELL	A	Appleton, Wis.
BUNDALO, GAVRE	B t	Mavville, Wis.
BUOL, LAWRENCE B.	C	R. R. 2, Wabasha, Minn.
BURKE, LEO E.	A	616 Scott St., Wausau, Wis.
BURNS, EDWARD W.	H	4318 Pleasant Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
BURMESTER, EWALD	S	R. R. 4, Reedsburg, Wis.
BURGMEIER, JOSEPH	F	1314 Thirteenth Ave., St. Cloud, Minn.
BURLINGAME, BERT B.	D	Montello, Wis.
BURROWS, WILLIAM L.	F	Cassville, Wis.
BURTSUKLIS, NICK	B	412 Main St., La Crosse, Wis.
BUSER, ALFRED	E	323 Gain St., Davenport, Ia.
BUSHONG, CLIFFORD A.	E	International Falls, Minn.
BUSH, FRED E.	B	14 Royalston Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
BUSJAHN, ERNEST	F t	Monroe, Wis.
BUSCHKE, THEODORE C.	S	Coloma, Wis.
BUSS, GUSTAV E.	B t	Barksdale, Wis.
BUSSE, EMIL	D	401 Charles St., Reedsburg, Wis.
BUSSE, HENRY A.	A t u	
BUTENHOFF, LEO E.	H t	Markesan, Wis.
BUTLER, WARREN	D t	Oxford, Wis.
BUYCK, GUSTAF	E	17th Ave., East Moline, Ill.
CALUS, H.	B t	Waterloo, Wis.
CAMPBELL, B. J.	B t u	
CAMPBELL, GEORGE E.	E t	Lone Rock, Wis.
CAMPBELL, RUMSEY	H t	40 E. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.
CANFIELD, LEE G.	H t	Sparta, Wis.
CANNON, LESTEG	A	R. R. 1, Panola, Ill.

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CAPEK, ANTON	D t	New Rome, Wis.
CARBERRY, JACOB	D	Richland Center, Wis.
CAREY, LEON A.	D	Marion, Wis.
CARLSON	C t u	
CARLSON, AXEL R.	F	297 Pennsylvania Ave., Aurora, Ill.
CARLSON, CHARLEY G.	A	2414 Garfield St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
CARLSON, CHRIS O.	E	Spicer, Minn.
CARLSON, FRITZ	B	R. F. D. 1, Princeton, Minn.
CARLSON, HAROLD H.	B t	P. O. Box 7, Cushing, Minn.
CARLSSON, J.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
CARLTON, BLAINE D.	B	617 Elk St., Stevens Point, Wis.
CARR, HORACE	F	503 N. Jefferson St., Peoria, Ill.
CARR, JAMES J.	A t u	
CARRELL, JESSE M.	A t u	
CARRIER, MYRON J.	A	Oakfield, Wis.
CARTWRIGHT, JAMES H.	H	Oregon, Ill.
CASEY, ROBERT M.	F	536 First Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
CASTLE, CHESTER C.	D	Aldrich, Minn.
CAVANAUGH, J. R.	C t u	
CECKA, RUDOLPH C.	E t	Bridgeport, Wis.
CEKLIBERK, M.	B d u	
CHAFARIS, JOHN M.	A	156 W. Division St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
CHAFFIN, ELLIS J.	A	R. 2, Carlock, Ill.
CHAMBERS, FRANK E.	M	R. R. 9, Green Bay, Wis.
CHANDLER, GEORGE A.	F	165 Oakland Ave., Providence, R. I.
CHAPMAN, LEON H.	D	R. 5, Box 91, Cambridge, Ill.
CHASE, ARTHUR M.	B	Ramey, Minn.
CHECK, PETER A.	E t	R. R. 1, Box 63, Eastman, Wis.
CHELBERG, ARTHUR R.	H	Hopkins, Minn.
CHIPMAN, JOHN	F t u	
CHIELEWSKI, JOHN	D t	1255 Forest Home, Milwaukee, Wis.
CHRISTENSEN, WALTER J.	D	Kilbourn, Wis.
CHRISTENSON	C t u	
CHRISTENSON, MARTIN	H t	Columbus, Wis.
CHRISTY, IRWIN L.	H	Nauvoo, Ill.
CHRYSLER, ELMER A.	B	R. F. D. 2, Augusta, Wis.
CHUDZINSKI, FRANK L.	C	1924-48th Court, Cicero, Ill.
CHUNAT, GEORGE	E d	Wauzeka, Wis.
CHYSKA, JAMES	F	R. R. 4, Prairie du Sac, Wis.
CLARK, CYRILLE R.	H	5506 Augusta St., Chicago, Ill.
CLARK, HOMER F.	E	Rewey, Wis.
CLARK, LESTER L.	F	Bagley, Wis.
CLAUS, HERMAN C.	H	318 Tenth Ave., West Bend, Wis.
CLAUSE	C t u	
CLAYTON, RAY D.	C	700 Lake Ave., Waseca, Minn.
CLEARY, HUGH	F t u	
CLEMINS, JOHN	A	214 W. Merrill St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
CLICKNER, LOUIS	D	726 Tower Ave., Superior, Wis.
CLOUGH, FRANK	A t u	
CLUCKEY, PAUL J.	F t	So. St. Paul, Minn.
COEB, CHARLES O.	A	Madelia, Minn.
COCKROFT, JOSEPH H.	S	Richland Center, Wis.
COFFEY	C t u	
COGON, JAMES F.	E d	Viola, Wis.
COHEN, OSCAR	F t	1809 Fulton Ave., Apt. 105, New York City, N. Y.

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COHER, VEGNIE	H	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
COLE, MELVERNE C.	F t	Bethany, Mo.
COLEMAN, JOSEPH A.	D	Madison, Wis.
COLGER, SAMUEL	H	3206 Orange Ave., Cleveland, O.
COLLINS, STEPHEN W.	H	2602 Iowa St., Davenport, Ia.
COLLINS, WILLIAM L.	A	R. 2, Marengo, Ill.
COLNON, AARON	B	4599 Oakenwald Ave., Chicago, Ill.
COLTHARD, LLOYD T.	F t	Platteville, Wis.
CONNOLLY, JOSEPH E.	D	Packwaukee, Wis.
CONRAD,	C t u	
CONRAD, JOHN W.	F	R. R. 1, Bloomer, Wis.
COOK, BERT A.	F	Montfort, Wis.
COON, WARREN	D t	Kilbourn, Wis.
COONRAD, LESTER R.	F t	Platteville, Wis.
COPAS, CLYDE W.	E t	Gays Mills, Wis.
COPLEY, HOWARD R.	A	5639 University Ave., Chicago, Ill.
COPLIN, HARRY M.	H	Paola, Kas.
COPSEY, BERNARD A.	E	Mt. Sterling, Wis.
COPUS, CHARLES A.	E t	Belle Center, Wis.
COREY, VERN	A	Meadowlands, Minn.
CORNELIUS, JOHN A.	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
CORREY, JAMES J.	A t u	
CORRIGAN, HEGMAN E.	A t u	
COSGROVE, FRANK W.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
COTTER, JOSEPH F.	D t	Montello, Wis.
COUGHLIN, EDMUND	D	407 E. 17th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
COULTHARD, LLOYD T.	V	New Diggings, Wis.
COUSINEAU, W.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
COUTURE, PETER S.	F	Cloquet, Minn.
COX, EVERETT D.	H	Hazel Green, Wis.
CRAIGMILE, CHAS. S.	C	432 S. Madison Ave., LaGrange, Ill.
CRAMBLETT, CHARLES H.	S	Barnum, Wis.
CRASS, WALTER A.	A	493 Mineral St., Milwaukee, Wis.
CRAW, GEORGE W.	D	Berlin, Wis.
CRAWFORD, ALBERT	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
CRAWFORD, SHERMAN C.	D	Westfield, Wis.
CRAWLEY, H. L.	C t u	
CROCKER, JOHN A.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
CRONE, FRED E.	E	887 E. Pine St., Canton, Ill.
CRONINGER, MILTON L.	E t	Viola, Wis.
CRONK, ARTHUR J.	B	Kennan, Wis.
CROSBY, ERVIN S.	D	Merrimack, Wis.
CROCCH, ERNEST	A	Paw Paw, Ill.
CROWE, CHARLES C.	V	3746 Elmwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
CROWE, FRED L.	F	Box 425, Jackson, Minn.
CROWNER, WARREN R.	A	Clintonville, Wis.
CUENOT, FREDERICK L.	H	Mauston, Wis.
CULL, HARRY H.	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
CUMMINGS, HAROLD E.	F t	Mineral Point, Wis.
CUMMINGS, HAROLD L.	H	Mineral Point, Wis.
CUMMINGS, ROBERT B.	D	Grimms, Wis.
CUNNINGHAM, FRANCIS C. A.	A	R. 4, Bradford, Ill.
CYRTMUS, ORVILLE L.	H	Winneconne, Wis.
CYRTMUS, OTTO L.	A t u	
CZAPELSKI, JOSEPH	D t u	
CZOSCKE, G.	B t	Chicago, Ill.

331st Field Artillery

DACH, ANTONE	E d u
DAHL,	C t u
DAHL, CHARLES	S t Pardeeville, Wis.
DAHL, HENRY O.	E Baldwin, Wis
DAHRINGER, HOMER W.	H t Δ u
DALSING, GEORGE	F t Louisburg, Wis.
DALY, JOHN W.	S 806- 24th St., Rock Island, Ill.
DAMASK, STANLEY J.	E t Berlin, Wis.
DANGELO, MATH	C 303 Jefferson St., Milwaukee, Wis.
DANIELSON, EVER M.	E t Lynxville, Wis.
DAPRA, OSWALD	D 320 Lake St., Baraboo, Wis.
DARMODY, MIKE	C R. R. 3, Kewaskum, Wis.
DARY, MERWIN L.	E Richland Center, Wis.
DASHER, JOHN J.	F t Aurora, Ill.
DAUMAN, WILLIAM G.	A t u
DAVIES, ALBERT D.	D t Chicago, Ill.
DAVIS, JAMES B.	M Klondyke, O.
DAVIS, JOHN C.	F t Rewey, Wis.
DAVIS, LEE B.	E d Arena, Wis.
DAVIS, ROY H.	E 736 E. 50th Pl., Chicago, Ill.
DAY, CLARKE E.	A R. 4, Amboy, Minn.
DECLERCK, DESIRE	B Ghent, Minn.
DEERING, GERALD G.	A t u
DE GROOT, JOSEPH J.	A t u
DEITTE, GEORGE	A t Fond du Lac, Wis.
DELFIELD, F.	B t u
DELIN, ARVID	H t Chicago, Ill.
DEMARS, FRANK	D International Falls, Minn.
DENGEL, FERDINAND X.	B Δ Little Falls, Minn.
DENNIS, GEORGE A.	D Merrimack, Wis.
DERSCH, EDWIN E.	F t Lancaster, Wis.
DERUSHA, PHILBERT P.	E t Prairie du Chien, Wis.
DESHAW, IRVEN	F Bruno, Minn.
DETLE, OLE H.	C Box 16, Hayward, Wis.
DEVoe, JOHN M.	A 115 S. Main St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
DEWITT, ARTHUR E.	D t Hancock, Wis.
DE WITT, JOHN	E 9132 Brandon Ave., Chicago, Ill.
DEYOUNG, J.	B t u
DHAENENS, EDWARD	S R. R. 5, Reedsburg, Wis.
DICKIE, BURR H.	D North Freedom, Wis.
DIETZ, GEORGE B.	B 229 Mill St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
DILLON, ELDON H.	E Richland Center, Wis.
DILLON, JOSEPH C.	A R. R. 1, Mosinee, Wis.
DILONARDO, JAMES	F t u
DITSWORTH, LAWRENCE C.	A t u
DITTMER, H. A.	B t Chicago, Ill.
DOBBINS, JONAS H.	A R. R. 1, Kingston, Ill.
DOERETT, CHRIST	F d Hazel Green, Wis.
DOCTOR, RUDCLPH A.	M t Mayville, Wis.
DOMS, WILLIAM A.	A t u
DONOHUE, ROY L.	H Montello, Wis.
DONOVAN, PATRICK E.	D t Grand Marsh, Wis.
DORN, HERBERT J.	A Neillsville, Wis.
DORN, RHEINHOLD G.	B 219 Madison St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
DOUGHERTY, EUGENE P.	E t Ridgeway, Wis.
DOUGLAS, RUFUS L.	H Plainville, Wis.
DOZIER, WADE H.	H Rio Vista, Cal.

331st Field Artillery

DRAACK,	C t u
DRAACK, ROBERT	H t Hartford, Wis.
DRAGER, LAWRENCE A.	F Magnolia, Ill.
DRAVES, CHARLES H.	F t Highland, Wis.
DRAVES, LEONARD	F t Highland, Wis.
DRESEN, ARNOLD A.	H t Cassville, Wis.
DRESEN, ARNOLD A.	F t Wyalusing, Wis.
DRETSKE, CARL F.	D t u
DREUTTLE, THEODORE JR.	F t Downers Grove, Ill.
DROESSLER, WILLIAM J.	F R. R. 5, Dubuque, Ia.
DUBOIS, WAITER D.	D t Baraboo, Wis.
DUCHARME, COSMAS	E t Prairie du Chien, Wis.
DUDLER, CARROLL C.	E 808 Holmes St., Janesville, Wis.
DUFFY, RAYMOND N.	B Champlain, Minn.
DUGGAN, ALVIN E.	S Cuba City, Wis.
DUKLETH, OSCAR J.	D Hendrum, Minn.
DULLEN,	C t u
DUNBAR, FAY E.	E Wauzeka, Wis.
DUNCAN, MURRAY G.	D Millersburg, Ill.
DUNN, THOMAS A.	E 203 S. Arsenal Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
DUNPHY, RICHARD V.	F t Monroe, Wis.
DURNING, JOHN J.	E Burkhardt, Wis.
DUVALL, DONALD S.	H Estherville, Ia.
DUZINSKI, FRANK H.	A R. 1, Ripon, Wis.
DWARS, WALTER E.	D t Ableman, Wis.
DWYER, CORNELIUS W.	A R. 1, Anawan, Ill.
EAGER,	C t u
EAGER, HAROLD C.	H Randolph, Wis.
EANES, RICHARD H.	M t Widen, W. Va.
EASLEY, ROBERT A.	A t Ripon, Wis.
EASTLAND, PAUL L.	H 806 Fourth Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
EASTMAN, WILLARD H.	F d Bellevue, Ia.
EBERHARDT, GEORGE W.	F 1815 Charles St., LaCrosse, Wis.
EBERT, BERTRAND	B d Watertown, Wis.
EBERT, CHARLES	B t Watertown, Wis.
EBERT, CHARLES	H t Waupun, Wis.
EBERT, GEORGE	H t Watertown, Wis.
ECKBERG, CARL B.	S 1806 Plymouth Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn.
ECKER, CLARENCE W.	F t Rewey, Wis.
ECKERT,	C t u
ECKSTEIN, CONRAD	D t u
ECKSTEIN, LEONARD	S R. R. 2, Wautoma, Wis.
EDMONDSON, HOWARD E.	B 1601 Third St., Perry, Ia.
EGE, NELS S.	E t Forrester, Minn.
EGERER, CLARENCE M.	D North Freedom, Wis.
EHMKE, F. W.	B t u
EHMKE, FRANK	H t Kenosha, Wis.
EICHORST, EDWARD W.	S Avoca, Wis.
EINBERGER, JOSEPH	A t u
EISLE, WILLIAM	H t Worthington, Minn.
EISNER, EDWARD	B 301 W. University Ave., Champaign, Ill.
EITEUNER, JACOB L.	A t Fond du Lac, Wis.
ELLIOTT, HARRY W.	H Green Lake, Wis.
ELLIOTT, ROBERT H.	F 115 Winter St., W. Burlington, Ia.
ELSING, BENJAMIN W.	S Sauk City, Wis.
ELY, MELVIN P.	F Endeavor, Wis.

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ENGELS, FRANK J.	F t	Mineral Point, Wis.
ENGSTROM, OTTO W.	A	Woodhull, Ill.
ERBER, JOHN G.	F t	Aurora, Ill.
ERDMAN, WILLIAM J.	A	Genesee, Ill.
ERGENBRIGHT, ROY E.	F	1822 Banks Ave., Superior, Wis.
ERICKSON, ALFRED D.	E	R. R. 1, Box 34, Princeton, Minn.
ERICKSON, CLARENCE J.	E t	Pepin, Wis.
ERICKSON, EDWIN A.	B	R. F. D. 3, Box 52, Star Buck, Minn.
ERICKSON, EDWIN O.	B	R. F. D., Osseo, Minn.
ERICKSON, FRED B.	E	516-13th St., Moline, Ill.
ERICKSON, WILLIAM F.	A	R. 2, Starbuck, Minn.
ERLANDSON, VICTOR	B	R. F. D. 1, Box 110, Holdingford, Minn.
ESLINGER, LUDWIG	C	R. R. 2, Boyd, Wis.
ESTHUS, A. A.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
EULBERG, JULIUS L.	C	704 Mac St., Portage, Wis.
EUPER, GEO. W.	D	Watertown, Wis.
EVANS, EARL H.	H	Neenah, Wis.
EVANS, GEORGE	A t	
EVANS, ROY T.	F	Dodgeville, Wis.
EVANS, THOMAS J.	D t	Kilbourn, Wis.
EVANS, THOMAS L.	F t	Monticello, Wis.
EVENSON, NELS E.	C	R. R. 3, Spring Grove, Minn.
EVERSON, CYRUS A.	C	Lodi, Wis.
EWING, THERON L.	E t	Cazenovia, Wis.
FADDEN, LESLIE M.	M	Prophetstown, Ill.
FAILLA, JOHN	B	117-21st Ave., Melrose Park, Ill.
FAIRCHILD, WILLIAM E.	D	International Falls, Minn.
FALK, EDWARD	D t	Briggsville, Wis.
FARQUHAR, DAVID C.	M	50 Reed Ave., Monessen, Pa.
FARRIES, JACOB	D	Wyoming, Wis.
FEAGEN, FRANK A.	H	25 Opera Place, Cincinnati, O.
FEAREN, FRANK J.	A	4046 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
FELDBAUSEN, HENRY	B t	Columbus, Wis.
FELDT, EMIL A.	A t	Branden, Wis.
FELGEN, CLARENCE F.	F	Barnum, Minn.
FESSLER, WILLIAM H.	H	2611 Fremont Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
FEY, JOSEPH	D t	Chicago, Ill.
FIEDLER, ALBAN B.	F	Cuba City, Wis.
FILMORE, WALTER	C	2012 Milwaukee Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
FINGERSON, FRED C.	F t	Edmund, Wis.
FINLEY, WILLIAM A.	E	Seneca, Wis.
FINNEY, EDWARD J.	F	Eastman, Wis.
FIOLA, J.	C t u	
FISCHER, FRANK J.	F	Fennimore, Wis.
FISCHER, G.	C t u	
FISCHER, GEORGE W.	F d	Fennimore, Wis.
FISCHER, WILLIAM	B	R. F. D. 3, St. Cloud, Minn.
FISH, FORREST A.	S	R. R. 3, Reedsburg, Wis.
FISCHER, LAURENCE C.	A Δ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
FITZGERALD, CHAS. W.	E	1815 E. Superior St., Duluth, Minn.
FITZGERALD, GEORGE J.	E	111 Grant St. N., Rochester, Minn.
FITZGERALD, WILLIAM C.	A	90 E. Second St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
FITZPATRICK, CHRISTOPHER E.	A	Fairwater, Wis.
FLACK, HOWARD	S	Boswell, Ind.
FLANAGAN, ARTHUR E.	H	Menomonee Falls, Wis.
FLEMING, EDGAR L.	H	4130 Harrison St., Kansas City, Kans.

331st Field Artillery

FLEMING, FRANK E.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
FLETCHER, CHARLES A.	E	Ortonville, Minn.
FLETCHER, GEORGE W.	F	R. R. 1, Vergas, Minn.
FLOEN, THONY A.	B	R. F. D. 2, Vining, Minn.
FOHT, EDWARD F.	S	R. R. 1, Sinsinawa, Wis.
FOLTZ, FREDERICK C.	E	111 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.
FONER, JOHN E.	F t	Boscobel, Wis.
FONES, EDD.	C	439 E. North St., Galesburg, Ill.
FOOTE, LEE W.	H	Bethel, Wis.
FORD, GEORGE A.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
FORDE, OLE J.	E d	Ferryville, Wis.
FORICHETTE, WILLIAM	B	5048 France Ave., So., Minneapolis, M.
FORMON, GEORGE	E	Byron, Ill.
FORST, JOHN	E	R. R. 1, Prairie du Chien, Wis.
FORSTER, JAMES C.	H	607 Walnut St., Elgin, Ill.
FOSSUM JOHN	B	212 N. Ridgeway Ave., Chicago, Ill.
FORSTER FRANK	B	Box 11, Cushing, Minn.
FORSTER, OLIVER W.	E	Mizpah, Minn.
FOX, SHELDON,	E t	River Falls, Wis.
FOWELL, BUFORD	E	Sylvan, Wis.
FOWLER, DWIGHT W.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
FOWLER, RAY L.	B	1008 N. Hawthorne St., Minneapolis, M.
FRANCEEN, CLARENCE B.	F	917 Russell St., St. Paul, Minn.
FRANCISCO, HARRY W.	E	Richland Center, Wis.
FRANCISCO, LEO A.	A d	Ripon, Wis.
FRANK, ARTHUR H.	B	221 Railroad Ave., Beaver Dam, Wis.
FRANK, FRED W.	D	Adams, Wis.
FRANZ, ARTHUR J.	C	Columbus, Wis.
FRASE, ARTHUR J.	B	R. F. D. 2, Reeseville, Wis.
FRASER, FRANK T.	A t	Plano, Ill.
FRASKE, H.	B t u	
FREARK, PARKE W.	H t	Champaign, Ill.
FREDERICKSON, GODFREY W.	S t	803 Elmwood Ave., Wilmette, Ill.
FREED, CHARLES H.	E	403 S. E. 7th St., Galva, Ill.
FREEMAN, MAX W.	H	Siloam Springs, Ark.
FREIBERG, EMIL P.	E	Nekoosa, Wis.
FRESE, JOHN W.	F	433 Telulah St., Appleton, Wis.
FREUEN, THOMAS M.	A t u	
FREW, RALPH C.	S t	Lisbon, Ohio.
FREY, AUGUST H.	F	Boscobel, Wis.
FRIFDEMAN, W. P.	C t u	
FRIEDLEY, CARL W.	F t	New Glarus, Wis.
FRIES, CHARLES J.	C	Schleingerville, Wis.
FRTZ, LEON C.	E	Paw Paw, Ill.
FROEMING, JOHN A.	B	1512 Second St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
FRUISETH, LOUIS M.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
FRONZOWAIK, JOSEPH	B t	Beaver Dam, Wis.
FROST, ANTON F.	A	Princeton, Wis.
FROST, AUGUST E.	F	Le Sueur, Minn.
FROST, JOSEPH R.	H	Avoca, Wis.
FRY, HARRY D.	H	Seward, Ill.
FUSSY, JOSEPH F.	F	Royalton, Minn.
GABRIELSON, JOHN M.	C	1386 Conger St., Galesburg, Ill.
GADDIS, HUGH L.	R	606 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
GAHAN, JOHN J.	D	Kilbourn, Wis.
GAHLMAN, CHARLES J.	B	Juneau, Wis.

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GALE, WILLIAM A.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
GALEWSKI, FRANK B.	D t	Milwaukee, Wis.
GALLOWAY, FRANK F.	B	112 Burnett St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
GARDNER, JAMES J.	C	2219 Orthodox St., Philadelphia, Pa.
GARNER, HARRY L.	F t	Aurora, Ill.
GARTHWAITE, CARL E.	F t	Lancaster, Wis.
GARTHWAITE, MELVIN C.	F	Bloomington, Wis.
GARTHWAITE, MILTON D.	F	Bloomington, Wis.
GARTMAN, MAX F.	E	R. R. 2, Box 179, Hudson, Wis.
GAST, OTTO W.	F t u	
GATZKE, GUSTAVE	B	St. Cloud, Minn.
GAUGHAN, JOHN J.	H	2234 Parmelee St., Rockford, Ill.
GAULRAPP, FREDERICK L.	F	294 Oak St., Freeport, Ill.
GAVAGAN, JAMES J.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
GAZECKI, PHILLIP J.	S	108 Madison St., Menasha, Wis.
GEERDES, HARM H.	E	Edgerton, Minn.
GENTES, DAVID	E	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
GENTLES, THOMAS T.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
GENTRY, HOBART F.	A	R. 2, Amboy, Ill.
GEORGI, THEODORE J.	D t u	
GERLACH, PHILLIP E.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
GERLICHER, MAZ E.	B	Beaver Dam, Wis.
GFELLER, SAMUEL	F t	Brownston, Wis.
GIELOW, HENRY	H t	LaSalle, Ill.
GILBERTSON, S. I.	C t u	
GILES, VERNON N.	B	Columbus, Wis.
GILGENBACH, EDWARD J.	A t u	
GILLEN, WILLIAM P.	B	North Kaukauna, Wis.
GILLEPSIE, JOSEPH J.	A	525 Jackson St., Janesville, Wis.
GILLMORE, ROBERT H.	C t	Chicago, Ill.
GILMAN, CARL C.	V	Linden, Wis.
GILMASTER, HAROLD F.	E d	Grand Rapids, Wis.
GILSEN, EDWARD F.	A t u	
GILSON, ELMER	H t	Gillette, Wis.
GILSTER, HENRY W.	D	Riverton, Minn.
GINDLIN, BENNIE	F t	Chicago, Ill.
GINTHER, THEODORE	B	R. F. D. 3, Box 12, Little Falls, Minn.
GINTHER, WALTER P.	B	118 N. Spring St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
GISH, ULYSSES G.	E t	433 Chauncey Ave., West Lafayette, Ind.
GIVENS, GEORGE H.	H	Bellaire, O.
GLASBY, DANIEL	F t u	
GLEASON, JAY M.	Chaplain,	Creston, Cal.
GLEISSNER, ADOLPH	B	Mayville, Wis.
GNOTKE, HERMAN	B	Rib Lake, Wis.
GODFREY, JOHN B.	F t	Mineral Point, Wis.
GODFREY, LEROY	F d	Mineral Point, Wis.
GOEGGERLE, ALVIN F.	B	608 Madison St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
GOETSCH, FRANK A.	B	R. F. D. 1, Juneau, Wis.
GOETZ, LEO W.	F t	Avoca, Wis.
GOLDBERGER, JOSEPH	D t	1038 South Blvd., New York City, N. Y.
GOLDING, ROBERT N.	A	693 Willow St., Winnetka, Ill.
GOLL, GEORGE G.	D t	201 W. University Ave., Champaign, Ill.
GOLLEHER, JOHN	D t	Westfield, Wis.
GOLTZ, HUGO H.	C	518 York St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
GONNERING, PETER J.	A	Box 74, Green Leaf, Wis.
GONSOLIN, JOSEPH E.	D	Reedsburg, Wis.
GOODIER, WILLIAM J.	E	Ellsworth, Wis.

331st Field Artillery

GOPLIN, LOUIS	E t	Boaz, Wis.
GORMAN, JAMES	S	R. R. 1, Tavera, Wis.
GORMAN, WILLIAM F.	E	R. R. 3, Spring Green, Wis.
GORSKI, CHARLES	A	933 Fourth St., LaSalle, Ill.
GOULD, RUSSELL H.	B	Lowell, Wis.
GRABBE, WERNER H.	H t	1242 Columbia Ave., Rogers Park, Ill.
GRABER, URBAN L.	H	Mineral Point, Wis.
GRADY, JOHN R.	H t	Packwaukee, Wis.
GRAESKE, WILLIAM F.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
GRAFELMAN, THEODORE A.	A	R. 2, Bensen, Ill.
GRAHAM, GENE F.	A t	416 N. Court St., Rockford, Ill.
GRANGE, WILLIAM L.	E	Mineral Point, Wis.
GRASSETT, D. BLIGHT	H t	535 Green Bay Rd., Glencoe, Ill.
GRATTON, WILLIAM	A	R. 4, Fond du Lac, Wis.
GRAY, FRANCIS R.	M	621 N. Chester St., Sparta, Wis.
GRAY, RALPH H.	F t Δ	Mt. Hope, Wis.
GRAYCAREK, STEPHEN	F	Maribel, Wis.
GREBNER, ALBERT F.	A	R. 2, Metamora, Ill.
GREELY, LEON E.	A t u	
GREFFENIUS, ALBERT F.	A	957 Watson St., Ripon, Wis.
GREGOR, JOSEPH	E	River Falls, Wis.
GRENNAN, JOHN E.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
GRENSON, EDWIN	B	R. F. D. 4, Star Buck, Minn.
GRIFF, JEROME B.	F	Olivia Apt., Joplin, Mo.
GRIM, ROSS	E	Sylvan, Wis.
GROENERT, JOHN A.	H t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
GROESSER, FRANK C.	C	880 Villa St., Elgin, Ill.
GRONERT, GEORGE M.	M	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
GROOM, WILLIS	F t	Cassville, Wis.
GROSKLOUIS, EDWIN H.	D	North Freedom, Wis.
GROSKOPF, PAUL O.	A	Hastings, Minn.
GROVES, GEORGE A.	E t	Richland Center, Wis.
GRUENWALD, CLARENCE A.	A t u	
GRUNDERMAN, EDWARD	A t u	
GRUSNICK, HENRY	H t	Oshkosh, Wis.
GUBINE, THEODORE E.	S	South Finch St., Horicon, Wis.
GUMS, AUGUST W.	S t	R. R. 6, Sparta, Wis.
GUMS, JULIUS	S	R. R. 6, Sparta, Wis.
GUNDERSON, ALF G.	E	1509 King St., La Crosse, Wis.
GUSTAFSON, ARTHUR J.	F	Hanley Falls, Minn.
GUSTAFSON, ROBERT L.	D	421 S. 6th St., Brainerd, Minn.
GUTHRIE, ED.	B	Gen. Del., Etowah, Tenn.
GUTJAHR, EDWARD A.	C	R. R. 3, West Bend, Wis.
HAASE, HUBERT T.	A t u	
HADA, CLARENCE M.	D	R. R. 7, Lincoln Park, Rockford, Ill.
HAFEMEISTER, ALOIS	B t	Horicon, Wis.
HAFENSTEIN, RHEINHOLD	B t	Horicon, Wis.
HAFTORSON, BENODIN	D	Fertile, Minn.
HAGE, REUBEN E.	E t	Halsted, Minn.
HAGE, WALTER	D t	Chicago, Ill.
HAGEN, INGWALD	B	R. F. D. 1, Box 81, Flaming, Minn.
HAHN, ADOLPH	C t u	
HAHN, HENRY E.	C	R. R. 3, Chippewa Falls, Minn.
HAHN, HERBERT C.	H	Hartford, Wis.
HALE, JOHN J.	B	Clyman Jct., Wis.
HALL, HJALMER	B	West-Hotel, So. Main St., Crookston, Minn.

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HALLECKSON, E. M.	B t	R. R. 1, St. Cloud, Minn.
HALLSTROM, LEONARD G.	A	R. 1, Kirkland, Ill.
HALPAP, HERMAN C.	A	322-5th St. E., Ashland, Wis.
HALPERIN, MEYER	H	1205 Humbolt Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn.
HALVERSON, ORVILLE M.	B	R. F. D. 3, Box 17, Fort Ripley, Minn.
HALVORSEN, FRANK G.	H	936 Therbrock St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.
HAMILTON, GEORGE W. E.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
HAMILTON, WILLIAM L.	F t	Aurora, Ill.
HAMLIN, WILLIAM M.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
HAND, RUSSELL R.	H t	Rockford, Ill.
HANGAARD, GEO.	B Δ	Wanke, Minn.
HANIFIN, EDWARD D.	C	213 Mullet St., Portage, Wis.
HANISCH, THEODORE M.	H	Waupun, Wis.
HANNAGAN, COLE H.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
HANPERT, L. J.	B t u	
HANSEN, A.	B t	Fox Lake, Wis.
HANSEN, EINAR E.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
HANSEN, JOHN E.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
HANSEN, JOHN P.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
HANSEN, LORENS	A	R. 5, Canby, Minn.
HANSEN, LOUIS	E	Dover, Minn.
HANSON, JAMES S.	H	Osakis, Minn.
HANSON, JOHN R.	H	Osakis, Minn.
HANSON, LEE C.	E Δ	1214 N. Prairie St., Stoughton, Wis.
HANSON, LOUIS	E d	New Lisbon, Wis.
HANSON, P. L.	H t	Rockford, Ill.
HANSON, RALPH S.	E	Clear Lake, Wis.
HAREID, OSCAR R.	F t u	
HARLOFF, HARRY	B t	Waupun, Wis.
HARRINGTON, EDWARD F.	E	Ridgeway, Wis.
HARRIS, FRANK D.	F t	Cuba City, Wis.
HARRISON, HOMER C.	E	Dodgeville, Wis.
HART, CHESTER	B t	Rice Lake, Wis.
HART, NORMAN	E	Sandusky, Wis.
HART, ORVIS L.	E t	Fairfield, Ill.
HARTGERINK, W. J.	B t	Watertown, Wis.
HARTGERINK, WILLIAM	H d	Waupun, Wis.
HARTNESS, ARNOLD	H t	Columbus, O.
HARTWIG, HERMAN	D t	Montello, Wis.
HARTWIG, RUDOLPH	B t	Mayville, Wis.
HARWOOD, HELON N.	H u	
HARWOOD, NOEL H.	H	Richland Center, Wis.
HASKINS, CLAUD H.	D t	Baraboo, Wis.
HASSE, HENRY F.	E t	Mauston, Wis.
HASSETT, WILLIAM H.	F t	Aurora, Wis.
HATLAN, JULIUS	S t	Ferryville, Wis.
HAUGEN, ADOLPH H.	E	R. R. 2, Butterfield, Minn.
HAUGEN, ELMER	F t Δ	Barneveld, Wis.
HAUGEN, JAMES	E t u	
HAUGLAND, JULIAN E.	M	Montevideo, Minn.
HAUPERT, WALTER	H t	Hartford, Wis.
HAVERLAND, BERNARD H.	F t	Louisburg, Wis.
HAVERSTICK, GEORGE W.	C t	Waukesha, Wis.
HAYDEN, ANDREW	H	518 New York St., Aurora, Ill.
HAYDEN, CLEMENT	H t	Dubuque, Iowa.
HAYEK, FRANK	E t	370 Duke St., St. Paul, Minn.

331st Field Artillery

HAYES, ELMER J.	B	Kaukauna, Wis.
HAYES, FRANK C.	B	R. F. D. 3, Pierz, Minn.
HAYES, HARRY S.	B	R. F. D. 3, Pierz, Minn.
HAYES, PHILLIP	R t	Major, F. A., U. S. Army.
HAZEN, DAN	H t	Wauzeka, Wis.
HEAD, FRANK	A	Magnola, Ill.
HEALEY, HORACE G.	F	805 E. Third St., Sterling, Ill.
HEALY,	C t u	
HEALY, GEORGE U.	F	Mineral Point, Wis.
HEALY, ROMAIN D.	F	Mineral Point, Wis.
HEANEY, DEWEY V.	S t	Sparta, Wis.
HEATH, HARRY G.	B	R. F. D. 1, Becker, Minn.
HECKSTEIN, EMIL F.	B	1045-4th St., Watertown, Wis.
HEFELE, AUGUST J.	C	454 Thirtieth St., Milwaukee, Wis.
HEFTY, HENRY	F t	New Glarus, Wis.
HEFTY, THOMAS C.	F t	New Glarus, Wis.
HEIN, ANDREW E.	F	490 James St., St. Paul, Minn.
HEIN, ERWIN E.	D t	Merrimack, Wis.
HEINRICH, FRANCIS E.	E t	Minonk, Ill.
HEINZE, OLIVER W.	O	Portage, Wis.
HELGERSON, HARRY	H t	Gay Mills, Wis.
HELLER, FRED W.	S	Horicon, Wis.
HELLER, JOHN	C	307 Ontario St., Southeast, Minn., Minn.
HELLER, VURL	H	Montfort, Wis.
HELLMER, FRANK H.	F	R. R. 5, Platteville, Wis.
HELSAPPLE, WALTER H.	H	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
HEMBEL, P.	C t u	
HEMBERG	C t u	
HENDEE, JOHN C.	H	4747 Sheridan Rd., Chicago, Ill.
HENDERSON, A.	B t	Mayville, Wis.
HENRIKSON, JOHN A.	C	Ophiem, Ill.
HERBST, JOHN JR.	B	Park Falls, Wis.
HERDINA, EDWARD J.	H t u	
HERKERT, WALTER A.	B	Elm St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
HERMAN, ARTHUR J.	F	Litchfield, Minn.
HERPEL, ALBERT J.	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
HERTHER, W.	C t u	
HERZOG, RAY W.	C.	315 N. 4th St., Watertown, Wis.
HESS, LYLE E.	A	153 Berlin St., Berlin, Wis.
HETEBRUEG, WALTER W. C.	S	R. R. 5, West Bend, Wis.
HETEBURG, WALTER	C t u	
HIBBARD, E. C.	B t u	
HIBBARD, EARL	H t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
HICKOK, FRANK E.	E d	Ferryville, Wis.
HIGGINS, JAMES H.	F	Mineral Point, Wis.
HILAND, LEO W.	F	1603 Hawthorne Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
HILBERT, ANTON J.	A t	Campbellsport, Wis.
HILD, JOHN M.	E t	Richland Center, Wis.
HILDEBRANDT, WALTER A.	B	R. R. 5, Marshall, Wis.
HILDRETH, EDWARD C.	A	Fairfield, Ia.
HILL, LEE A.	F	Bagley, Wis.
HILLIKER, HUGH M.	S	Tunnel City, Wis.
HIMLEY, EARL O.	E	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
HINCE, ZEPHIRIN	C	R. R. 1, Box 20, Brooks, Minn.
HINCHLIFF, WILLIAM M.	F	1819 W. 17th St., Superior, Wis.
HINDES, DARRELL P.	D	Kilbourn, Wis.

331st Field Artillery

HINDES, LAUREN F.	D	Kilbourn, Wis.
HINES, EDWARD	F	Mineral Point, Wis.
HINKES, PETER J. JR.	C	R. R. 2, Oakfield, Wis.
HINKLE, CLIFFORD H.	E t	Excelsior, Wis.
HINKLE, JERRY M.	H	408 W. Fulton St., Edgerton, Wis.
HINNENTHAL, HUGO H.	B	Kaukauna, Wis.
HINZ, GEORGE F.	S	Box 203, Ableman, Wis.
HINZE, EMIL C.	F	Beecher, Ill.
HIRMER, HENRY J.	E	N. 6th St., Marshall, Minn.
HIRSCH, WALTER	F t	Lancaster, Wis.
HOARD, CLARENCE	D t	Adams, Wis.
HODGESON, H.	B t u	
HODGSON, BEN M.	S	Arena, Wis.
HODLER, A. J.	H t	Rock Island, Ill.
HOEFLING, FRED H.	B t	Iron River, Wis.
HOESLY, CHARLES J.	F t	Monroe, Wis.
HOFFER, JOHN A.	C	203 E. Washington St., Portage, Wis.
HOFFMAN, RAYMOND V.	C	1136 Main St., Hartford, Conn.
HOGUE, HARLEY C.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
HOILAND, HENRY	D t	Rushford, Minn.
HOIUM, ALBERT R.	E	Ferryville, Wis.
HOOBACH, NICK	B t	Waupun, Wis.
HOLFER,	C t u	
HOLLAND, CORNELIUS D.	S	703 De Clark St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
HOLLINGSWORTH, GEORGE	B t	Beaver St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
HOLMBERG, THURE J.	D	Lamberton, Minn.
HOLMES, ALBERT H.	F	Mondovi, Wis.
HOMES, JOSEPH	E t	Linden, Wis.
HOLT, CONRAD P.	H	Hollandale, Wis.
HOLT, NEWTON O.	A t	Room 1329-208 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.
HOLTZ, ED.	B t	Mavville, Wis.
HOLZMANN, JOHN	M	R. R. 5, West Allis, Wis.
HOMANN, HUGO C.	C	Fall River, Wis.
HOMMERDING, JOHN	S	Watkins, Minn.
HOOLEY, MATT C.	A	4th and Churchill St., Stillwater, Minn.
HOPKINS, BERT E.	B	419 Madison St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
HOPKINS, CECIL	B	6601 S. Laflin St., Chicago, Ill.
HORAL, FRANK W.	E	Eastman, Wis.
HORNBERG, OSCAR A.	A t u	
HORWITZ, LEO H.	F t	St. Paul, Minn.
HOWARD, CHARLES E.	F t	Mineral Point, Wis.
HOWARD, HUBERT E.	A	564 Arbor Vitae Rd., Winnetka, Ill.
HOWAT, JAMES A.	H	6426 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.
HOYT, GUS	E t	Durand, Wis.
HOYT, JAMES A.	F	Mondovi, Wis.
HUBBELL, EDWARD L.	H t	2222 Harrison, St., Davenport, Ia.
HUBKA, JAMES	E t	Eastman, Wis.
HUBLER, DONALD S.	A	525 Hampton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
HUDSON, A.	B t	Waupun, Wis.
HUDZINSKI, ANTHONY P.	D t u	
HUEBBE, JOHN F.	D	Ableman, Wis.
HUFFMAN, WILLIAM F.	E t	R. F. D., Rockford, Ill.
HUGHES, FRANK	B	325 Grove St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
HUGHES, JOHN E.	F t	Ridgeway, Wis.
HUGHES, ROY C.	F	New Windsor, Ill.
HUGHES, THOMAS P.	F t	Linden, Wis.

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HUHN, LOUIS A.	A d	Fond du Lac, Wis.
HUMMEL, CARL	M	Ableman, Wis.
HUMPHREY, CARL T.	O	1478, S. University Ave., Denver, Colo.
HUNSE, WILLIAM H.	V t	1708 Kedvale Ave., Chicago, Ill.
HUNTLEY, CLIFFORD E.	D t	Kilbourn, Wis.
HUNTLEY, WILLIAM E.	D t	Reedsburg, Wis.
HUNTSMAN, CARL W.	H	Gibsonburg, O.
HURD, RODNEY	H	Columbus, Wis.
HUTCHINSON, JAMES P.	F t	Mineral Point, Wis.
HUTH, WALTER	D t u	
ISEICH, WILLIAM F.	C	Box 486, Columbus, Wis.
ICKES, WILMARTH	A	Hubbard Woods, Ill.
INGSTAD, G.	B t u	
IRISH, BURTON L.	F t	Potosi, Wis.
ISHAM, HENRY P.	D	1340 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
IVERS, EARL F.	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
IVERSON, IRIE G.	C	Box 161, Erie, Minn.
IVEY, WILLIAM C.	F	Hollandale, Wis.
JACKSON, ADOLPH J.	B	Graysmills, Wis.
JACKSON, C.	B t	Fort Wayne, Ind.
JACKSON, CARL E.	H	Cuba City, Wis.
JACKSON, DALVIN W.	H t	Hazel Green, Wis.
JACKSON, RAYMOND S.	F t	Mineral Point, Wis.
JACOBSON, PETER A.	C	Twin Valley, Minn.
JAKOWLEW, MIKE	E t	Chicago, Ill.
JANNUSCH, EDWARD	A	R. 2, Clintonville, Wis.
JANYJA, WOJCIECH	A	4928 N. Nevada St., Chicago, Ill.
JARKA, ABDON	B t	Fox Lake, Wis.
JEANGERARD, CYRILLE J.	H	4214 Grand Ave., Chicago, Ill.
JELACA, A.	B t	Mayville, Wis.
JENKE, JOHN G.	H Δ u	
JENKINS, WILLIAM A.	C	Portage, Wis.
JENNINGS, CHARLES E.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
JENNINGS, RUSSELL O.	B	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
JENSON, HANS W.	D	R. 2, Pine River, Wis.
JEWSON, WALLACE	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
JIM, TOM	A t	North Fond du Lac, Wis.
JOHNSON	C t u	
JOHNSON, AB	E t	Viola, Wis.
JOHNSON, ALBIN E.	B	Box 33, Frederic, Wis.
JOHNSON, ALFRED E.	D	R. 2, Kimball Prairie, Minn.
JOHNSON, ANTON J.	E	Mora, Minn.
JOHNSON, ARTHUR H.	E	Altona, Ill.
JOHNSON, CARL A.	D t u	
JOHNSON, CLARENCE E.	E	R. R. 3, Greenwood City, Wis.
JOHNSON, EDWIN W.	E t u	
JOHNSON, ELMER	F t	Fennimore, Wis.
JOHNSON, ERNEST E.	H	Warren, Minn.
JOHNSON, FRANCIS A.	D	699 Delaware Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
JOHNSON, FRED C.	E	R. R. 6, Geneseo, Ill.
JOHNSON, GEORGE T.	E	R. R. 2, Box 31, Staples, Minn.
JOHNSON, HARRY V.	F	Sparta, Wis.
JOHNSON, HENRY	S	Shell Lake, Wis.
JOHNSON, HENRY H.	F	57th St. and Oliver Ave., So., Richfield, Minn.
JOHNSON, JAMES	B t	Caryville, Wis.
JOHNSON, JOHN B.	S t	R. R. 3, Ellendale, Minn.

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JOHNSON, JOHN R.	B t	R. F. D. 1, Benson, Ill.
JOHNSON, JORGEN	A t	Chicago, Ill.
JOHNSON, JOSEPH E.	F t u	
JOHNSON, OLE P.	D	R. R. 3, Canby, Minn.
JOHNSON, OTIS M.	B	Paw Paw, Ill.
JOHNSON, OTTO M.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
JOHNSON, PETER	E	R. R. 8, Montevideo, Minn.
JOHNSON, REUBEN C.	A	214 S. Morris St., Stoughton, Wis.
JOHNSON, SIGNAR M.	B	Wasburn, Wis.
JOHNSON, STANLEY L.	C	632 ½ Hudson St., Eau Claire, Wis.
JOHNSON, WILLIAM	A t	Chicago, Ill.
JONES	C d u	
JONES, CLIFFORD M.	F t	Arena, Wis.
JONES, HOWARD K.	E t	Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill.
JONES, ROBERT M.	A	Columbus, Wis.
JONES, WALTER T.	C t u	
JONES, WILLIAM R.	A	Randolph, Wis.
JORINGDAL, PETER M.	H t	Thief River Falls, Wis.
JOSLYN, CARL W.	C	Marengo, Ill.
JULIAN, OSCAR A.	F t	Hazel Green, Wis.
JULSON, EDWARD T.	F t	Dodgeville, Wis.
JUNGENBERG, THEODORE	D t	Kilbourn, Wis.
JUNGENBERG, WILLIAM	D t	Kilbourn, Wis.
JUSTAD, ALFRED C.	H	1527 Sixth St., N., Minneapolis, Minn.
KABON, G. W.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
KAHLHAMER, A.	B t	Mayville, Wis.
KAHLKE, ERNEST J.	B	815 N. Springfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.
KAHN, HARRY W.	H	1892 Daly Ave., New York, N. Y.
KAISER, HENRY	B t	Fox Lake, Wis.
KALIMMIOS, JOHN M.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
KAMOWSKI, ALBERT H.	D	Box 103, Adams, Wis.
KAMOWSKI, WALTER H.	D	Box 103, Adams, Wis.
KANE, CLEMENT F.	F t	Boscobel, Wis.
KANKOVSKI, JOSEPH	A t	Ripon, Wis.
KANT, HERBERT	B t	Watertown, Wis.
KAPAS, GEORGE A.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
KAPLAN, ABRAHAM	F t u	
KAPPERS, WILLIAM, M.	E	R. R. 11, Box 74, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.
KAPRAUN, LOUIS A.	A	R. 2, Benson, Ill.
KAREL, JOHN C.	B t	Waupun, Wis.
KARNOPP, JULIUS E.	B	Bridgeport, Wis.
KARSON, MIKE	C	1827 W. 17th St., Chicago, Ill.
KARST, EDWARD W.	H	143 Central Ave., Fond du Lac, Wis.
KARTHEISER, WILLIAM	H t	Chilton, Wis.
KASMERSKI, EDW.	B t	Beaver Dam, Wis.
KASMERSKI, JOSEPH	B t	Beaver Dam, Wis.
KASTNER, EMIL	F d	Lancaster, Wis.
KASTORFF, CYRUS W.	H t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
KATHAN, JOHN	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
KAUFMAN, WILLIAM D.	E	1232 Marshall Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
KAUPHUSMAN, EMMETT R.	D	999 W. Broadway, Winona, Minn.
KAUTMAN, JAMES H.	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
KEAG, WILLIAM E.	C	R. 6, Geneseo, Ill.
KEAHMEYER, A. N.	B t u	
KEATING, JOHN W.	H	Woodman, Wis.
KEENY, V.	B t u	
KEHMS, WALTER W.	E	215-9th St., Mankato, Minn.

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KEHRMEYER, ALVIN N.	S	R. R. 1, Knowles, Wis.
KEIFER, JACK	B t	Milwaukee, Wis.
KEIZER, RICHARD	H	1413 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
KELLER, ARTHUR W.	H	2014 Farnum St., Davenport, Ia.
KELLER, FREDERICK J.	E t	Cazenovia, Wis.
KELLER, GEORGE H.	A	Kaukauna, Wis.
KELLERMAN, GEORGE R.	F	Cumberland, Wis.
KELLEY, EARL E.	S	535 Broadway St., Eau Claire, Wis.
KELLEY, RAYMOND	E	Dodgeville, Wis.
KELLY, EDWARD D.	E t	R. R. 1, Wyoming, Ill.
KENDIG, WILLIAM B.	A	219 N. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
KENDTICK, ERCELL G.	E t	Barneveld, Wis.
KENEALY, CHARLES P.	C	Nashotah, Wis.
KENNEDY	C t u	
KENNEDY, EARL R.	F t	Montfort, Wis.
KENNEDY, WILLIAM L.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
KENNEY, VERNON J.	S	5446 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
KENT, SHELLON E.	A	Box 256, Hobart, Ind.
KERSTEN, GEORGE C.	F	531 S. Elmwood Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
KESSEL, FRED V.	E	2047 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill.
KETCHEM, WALTER D.	B	Ashland, Wis.
KEULER, HENRY J.	A	Mt. Calvary, Wis.
KEUTHER, WILLIAM F.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
KEY, SAMUEL	H	2316 Green St., Rockford, Ill.
KEYES, PAUL P.	E t	Cobb, Wis.
KIENHOLZ, AARON R.	H	Big Stone City, S. D.
KIERNAN, HAROLD J.	C	Peosta, Ia.
KIESEWETTER, FRANK C.	B	Metamora, Ill.
KILMER, CHARLES J.	A	135 N. Main St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
KINCAID, ALBERT F.	V t	Stonington, Ill.
KIND, EDWARD E.	A	249 N. Main St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
KING, EARL H.	H t	Westfield, N. Y.
KIRCHER, HENRY G.	C	Barton, Wis.
KIRMESSE, WALTER H. A.	D	Thiensville, Wis.
KISLINGBURY, WILLIAM	F	Mineral Point, Wis.
KITTI, HARRY	D	Calumet, Mich.
KITTO, JOSEPH	F t	Woodman, Wis.
KLATT, ALFRED A.	D	R. R. 4, Earlville, Ill.
KLEIN, REINHARD J.	C	813 Henrietta St., Wausau, Wis.
KLEIN, WALTER E.	E	R. R. 5, Ellsworth, Wis.
KLEINSCHMIDT, EWALD G.	D t	Prairie du Sac, Wis.
KLIEST, HERBERT W.	C	1030 Prospect Ave., Portage, Wis.
KLINGBERG, FRANK	C	Prior Lake, Minn.
KLINGEBIEL, CHRISTIAN F.	F	Box 233, Ashton, Ill.
KLINGELE, FRED J.	F t	Highland, Wis.
KLINKE, WILBUR J.	A	104 Main St., Neenah, Wis.
KLIX, FRANK H.	A	171 E. Scott St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
KLOFEN, HENRY C. JR.	H	Mayville, Wis.
KLUGA, EDWIN F.	A t u	
KLUMB, H. M.	C t u	
KLUND, JESSE J.	C	Box 618, Bloomer, Wis.
KLUTH, WILLIAM F.	D t u	
KNAPP, HENRY W.	D t	Redwood Falls, Minn.
KNAUSS, HARVEY H.	A	Nerstrand, Minn.
KNEEBONE, WILLIAM S.	H	112 Gilson St., Madison, Wis.
KNEELAND, RAY E.	E	2654 Pleasant Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
KNIGHT, GEO.	B t	Rockford, Ill.

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KNOBLE, DAVIE	E d	Gays Mills, Wis.
KNOLL, CARL F.	E t	Grand Rapids, Wis.
KNOLI, EARL M.	A	Secor, Ill.
KNUDSON, IVER H.	D t	Brooks, Wis.
KNUTSON, CARL T.	B	R. F. D. 1, Box 335, Ferryville, Wis.
KNUTSON, EDWARD	C	R. R. 1, Box 20, Dalton, Minn.
KOCH, CHARLES D.	B t	Congerville, Ill.
KOCIAN, JAMES	E t	Milladore, Wis.
KOECKE, ARCHIE R.	F	Wyalusing, Wis.
KOEHN, AUGUST W.	A	Campbellsport, Wis.
KOEPEL, W. J.	B t	Juneau, Wis.
KOHL, C. E.	B t u	
KOHL, GEORGE W.	A t u	
KOH, CHARLES W.	F	Hazel Green, Wis.
KOLBERG, JOHN G.	S	4429 Third St., Columbia Heights, Minn.
KOLLE, REINHARD W.	A Δ	Chicago, Ill.
KOLLER, IGNATZ	E t	Auburndale, Wis.
KOLMAN, HOMER F.	F t	Muscoda, Wis.
KONOW, ROBERT C.	B t	Rosendale, Wis.
KONRAD, OTTO H.	S	Richfield, Wis.
KOPPLEMAN, C. M.	B t	Randolph, Wis.
KOPS, HERMAN	A t u	
KORSACK, ERNEST	D t u	
KORTAS, ALEXANDER	D t	Chicago, Ill.
KORTH, WILLIAM	D t u	
KOSACK, ERNEST	S	1894 Inglehart Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
KOSHICK, ERNEST	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
KOSHICK, HERMAN H.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
KOSHICK, PAUL G.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
KOTLEWSKI, JOSEPH B.	E t	Babock, Wis.
KOTTKE, MILTON J.	A t	Park Ave., Fond du Lac, Wis.
KOVAR, FRANK J.	F t	Muscoda, Wis.
KRAEFSCH,	C t u	
KRAFT, CONRAD	E	Gilman, Ill.
KRAMER, EDWARD	C	Melrose, Minn.
KRAMER, ERNEST A.	A	317 Columbia Ave., Neenah, Wis.
KRAMER, WILLIAM H.	E t	Eastman, Wis.
KRASKA, ARTHUR E.	E	Richland Center, Wis.
KRATZKE, ADIN J.	A	Clintonville, Wis.
KREBS, JOHN	B	R. F. D. 8, Watertown, Wis.
KRECKLOW, OTTO M.	V	R. R. 4, Fond du Lac, Wis.
KREISER, EARL	F t	Potosi, Wis.
KRESSIN, OSCAR	C t u	
KRETSCHMAN, LEO A.	H	Boscobel, Wis.
KREUL, JOSEPH R.	F t	Platteville, Wis.
KROPP, GEORGE J.	D	La Valle, Wis.
KROSS, H.	B d	Horicon, Wis.
KREUGER, ADOLPH W.	H	607-4th St., N., Watertown, Wis.
KREUGER, HENRY C.	B	Wasburn, Ill.
KRUEGER, WILLIAM	C t u	
KRUG, CHARLES H.	B	Panola, Ill.
KRUGER, EMIL H.	D	Westfield, Wis.
KRUSE, ARTHUR H.	F	1457 Addison Ave., Chicago, Ill.
KUBIS, T. T.	B t u	
KUBLANK, CARL A.	A	Algonquin, Ill.
KUCKKAN, E. H.	B t	Watertown, Wis.
KUCKLER, ERNEST M.	B	397 N. Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

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KUENZEL, ERIC O.	H	1251 Eleventh St., Milwaukee, Wis.
KUHLMAN, EDWIN	S	R. R. 2, Reeseville, Wis.
KUHRT, WILLIAM C.	C	Box 66, Barron, Wis.
KULOW, WILLIAM	A t u	
KUNIANSKY, LOUIS	M	886 Highland Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
KUNKEL, FRED G.	H t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
KUNKEL, FREDERICH H.	B t	Metamora, Ill.
KUNTSCH, IRVING R.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
KUNZ, EDWARD E.	H	422 State St., Hartford, Wis.
KUNZ, L.	B t u	
KUPSH,	C t u	
KUSCH, ALBERT G.	F t	Clark St., Milwaukee, Wis.
KUTULIS, KAZIMER	M	338 Emerald Ave., Chicago, Ill.
LABEAN, R.	B t	Alpena, Mich.
LA BOUNTY, GEORGE W.	F	Turtle Lake, Wis.
LACKAS, PAUL A.	H	Neosha, Wis.
LACKE, JOSEPH P.	E t	Highland, Wis.
LACKUS, PETER J.	A	R. 2, Eau Claire, Wis.
LADA, LADISLAV	A	1115 W. 17th St., Chicago, Ill.
LADUE, STANLEY B.	M	Prophetstown, Ill.
LAEMLE, ARTHUR M.	E	Marshfield, Wis.
LAHRMAN, FREDERICK M.	H	226 Kinsey St., Richmond, Ind.
LAKIN, ARCHIE	H t	Plainfield, Wis.
LAMBIN, WILLIAM McK.	R	1114 Austin Ave., Waco, Tex.
LAMBETH, HUGH H.	B	R. F. D. 1, Box 10, Sleeper, Mo.
LAMMERS, WESLEY A.	E	Fairfax, Minn.
LANDBERG, ERICK E.	E	R. R. 1, Glenwood City, Wis.
LANDIN, A.	B t u	
LANGE, ARTHUR W.	A t	Scott St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
LANGE, OTTO	A Δ	Fond du Lac, Wis.
LANGENBURG, WILLIAM	A t u	
LANGESSETTER, O.	B t u	
LANGFORD, VICK L.	C	Portage, Wis.
LANMARK, THEODORE A.	C	R. R. 4, Mt. Horeb, Wis.
LAPOINTE, LEO L.	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
LARGENT, HOWARD	M	R. R. 1, Fort Henry, Tenn.
LARKIN, PHILIP	F	Sinsinawa, Wis.
LARSEN, A. A.	B t u	
LARSEN, ALVIN E.	S	547 Niagara St., Eau Claire, Wis.
LARSON, CONRAD A.	F	1313 Forty-Third St., Rock Island, Ill.
LARSON, JOHANNES, E.	E	830-12th St. N., Virginia, Minn.
LARSON, LIEF A.	C	1022 Water St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.
LARSON, LLOYD P.	F	Argyle, Wis.
LARSON, RAYMOND A.	A t u	
LARSON, S.	B t u	
LATTA, GEORGE W.	D t	Baraboo, Wis.
LAURIER, WILLIAM	H	78 Elwood St., New York City, N. Y.
LAVERY, PAUL E.	B t	1236 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
LAWRENCE, ALFRED W.	A t u	
LAWRENCE, VERNON	C	611 Pine St., Sparta, Wis.
LAWSON, WALLACE A.	C	Sunny Hill, Ill.
LAYDE, WILLIAM L.	E Δ	Seneca, Wis.
LEARY, DANIEL J.	S	Avoca, Wis.
LE BEAU, OSCAR L.	H t	726 So. Karlov Av., Chicago, Ill.
LEE, GEO.	B	R. F. D. 3, Box 10, Ferryville, Wis.
LEE, NORMAN	E	514 St. Croix St., Hudson, Wis.
LEE, OSCAR F.	C	R. R. 1, Rio, Wis.

331st Field Artillery

LEE, THEODORE	E t	Ferryville, Wis.
LEE, TONY	B	R. F. D. 3, Box 19, Ferryville, Wis.
LEGGE, GEORGE B.	H	1407 Mulberry St., Rockford, Ill.
LEHMAN, CARL	H t	Prairie du Sac, Wis.
LEHMAN, GUY J.	B Δ	Rib Lake, Wis.
LEHMAN, H. B.	B	R. R. 1, Minonk, Ill.
LEHMAN, WILLIAM T.	F	R. R. 1, Kewanee, Ill.
LEHMANN, CARL H.	D t	Prairie du Sac, Wis.
LEHMKE, HARRY E.	H t	Chicago, Ill.
LEIGH, JOHN B.	F d	Barneveld, Wis.
LEIGH, LAUREL W.	E t	Ridgeway, Wis.
LEISNER, A.	B t u	
LEISNER, E. H.	H t u	
LEISSES, CLARENCE A.	B t	Railroad Ave., Beaver Dam, Wis.
LEMBACH, CHARLES J.	M t	910 Sterling St., Baltimore, Md.
LEMP, HAROLD P.	F t	Rockford, Ill.
LENIUS, A.	B t	Richwood, Wis.
LENTZ, A. E.	B t	Mayville, Wis.
LENZ, ERNEST A.	B	R. F. D. 23, Waupun, Wis.
LENZ, FRED	A	R. 3, Hilbert, Wis.
LENZ, HERMAN	E	Wauzeka, Wis.
LEPPLE, J. R.	B t u	
LESSARD, ROBERT E.	A t	Minneapolis, Minn.
LETSINGER, WILLIAM R.	M	Joplin, Mo.
LE VERTY, FREDERICK A.	A	Riverbank, Geneva, Ill.
LEWIS, CALVIN L.	F	Hiawatha, Kans.
LEWIS, CHESTER S.	B t	R. R. 3, Westby, Wis.
LEWIS, MILTON	B	1227 Winona St. Chicago, Ill.
LIDDLE THOMAS F.	F t	Hazel Green, Wis.
LIEBENTHAL, EMIL G.	O	Lowell, Wis.
LIEBHAUSER, JOE J.	A	304 Second St., Menasha, Wis.
LIEBMAN, WILLIAM	A t	Ripon, Wis.
LIECHTY, ERNEST S.	H	Lake Geneva, Wis.
LILLA	C t u	
LILLEBO, LORENTZ	C	Fertile, Minn.
LILLEGAARD, PETER L.	F	R. R. 4, Buffalo, Minn.
LIND, ELMER G.	B	Port Wing, Wis.
LIND, JOHN	C	Detroit, Minn.
LIND, LEONARD	C	Box 66, Pinewood, Minn.
LINDNER, EARL W.	E	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
LINDQUIST, ALFRED G.	C	Thief River Falls, Minn.
LINDSAY, EUGENE C.	E	420 N. 5th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
LINSTADT, JOHN H.	A	656-21st St., Milwaukee, Wis.
LINLEY, FRANK	S	Arena, Wis.
LINS, CLEMENS M.	D	Spring Green, Wis.
LINS, EDWARD A.	H	Spring Green, Wis.
LIPPOLT, CHARLES J.	H	Cuba City, Wis.
LISKEY, CARL F.	E	Wood Lake, Minn.
LODGE, CHARLES E.	F	Sparta, Wis.
LONCKI, AMBROSE	F	Dent, Minn.
LONG, ROBERT M.	D t	Westfield, Wis.
LOOF, JOE	E t	R. R. 2, Mountain Lake, Minn.
LOOMANS, HERMAN L.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
LOOMIS,	B t u	
LOOMIS, ELMER	F	Charles City, Ia.
LORENTSEN, MOTTY	C	1912-11th St., Rock Island, Ill.
LORENZ, ADOLPH O.	F	Lancaster, Wis.

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LOSEY, OSCAR G.	S	Coloma, Wis.
LOTTIDGE, LAWRENCE C.	H	1528 Spencer Ave., Marion, Ind.
LOVELL, RALPH H.	F	Muscoda, Wis.
LOWRY, CHARLES E.	A	Gibson City, Ill.
LOWRY, IVAN L.	H t	Spring Green, Wis.
LOWRY, ROSS E.	B	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
LOYACANO, ARNOLD J.	E	1324 Magazine St., New Orleans, La.
LUBENIETZKE, STANLEY S.	A t	Berlin, Wis.
LUCIA, FRED J.	A	320 Amory St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
LUDVIK, TONY	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
LUDWIG, EDWARD A.	S	Baraboo, Wis.
LUFT,	B t u	
LUND, EDWARD O.	D Δ	Anstad, Minn.
LUND, L. W.	B t	Fox Lake, Wis.
LUND, OSCAR H.	E	Montevideo, Minn.
LUNDBERG, CONRAD E.	F	Stanchfield, Minn.
LUNDGAARD, HERBERT M.	E t	Dodgeville, Wis.
LUNDGREN, JOSEPH	A	4634-18th Ave. S, Minneapolis, Minn.
LUNT, BENJAMIN S.	E	Salem, Mass.
LYNCH, DENNIE E.	C	Rio, Wis.
LYON, WALTER Z.	C	Columbia National Bank, New York, N. Y.
McCALL, ELMER C.	B	4136 N. Ridgeway Ave., Chicago, Ill.
McCANN, MARK A.	C	In care of Ed. Barry, 26 Inglehart Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
McCARTHY, MARTIN	D	Reedsburg, Wis.
McCARTHY, WILLIAM D.	H t	Highland, Wis.
McCARY,	C t u	
McCLUSKEY, LEO J.	B	190 Bellevue Ave., Eau Claire, Wis.
McCARY, PERRY G.	C	Montrose, Colo.
McCRAY, E. E.	H	Fall River, Wis.
McDERMOTT, MORRIS L.	F	Mineral Point, Wis.
MCDONALD, MARTIN E.	D	Menomonie, Wis.
MCDONALD, RAYNALD C.	C	4407 West Oneto St., Duluth, Minn.
MCDONNELL, GLENN J.	D	Spring Green, Wis.
MCDONOUGH, JOSEPH M.	D	655 Cherry St., St. Paul, Minn.
McENTEE, RAY G.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
McESSY, WILLIAM R.	A	75 W. Arndt St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
McEVOY, JOHN J.	H	Fennimore, Wis.
McEVOY, PATRICK E.	A t	Eden, Wis.
McFARLAND, CLYDE	D	Walnut Grove, Minn.
McFARLAND, MORGAN	F t u	
McGINNIS, JESSE B.	B	Warren, Wis.
McGINNIS, JOHN S.	C	803 Pine St., Ottawa, Ill.
McGRAIL, VERNE	A	3436 Stevens Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
McGROKY, WILLIAM H.	S t	2252 Ogden Ave., Chicago, Ill.
McHONE, ALFRED R.	E	Viola, Wis.
McINERNEY, JOHN W.	A	Harmon, Ill.
McINTOSH, OREN L.	D t	Spring Green, Wis.
McINTYRE, HERVEY J.	F	Avoca, Wis.
McKINNEY, WILLIAM G.	C	R. R. 1, Hayward, Wis.
McKITTRICK, OSCAR A.	S t	Viola, Wis.
McLAUGHLIN, JOHN F.	H	Annawan, Ill.
McLEAN, WALTER C.	A d	Ripon, Wis.
McMASTER, ERNEST C.	H	Siloam Springs, Ark.
McMULLEN, FRANCIS E.	F	1411 Twenty-First St., Superior, Wis.
McNALLY, WILLIAM B.	F	Platteville, Wis.

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McNAMARA, VINCENT	H t	Montello, Wis.
McNEIL, WILLIAM P.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
McQUEEN, ANDREW J.	C	Doyleston, Wis.
MACK, RAYMOND F.	B	3439 S. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.
MACKEY, ROY C.	F	1113 W. 7th St., Dixon, Ill.
MACLACHLAN, GEORGE A.	H	2401 LaCrosse St., LaCrosse, Wis.
MADER, JOSEPH	D	563 Calumet St., Appleton, Wis.
MAGDEN, GRANT E.	A	481 N. Gifford St., Elgin, Ill.
MAHAL, JOHN P.	S	Boyd, Wis.
MAHONEY, THOMAS P.	A	738 S. Racine Ave., Chicago, Ill.
MAIBUCHNER, ROBERT N.	A d	Fond du Lac, Wis.
MAIN, ROYAL F.	B t	Clyman, Wis.
MAJOR, LEONARD G.	H t	2237 Glenwood Ave., Toledo, O.
MAKELA, TAAVETTI	S	Balo, Minn.
MALCHOW, HENRY W.	H	Mayville, Wis.
MALCOLM, HERBERT A.	F	Box 73, R. R. 1, S., St. Paul, Minn.
MALINOWSKI, LOUIS A.	A d	Fond du Lac, Wis.
MALLO, RAY	E t	Lloyd, Wis.
MANESS, HARVEY L.	M	Stella, Mo.
MANEY, NICHOLAS E.	A	520 S. Main St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
MANION, JAMES E.	H	24 Armory St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
MANSER, ALBERT E.	F d	Brooklyn, Wis.
MANSKA, WILLIAM	B	Hayward, Wis.
MANTES, JAMES	B t	Beaver Dam, Wis.
MANUAL, MATTHEW R.	F t	Monroe, Wis.
MANUEL, MATHEW R.	H	Platteville, Wis.
MANZER, FRANK	B d	Beaver Dam, Wis.
MARIAN, WALTER	C t u	
MARKS, HERMAN B.	B t	Lerne Park, Ontario, Can.
MARKEUS, HERBERT J.	H	Potosi, Wis.
MARLEFSKI, M. C.	B t	Beaver Dam, Wis.
MARLOW, EDWARD A.	D	Kilbourn, Wis.
MARLOW, ROBERT	B t	R. F. D., Beaver Dam, Wis.
MARON, WILLIAM H.	B	909 Vine St., Watertown, Wis.
MARQUETTE, CHARLES H.	B	R. F. D. 5, Columbus, Wis.
MARSH, ALBERT L.	E	Elroy, Wis.
MARSHALL, HARRY	F t	Highland, Wis.
MARSHALL, J. WALLER	t	50 Cedar St., Chicago, Ill.
MARTENS, FRED P. H.	F	Benson, Ill.
MARTHALER, BERNARD T.	B t	Factory St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
MARTIN, E. J.	C t u	
MARTIN, JOHN T.	H	Watertown, Wis.
MARTIN, MORRIS M.	D	Clintonville, Wis.
MARTINEAU, EDWARD J.	S	1043 Wakefield Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
MARVIN, ALFRED A.	H	Beaver Dam, Wis.
MARX, LAWRENCE J.	S	Sparta, Wis.
MASNEK, ABE	A t	Minneapolis, Minn.
MAST, LEWIS E.	F	Melvin, Ill.
MATHERS, EDWARD L.	D t	Dixon, Ill.
MAUER, FRANK	C	Wylie, Minn.
MAURSTAD, AMUND	C	Borup, Minn.
MAY, JOSEPH	D t	White Creek, Wis.
MAYALL, ROBERT L.	H t	Edmond, Okla.
MAYER, PAUL	H	7909 Arthur Ave., West Allis, Wis.
MEARS, GEORGE S.	B	166 Sheboygan St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
MECHELKE, WILLIAM F.	A	R. 2, Stillwater, Minn.
MEIDEL, JOE	H	Fond du Lac, Wis.

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MEIDL, JOSEPH JR.	A t u	
MEIER, ANTON	A d u	
MEIER, FRED A.	B	R. F. D. 1, Curtiss, Wis.
MEIER, WALTER	F t u	
MELCHERT, OTTO E.	F	Division St. and 5th Ave. S., Faribault, Minn.
MELCHIORSEN, WILLIAM G.	H t	2807 East St., So. Side Station, Omaha, Neb.
MELVILLE, R. J.	H t u	
MENTH, MICHAEL P.	C	Hartford, S. D.
MERRILL, HARRY L.	F t	Gastonia, N. C.
MERTES, ARTHUR T.	A t u	
MERTES, FRANK	A t u	
MESERVY, LEE	B t	Fox Lake, Wis.
MEYER, GEORGE C.	A	2522 Thomas St., Chicago, Ill.
MEYERS, JOHN L.	F	Woodford, Wis.
MEYERS, THEODORE E.	F t u	
MEZERA, CHARLES	H	Bridgeport, Wis.
MEZERA, JOSEPH L.	S	Bridgeport, Wis.
MICHAEL, CHARLES W.	B	Waupun, Wis.
MICHAELS, FRED H.	A t u	
MICHEL, CARL	H	Fennimore, Wis.
MICKELSON, BERNIE N.	H	Rio, Wis.
MICKEN, MATTHEW P.	F	Trego, Wis.
MIELFNZ, ANTHONY	A t u	
MIELS, WALTER L.	E t	St. Paul, Minn.
MIES, MICHAEL	A t u	
MIESS, LAWRENCE N.	F t	Dodgeville, Wis.
MIKE, THEODORE	B	Fox Lake, Wis.
MIKODA, EDWARD A.	D	R. R. 3, Friendship, Wis.
MILBROT, WILLIAM A.	S	Mayville, Wis.
MILES, OWEN P.	E t	Mt. Carroll, Ill.
MILLAR, JOHN W.	A	R. 2, Lake Geneva, Wis.
MILLARD, CLYDE J.	C t u	
MILLER, ARTHUR C.	D t	Wild Rose, Wis.
MILLER, EDWARD W.	C	Everette, Pa.
MILLER, EDWIN	C t u	
MILLER, EDWIN A.	H	Kewaskum, Wis.
MILLER, ELMER M.	F t	Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
MILLER, FRANK H.	E	R. R. 1, Box 248, Moline, Ill.
MILLER, GEORGE H.	B	Secor, Ill.
MILLER, GEORGE W.	C	1509 Laurel Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
MILLER, JOHN	C	West Bend, Wis.
MILLER, WALTER R.	C	520-4th Ave., West Bend, Wis.
MILLER, WALTER R.	F	Washington St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
MILLER, WILLIAM M.	E t	Highland, Wis.
MILLER, WINTHROP	R	88 Chestnut St., Boston, Mass.
MILLIGAN, BENJAMIN	D t u	
MILLS, WILLIAM P.	H t	Wauzeka, Wis.
MINEFF, DOMINO P.	F d	Hazel Green, Wis.
MINOR, MARTIN	F	Mineral Point, Wis.
MISCHKE, EDWIN A.	A t u	
MISHELOW, EDWARD D.	S	1335 Lloyd St., Milwaukee, Wis.
MISNER, FRANCIS D.	H t	Peoria, Ill.
MITCHELL, LEON W.	H	720-20th St., Rock Island, Ill.
MITCHELL, ROY	D t u	
MITCHELL, THOMAS H.	H t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.

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MITTELSTEADT, EDWARD H.	B	Lake St., Horicon, Wis.
MOBERG, CLIFFORD F.	E	2818 First Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
MODEROW, CARL F.	A t u	
MOEN, RUEBEN E.	C	Coon Valley, Wis.
MOLBERG, FRED M.	E	R. R. 1, Alpha, Ill.
MOLDENHAUER, ARTHUR H.	E	Marshfield, Wis.
MOLDENHAUER, FRED W.	B	Fox Lake, Wis.
MOLDER	C t u	
MOLINE, WILLIS	C	R. R. 6, Crookston, Minn.
MONET, HENRY F.	M t u	
MONGERSON, ALBERT R.	D	Wasco, Ill.
MONROE, EVERETT E.	S	Barnum, Wis.
MONY, EARL L.	H	25 W. Main St., Waupun, Wis.
MOORE, ROBERT G.	V	Dunlap, Ia.
MOORES, ALBERT F.	B	319 Albany Apts., Superior, Wis.
MORAN, EDWARD W.	E	Avoca, Wis.
MORAN, EUGENE J.	A t u	
MORELAND, JAMES T.	A t u	
MORGAN, RAYMOND	S	Browning, Wis.
MORK, GEORGE	C	Box 24, Skime, Minn.
MORONG, ANDREW	A	2735 S. Komensky Ave., Chicago, Ill.
MORRISON, DONALD K.	B t	Highland Park, Ill.
MORRISSEY, THOMAS H.	B	1512 Grand Ave., Wausau, Wis.
MORTENSON, ELMER J.	B	413 Victory St., Waukegan, Ill.
MORTENSON, OTTO C.	E t	Litchfield, Minn.
MOSHALIK, JOHN F.	D	4943 Oliver Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn.
MOSS, BENJAMIN	H	Endeavor, Wis.
MOULTON, ANDY B.	B t	Low Point, Ill.
MOUNGEY, JOHN D.	C	Poynette, Wis.
MOWER, GILBERT E.	F	R. R. 8, Chippewa Falls, Wis.
MOY, GEORGE	B	448 S. Robert St., St. Paul, Minn.
MUCKERHEIDE, MARTIN J.	C	316 Garfield Ave., Wausau, Wis.
MULLENIX, ROLLIN A.	E t	Rudolph, Wis.
MULLER, JOSEPH	H	736 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill.
MULLER, MURL A.	S	R. R. 2, Viola, Wis.
MULLIGAN, EDWARD D.	F t	Monroe, Wis.
MUMM, CARL J.	C	928 Custer Ave., Evanston, Ill.
MUNKELWITZ, ERICH	C	Wahkom, Minn.
MUNZEL, A.	B t	Watertown, Wis.
MURLEY, FRED B.	M	Boscobel, Wis.
MURNEN, FRANK J.	E d	Richland Center, Wis.
MURPHY, CHARLES C.	D	Friendship, Wis.
MURPHY, JOHN R.	E t	714 Third St., Hudson, Wis.
MURPHY, WILLIAM S.	H	393 S. Main St., Hartford, Wis.
MUTTERS, WILLIAM G.	D	Maple Park, Ill.
MYERS, HAROLD L.	F	46 First St., Hinsdale, Ill.
MYLLER, LENUS	D	603-10th St., Moorhead, Minn.
MYRHAGRN, THOMAS	F t	Linden, Wis.
NADEAU, GEORGE E.	C	366 Division St., Oshkosh, Wis.
NAPP, HARRY C.	E t	Fennimore, Wis.
NARVESON, HERMAN N.	F t	Dodgeville, Wis.
NASS, ERWIN	B Δ	Lebanon, Wis.
NEELY, LAURENCE C.	A	2251 Burling St., Chicago, Ill.
NEGUS, WESLEY	S	Linden, Wis.
NEHLS, JOSEPH	F t	Montfort, Wis.
NEIL, ALBAN W.	F t	Aurora, Ill.
NEIS, LEO J.	B t	Beaver Dam, Wis.

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NELSON	C t u
NELSON, ALBERT L.	C R. R. 1, Box 69, Shafer, Minn.
NELSON, ALVIN G.	A R. 7, Rosholt, Wis.
NELSON, ARVID T.	F Cuba City, Wis.
NELSON, CAMIEL	C Badger, Minn.
NELSON, DEEN C.	S 867 W. North St., Galesburg, Ill.
NELSON, EDWIN C.	B t u
NELSON, ELMER G.	E t Soldiers Grove, Wis.
NELSON, ERICK	B Grand View, Wis.
NELSON, GEORGE W.	F Maiden Rock, Wis.
NELSON, GILBERT W.	B 639 E. Court St., Viroqua, Wis.
NELSON, JOHN R.	E 1841 18th Ave., Moline, Ill.
NELSON, RHODAN	F t Green Bay, Wis.
NELSON, ROBERT A.	E 6548 LaFayette Ave., Chicago, Ill.
NESLUND, SWAN J.	C R. R. 1, Clearbrook, Minn.
NESS, JOHN K.	C Lodi, Wis.
NEUMANN, CHARLES E.	E t Mineral Point, Wis.
NEWCOMB, HERMAN F.	E Richview, Ill.
NEWMAN, F. A.	B t Mayville, Wis.
NEWMAN, FRANK	H t Beaver Dam, Wis.
NEWODOWSKI, RUDOLPH	C t u
NEWTON, GUY E.	E Δ R. R. 2, Wyoming, Ill.
NICKEL, FRANK	E t Edgerton, Wis.
NICKEL, ROBERT J.	B R. F. D. 2, Mayville, Wis.
NICOLL, DAVID S.	M 2554 Marion Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
NIEBERGALL, ARTHUR H.	C 717 Jefferson St., Wausau, Wis.
NIELSEN, JENS C.	B 140 Front St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
NIELSEN, SOREN A.	C R. R. 3, Portage, Wis.
NIEMER, JOSEPH H.	F Cassville, Wis.
NIETZEL, F. R.	B t Mayville, Wis.
NIGH, LOUIS G.	D Hartland, Ill.
NIKOLAI, JACOB	D t Montello, Wis.
NILES, ARTHUR E.	S 234 E. Columbia Ave., Neenah, Wis.
NIMTZ, ARTHUR G.	B Allegan, Mich.
NOETH, JOSEPH P.	B 1515 W. 17th St., Chicago, Ill.
NOLL, HARRY M.	H Columbia, Wis.
NOLTEMEYER, EDWARD H.	C Morrisonville, Wis.
NOLTING, WALTER C.	H t 4406 Lake Harnet Bdg., Minneapolis, Minn.
NORDBYE,	C t u
NORMAN, LEON E.	A Omro, Wis.
NORRIS, ALBERT W.	F Randall, Wis.
NORTON, ELBERT V.	D t R. 4, Box 84, Menomonie, Wis.
NURNBERG, ALBERT E.	O 161 N. Leamington Ave., Chicago, Ill.
NURNBERG, RICHARD C.	D Aurora, Ill.
NUZUM, RALPH E.	E t Viroqua, Wis.
NYGAARD, VERNER	D t 2017-22nd Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
NYQUIST, ERNIE J.	B 2136 Palmer St., Rockford, Ill.
O'BRIEN, FRANK	E t Avoca, Wis.
O'BRIEN, GLENN W.	D Oconomowoc, Wis.
O'CONNELL, JOSEPH P.	D Wabasha, Minn.
O'CONNORS, LOUIS P.	V Spring Green, Wis.
O'DELL, EARL C.	B 531 First St., Menasha, Wis.
O'DONNELL, JOHN J.	H t u
OEHLEERS, ALBERT H.	M Kilbourn, Wis.
OELKE, BENJAMIN H.	A Green Lake, Wis.
OGDEN, JOHN W.	H 2310 Eleventh Ave., "B", Moline, Ill.

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OHLIN, PHILLIP B.	A	1846 Quincy St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
O'KEFFE, EDWARD L.	C	Portage, Wis.
OKERBLOOM, CARL G.	C	Lynn Center, Ill.
OLDENBURG, WALTER F.	A	434 Eagle St., Ripon, Wis.
OLHABER, WALTER F.	F	616 Wilder St., Elgin, Ill.
OLIVER, HARRY	F	R. R. 8, Jacksonville, Ill.
OLIVER, STANLEY G.	C	326 Oxford Ave., Eau Claire, Wis.
OLSEN, EDWIN W.	B	R. F. D. 1, Hartford, Wis.
OLSON, ALBERT O.	C	Alvarado, Minn.
OLSON, BENNIE	E	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
OLSON, CONRAD A.	C	Box 21, Lengby, Minn.
OLSON, ED.	C	Shafer, Minn.
OLSON, EMIL V.	D	Stockholm, Minn.
OLSON, GUSTAV A.	D	1025 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis Minn.
OLSON, HERMAN O.	C	Box 109, Viroqua, Wis.
OLSON, INGVAL	D	2111-9th St. So., Minneapolis, Minn.
OLSON, JOHN A.	E	R. R. 3, Box 98, Maple Lake, Minn.
OLSON, JOSEPH	E t	Avoca, Wis.
OLSON, OSCAR	H	523-16th Ave. W., Ashland, Wis.
OLSON, OSCAR S.	D	High Landing, Minn.
OLUND, ARTHUR G.	F	Pepin, Wis.
ORDALL, ANDREW C.	B	Thief River Falls, Minn.
ORMISTON, RICHARD S.	C	New Folden, Minn.
OSBORN, ALBERT J.	B	Fox Lake, Wis.
O'SCHAUGHNESSY, PAUL R.	E d	Cadott, Wis.
OSTEN, JOE	D t u	
OSTERDNORF, FRED P.	F	Platteville, Wis.
OSTROM, JOHN	H t	Randolph, Wis.
OSTRUM, CARL A.	D t u	
OSTRUM, RALPH	D	R. R. 1, Strong Prairie, Wis.
OSTURM,	C t u	
OSWALD, JULIUS J.	F t	Bagley, Wis.
O'TOOLE, EARL J.	A t	North Fond du Lac, Wis.
OTTINGER, ALVIN W.	C	R. R. 1, Box 44, Mondovi, Wis.
OTTO, ALFRED C.	D	1802-11th St., Menomonie, Wis.
OTTO, CHARLES H.	B t u	
OTTO, W. F.	C t u	
OVERLAND, OLAF	D t u	
OWENS, WM. F.	S	R. R. 2, Ridgeway, Wis.
PADE, W. C.	B t u	
PAGE, CLARENCE E.	D t	North Freedom, Wis.
PAGE, ROY C.	D t	North Freedom, Wis.
PAGENKOPFF, A.	B t u	
PAHLOW, FRED C.	A t u	
PALM, OSCAR	B t	Washburn, Wis.
PALMER, ALVIN D.	A	R. 1, Oakfield, Wis.
PALMER, ARTHUR C.	F	Redwood Falls, Minn.
PANTER, EDWARD H.	M	Grand Rapids, Wis.
PAPDOPULOS	C t u	
PAPINEAU	C t u	
PARKER, HAROLD D.	A	222-2nd St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
PARNELL, NARCISSE E.	H	Somerset, Wis.
PARRISH, WALTER	A t	Chicago, Ill.
PASSMORE, HOWARD C.	H	828-19th St., Moline, Ill.
PATTEN, ROBERT C.	H	Gibson City, Ill.

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PATTERSON, ARTHUR C.	S	Bloomington, Wis.
PAULSEN, ROBERT W.	E t	Chicago, Ill.
PAULSEN, SVEN	D	3706 McLean Ave., Chicago, Ill.
PAULSON, HENRY M.	D	Greenbush, Minn.
PAULY, ARCHIE D.	C	Box 66, Roseville, Ill.
PAWLISCH, CHARLES F.	H	R. F. D. 4, Baraboo, Wis.
PAYNE, WILLIAM R.	F	Tomah, Wis.
PEACHEY, CLIFFORD T.	H t	East Waupun, Wis.
PEARCE, JOHN I.	S	2808 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
PEARSON, CARL J. E.	S	Taylor's Falls, Minn.
PEARSON, CLAIR A.	B	106 Front St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
PEAT, WILLIAM M.	F	Hazel Green, Wis.
PEASE, GEORGE C.	D	White Creek, Wis.
PEASE, WARREN JR.	H	Kenilworth, Ill.
PECKHAM, LEO E.	H	West Lima, Wis.
PEDERSON, OSWALD B.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
PENDERGAST, JAMES H.	D	Springfield, Wis.
PENSHORN, PAUL W.	E t	Woneewoc, Wis.
PEPIN, FERDINAND	C	Red Lake Falls, Minn.
PERKINS, ALVIN S.	R	2428 Twentieth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.
PERKINS, FRANKLIN H.	B	1301 Astor St., Chicago, Ill.
PERRY, HOWARD	B t	Horicon, Wis.
PETER, EDWARD	F	Rewey, Wis.
PETERSEN, ALVIN H.	F t	Albany, Wis.
PETERSON, ALBIN W.	D	Newfolden, Minn.
PETERSON, BERNARD C.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
PETERSON, EDWARD A.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
PETERSON, FRED	A t	Chicago, Ill.
PETERSON, HAROLD J.	D	Box 84, Ellsworth, Wis.
PETERSON, JAMES D.	D	In care of Y. M. C. A., LaCrosse, Wis.
PETERSON, JOHN	A t u	
PETERSON, OSCAR D.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
PETERSON, PETER S.	A	519 Geneva St., Burlington, Wis.
PETERSON, SAAREN C.	D t	Kilbourn, Wis.
PETERSON, W. D.	B t	Randolph, Wis.
PETERSON, WALTER O.	D t	Kilbourn, Wis.
PETRASZAK, JOHN S.	A	Berlin, Wis.
PETROPULOS, JOHN A.	A	90 Juneau St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
PETTACK, ANTON A.	B	510 N. Spring St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
PETTIT, SIDNEY C.	C	Lone Rock, Iowa.
PEXA, EDWARD	D	R. R. 4, New Prague, Minn.
PFEIFFER, ARTHUR J.	A	R. 4, Rosendale, Wis.
PFEIFFER, LORENZ W.	F	138 S. Union St., Aurora, Ill.
PHELPS, JAMES B.	E	Good Thunder, Minn.
PHELPS, RAYMOND W.	H	203 H. Almer St., Caro, Mich.
PHELPS, WILLIS E.	D t	Grand Marsh, Wis.
PHILLIPP, CHARLES	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
PHILLIPS, CLARENCE A.	A	R. 2, Broomfield, Colo.
PHILLIPS, LEONARD	A	358 E. First St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
PICHE, CLARENCE R.	E	Sidney, Mont.
PICKEL, CHRIS J.	F t	Louisberg, Wis.
PIEPER, ANTON R.	C	R. R. 1, Iron Ridge, Wis.
PIEPER, FRED C.	S	19 Whitney St., Columbus, Wis.
PIERCE, BERT	D t	Adams, Wis.
PIERCE, THORNTON	D t	Adams, Wis.
PIETZ, WALTER A.	D t u	

331st Field Artillery

PIKE, FREEMAN L.	M	Oxford, Wis.
PINCOFFS, FERNAND H.	E t	1112 Webster Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
PINKS, EDWARD A.	C	149 N. Ward St., Geneseo, Ill.
PITAS, JOHN A.	A t u	
PITZNER, BEN	B t	Watertown, Wis.
PIVONKA, FRANK E.	E Δ	Tisch Mills, Wis.
PLACE, MELVIN S.	D	R. R. 2, Ellsworth, Wis.
PLAGENZ, EMIL H.	A t u	
PLASSCHAERT, EMIEL	D t	408-16th Ave., Moline, Ill.
PLUMMER, WILLIAM E.	D t	Durand, Wis.
POAD, WILLIAM	H t	Linden, Wis.
POHLMAN, WILLIAM J.	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
POLAJCZUK, ANTONIO	D	1252 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.
POLAN, ARTHUR H.	B	2415 Smalley Court, Chicago, Ill.
POLLARD, CLARENCE T.	D t	Spring Green, Wis.
POLLMAN, ADAM F.	S	Wauzeka, Wis.
POMMERING, OTTO F.	D t	Westfield, Wis.
PONTO, EDWARD A.	D	R. R. 4, Montello, Wis.
POPE, FRANK A.	F t	808 W. George St., Monroe, Wis.
POPE, JOHN	C t u	
POPE, THOMAS B.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
POPOVITCH, JOHN	F d	Livingston, Wis.
POQUETTE, HAROLD L.	D	Arkansaw, Wis.
PORTER, CLARENCE	D t u	
POST, WILLIAM J.	E	1830 Cedar St., Milwaukee, Wis.
POTTER, ANDREW E.	D t	Wautoma, Wis.
POWERS, JAMES A.	H	North Fond du Lac, Wis.
PRATT, GEORGE E.	H	River Falls, Wis.
PRATT, W. S.	H t	Richland Center, Wis.
PRATT, WILLARD W.	E t	Richland Center, Wis.
PRIBYL, FRANK	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
PRIESGEN, B.	C t u	
PRIMASING, LEO A.	F t	Georgetown, Wis.
PROCHASKA, ALBERT	E t	Eastman, Wis.
PROCHASKA, EDWARD P.	E t	Muscoda, Wis.
PROCHASKA, GEORGE W.	D	Friendship, Wis.
PRUDENSKE, HENRY	E	R. R. 1, Box 155, St. Paul, Minn.
PSHEBELSKI, ANTON A.	B	Rosendale St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
PUDDY, EDWARD	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
PUFahl, EDWARD G.	A	R. 4, Markesan, Wis.
PYFFEROEN, JOSEPH	E t	Lloyd, Wis.
QUADE, GUSTAVE O.	A t u	
QUAM, SELMER S.	D	Pemberton, Minn.
QUANT, ELMER E.	A	921 Division St., New London, Wis.
QUARNESS, CHARLES G.	D	Trail, Minn.
QUICK, RUSSELL M.	E	Montfort, Wis.
QUIMBY, JOHN A.	E	913 N. 6th St., Sheyboygan, Wis.
QUINN, EDWARD G.	D	Westfield, Wis.
QUINN, JOSEPH J.	A	2417 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
QUINN, WILLIAM J.	D	1205 John Ave., Superior, Wis.
RAASCH, E. C.	B t u	
RADDATZ,	C t u	
RADDATZ, HENRY C.	C	Doylestown, Wis.
RADEMAKER, HUBERT S.	D	R. R. 1, Warroad, Minn.
RADERMACHER, WALTER H.	S	Barron, Wis.
RADKE, HERMAN M.	D t	Montello, Wis.
RADL, JOHN A.	C	Lodi, Wis.

RADLUND, HARRY B.	C	Kilbourn, Wis.
RAKE, RICHARD J.	B	210 S. Center St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
RAKE, STANISLAUS	S	R. R. 2, Fox Lake, Wis.
RAMACHER, WILLIAM	C	R. R. 4, Albany, Minn.
RAMEY, FRANK S.	S	804 West Park Ave., Champaign, Ill.
RAMINGER, HENRY A.	A	R. 2, Dorchester, Wis.
RANSOM, FRED W.	D t	Montello, Wis.
RANTHUM, G. B.	B t	Ashippun, Wis.
RAUK, ARNE L.	D t	Shevlin, Minn.
RAUSCH	C t u	
RAVENELLE, G.	B d u	
RAYCHER, JOSEPH	B	Box 80, R. R. 2, Boyd, Wis.
RAYMOND, EDWARD W.	S	Westfield, Wis.
RAYNER, ERNEST A.	E	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
REARDON, PAUL A.	E	River Falls, Wis.
RECKNER, HARRY C.	S	116 Pleasant St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
REDELL, LLOYD E.	H	Edmund, Wis.
REDJEWSKI, JULIUS T.	E	Burlington, Wis.
REESE, EDWIN H.	E t	Dodgeville, Wis.
REGEL, JOHN K.	S	R. R. 1, Pine River, Wis.
REHR, RUDOLPH	E t	Prairie du Chein, Wis.
REIBLE, VERNON C.	B	Mayville, Wis.
REICHMANN, WALTER C.	E t	Wauzeka, Wis.
REICK, ADOLPH	B t	Ashippun, Wis.
REIFSNIDER, CHARLES F.	B	115 Mary St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
RENAUD, ERNEST C.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
RENNICKE, NOBERT G.	B	So. Kaukauna, Wis.
REPPEN, MELVIN C.	H	Dane, Wis.
RESCHKE, JOHN H.	A	R. 3, Fond du Lac, Wis.
RESHESKI, JOHN E.	D t	Montello, Wis.
RETTGER, ROBERT E.	E	31 Gilbert Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.
RETZLEFF, ERWIN	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
REUDER, LEO A.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
REYNOLDS, CLAIR W.	S	Pardeeville, Wis.
REYNOLDS, JASPER A.	B	R. F. D. 1, Box 12, Washington, Ill.
RHODES, SIDNEY	S	R. R. 2, Randolph, Wis.
RICE, GEORGE H.	F	Boscobel, Wis.
RICE, HARRY J.	A	1612 Travis St., Houston, Tex.
RICHARDS, ELMER	D t	Menomonie, Wis.
RICHARDS, JOHN R.	C	653 Sheldon St., Columbus, Wis.
RICHARDSON, ALBERT M.	F	Spring Green, Wis.
RICHARDSON, GAIGE S.	F t	Spring Green, Wis.
RICHARDSON, MARTIN H.	S	2007-5th Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
RICHTER, JOHN A.	D Δ	Box 74, Curtiss, Wis.
RICKLEFF, CHARLES R.	S	Bridgeport, Wis.
RICKLI, FRANK J.	D	Boscobel, Wis.
RIDGEWAY, DEE A.	A d	Fond du Lac, Wis.
RIDGWAY, CEDRIC C.	H	Yorkville, Oneida Co., New York.
REICHMAN, WALTER	H t	Wauzeka, Wis.
RIECK, EMIL E.	H	504 First St., Peru, Ill.
RIEDEMAN, LEO C.	A t u	
RIEHEKY	C t u	
RIESER, EDMUND L.	O	R. R. 3, Naperville, Ill.
RINEHART, GEORGE R.	E t	Mapleton, Minn.
RINEHART, LOWELL D.	E	Gays Mills, Wis.
RINGEN, GILBERT	E	Brodhead, Wis.
RINGERING, IRA J.	D	Brainerd, Minn.

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RISKI, AUGUST S.	D t	Reedsburg, Wis.
RITSHER, WALTER H.	E	718 Church St., Beloit, Wis.
ROACH, LESLIE	H	Barneveld, Wis.
ROBERTS, J. J.	C t u	
ROBERTS, JOHN B.	H t u	
ROBERTS, PAUL	D t	56 Hague Ave., Detroit, Mich.
ROBERTS, TONY	H	Barnesboro, Pa.
ROBERTSON, SAMUEL N.	C	Lodi, Wis.
ROBINSON, RAYMOND E.	H	166 N. Scoville Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
ROBL, FRANK	A t u	
ROBLEY, HERBERT E.	F	Box 142, Pellican Rapids, Minn.
ROCHOW, ALFONS M.	O	2106-4th Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
RODEN, J. P.	D	Plainfield, Wis.
RODOCK, JOE J.	C t u	
ROEBERG, ODEN M.	E t	Ferryville, Wis.
ROGERS, STANLEY	D t	Coloma, Wis.
ROGERS, STANLEY J.	S	R. R. 3, Richford, Wis.
ROGGENBAUER, MATH	S	Theresa, Wis.
ROHDE, AUGUST	S	North Freedom, Wis.
ROHDE, FRED A.	A	943 N. Lincoln St., Chicago, Ill.
ROHDE, JESSE A.	O	R. R. 5, Wautoma, Wis.
ROHRER, HERBERT A.	A	815 S. Dewey St., Eau Claire, Wis.
ROMAN, CHARLES	E	Annawan, Ill.
ROSE, CHARLES E.	E t	Wauzeka, Wis.
ROSEMAN, PAUL J.	F t Δ	Woodman, Wis.
ROSEMAYER, MERLE R.	E	Excelsior, Wis.
ROSENTHAL, FRED C.	C	R. R. 1, West Bend, Wis.
ROSS, FRED	E	Sparland, Ill.
ROSS, M. N.	C t u	
ROSSING, HENRY L.	E	R. R. 3, Highland, Wis.
ROUZE, MERLIN G.	D	Goodridge, Minn.
ROVEN, O. G.	C t u	
ROWLAND, CHESTER R.	B	431 Vine St., Eau Claire, Wis.
RUBENDALL, DANIEL D.	F	71 Shawnee St., Freeport, Ill.
RUBINSKI, MARTIN M.	E d	Grand Rapids, Wis.
RUDD, MINOR W.	B	415½ S. Barstow, Eau Claire, Wis.
RUDE, SELMER J.	D	Gary, Minn.
RUDOLF, JOHN W.	B	R. F. D. 25, Oconomowoc, Wis.
RULE, GLENN B.	F t	Linden, Wis.
RUMPF, EDWARD C.	H	Lancaster, Wis.
RUNDE, ELMER A. J.	F	Sinsinawa, Wis.
RUNICE, CLARENCE R.	E t	Ferryville, Wis.
RUPNOW	C t u	
RUPNOW, OTTO F.	B	Juneau, Wis.
RUSCH, CHARLES	C t u	
RUSSELL, ARTHUR B.	V	R. R. 5, Hartford, Wis.
RUSSELL, EDWARD	F t	Ridgeway, Wis.
RUSSELL, HOWARD D.	C	257-17th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
RUTKOWSKI, BENNIE	B	Princeton, Wis.
RYAN, AMBROSE J.	A t	Fond du Lac, Wis.
RYAN, MAUTHEW P.	E t	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
RYAN, WALTER L.	E	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
RYMAN, RICHARD E.	E Δ	Richland Center, Wis.
SAATHOFF, MINET J.	F	R. R. 2, Tampico, Ill.
SABEL, JACOB N.	A d u	
ST. LAWRENCE, JOHN J.	E	Big Falls, Minn.
SALMON, MELVIN O.	D	Soldiers Grove, Wis.

331st Field Artillery

SAMSEY, JOHN W.	C	9701 Laird Ave., Cleveland, O.
SAMUELSON, SIGURD	C	R. R. 1, Thief River Falls, Minn.
SANBORN, F. A.	B t u	
SANDEN, J. A.	C t u	
SANDERS, HARRY	B	Mercer, Wis.
SANDLAND, BERENT	D t u	
SANGER, CHARLES F.	S	1404 N. Broad St., Mankato, Minn.
SATHOFF, LESLIE	E t	Seneca, Wis.
SAUE, JOHN P.	A	2434 N. Lawndale Ave., Chicago, Ill.
SAVAGE, WILLIAM C.	C	143 N. Richland Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
SAVAGLIO, HARRY	D	728 Market St., Waukegan, Ill.
SAVRE, LAWRENCE W.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
SAXE, WILLIAM A.	G	Fox Lake, Wis.
SCAMHORN, FRED T.	F	Lewis, Ind.
SCHAAF, MATHIAS F.	S	R. R. 1, Mineral Point, Wis.
SCHABEL, FRANK	B t	Mayville, Wis.
SCHAEFFNER, WILLIAM F.	F	707 E. Minnehaha St., St. Paul, Minn.
SCHALLA, WILLIAM F.	D	Boyceville, Wis.
SCHAUMBERG, EDWIN C.	A t u	
SCHIEFFLER, ALEX T.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
SCHIMAN, PAUL F.	B	836 Jefferson St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
SCHILLER, ARTHUR H.	A	R. 2, Oshkosh, Wis.
SCHELLPEFFER, CARL	B t	Mayville, Wis.
SCHENMEL, E. W.	B t	Watertown, Wis.
SCHILDT, EARNEST	B t	Horicon, Wis.
SCHILLER, CLARENCE H.	H t	Beaver Dam, Wis.
SCHILLING, CHARLES	A t u	
SCHILTER, DOMINICK A.	E	Grand Rapids, Wis.
SCHLACHTER, GFORGE H.	D	125 Ruby St., Winnipeg, Can.
SCHLEIF, PAUL G.	S	R. R. 1, Columbus, Wis.
SCHLOETZER, CHARLES A.	C	46 Fougerson St., Buffalo, N. Y.
SCHLOSSER	C t u	
SCHLGTTHAUER, JULIUS	F	626 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill.
SCHLOUGH, CHARLES P.	H	Lone Rock, Wis.
SCHLUMBOHN, WILLIAM F.	B t	131 E. Simmons St., Galesburg, Ill.
SCHLUTER, GEORGE F.	D	R. R. 4, Reedsburg, Wis.
SCHMELZ, PAUL P.	F t	Cassville, Wis.
SCHMIDT	C t u	
SCHMIDT, FRANK	B t	Fox Lake, Wis.
SCHMIDT, GEORGE M.	S	Dane, Wis.
SCHMIDT, JOSEPH	B t	Beaver Dam, Wis.
SCHMIT, BERNARD	C	R. R. 1, Box 35, Cold Springs, Minn.
SCHMITT, W. R.	C t u	
SCHMITZ, CHARLES F.	D t	Prairie du Sac, Wis.
SCHMUDE, E. W.	B t	
SCHMUGGEROW, HERMAN	D t	R. 1, Itasca, Ill.
SCHNEIDER, GEORGE F.	C	1087 Hazzard Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
SCHNEIDER, HENRY	F	Renwick, Ia.
SCHNEIDER, HERBERT C.	B	R. F. D. 1., Neosha, Wis.
SCHNEIDER, HUBERT	D t	Friendship, Wis.
SCHNEIDER, LEO J.	H t	Moline, Ill.
SCHNELL, THEODORE C.	C	341-6th St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
SCHNITZLER, JOSEPH	B t	Hartford, Wis.
SCHOEN, BERTRAND	B d	Mayville, Wis.
SCHOHNOFF, JOSEPH B.	F	Hazel Green, Wis.
SCHOLES, SAMUEL E.	H	Endeavor, Wis.
SCHOMERUS, CHARLES W.	D	Erie, Ill.

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SCHRANTH, D. J.	C t u
SCHREINDL MIKE	E t Marshfield, Wis.
SCHRIBER, CONRAD C.	F Hollandale, Wis.
SCHROEDER, FRED C.	D Jamestown, Minn.
SCHROYER, JEHU S.	D Ironton, Minn.
SCHUETZ, JOHN	E Blue Mounds, Wis.
SCHULTZ, A.	B t u
SCHULTZ, BERNARD C.	B Box 127, R. R. 3, Beaver Dam, Wis.
SCHULTZ, HERMAN F.	A t u
SCHULTZ, JOHN H.	E Prairie du Chien, Wis.
SCHULTZ, R. H.	B t Beaver Dam, Wis.
SCHULTZ, VILAS E.	B 118 Railroad Ave., Beaver Dam, Wis.
SCHULTZ, WILLIAM	A t u
SCHULTZ, WILLIAM A.	E t Lakefield, Minn.
SCHULTZE, CHARLES	B t Rubicon, Wis.
SCHULZ, EMIL	D Sandusky, Wis.
SCHULZ, JOHN V.	H Lester Prairie, Minn.
SCHUSTER, WILLIAM L.	E R. R. 28, Oconomowoc, Wis.
SCHUTZ, HARRY W.	S Ableman, Wis.
SCHWACHERT, FRANK A.	H u
SCHWALLBACH, IVER A.	F Blanchardville, Wis.
SCHWANTZ, ALBERT F.	A 126 Thayer St., Waupun, Wis.
SCHWANTZ, OTTO E.	C R. R. 1, Merrimac, Wis.
SCHWARTZ, ARTHUR	D t Montello, Wis.
SCHWARTZ, E.	B t u
SCHWARTZ, ERNEST H.	E Mayville, Wis.
SCHWARTZ, FRANK L.	O Lomira, Wis.
SCHWARTZ, JAY	H 5842 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
SCHWEFEL, CHARLES A.	B Lebanon, Wis.
SCHWINGEL, ELMER	H Δ Avoca, Wis.
SCHWOCHERT, FRANK H.	H Montello, Wis.
SCORE, PETER M.	D Wheeler, Wis.
SCOTT, ARTHUR	S t 1242 Front St., Portsmouth, O.
SCOTT, BENJAMIN I.	B 417 S. Dakota, St., Rochester, Minn.
SCOTT, HENRY T.	B Havelock, Ontario, Can.
SCRAPER, JESSE	F Lyons, Okla.
SCZAH, JOSEPH J.	E t Grand Rapids, Wis.
SEARS, HARRY	B t Beaver Dam, Wis.
SECOR, FLOYD F.	M R. R. 4, Elkhart, Ind.
SEDAM, CLAUDE L.	F t u
SEEMAN	C t u
SEIBEL, EDWIN M.	C 4827-33rd Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.
SEIBEL, FRANK A.	C 4835-33rd Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.
SEIBERT, RUEBEN E.	B 414 College St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
SELBACH, HUBERT H.	S 526 N. Dewey St., Eau Claire, Wis.
SELLERS, GEORGE	B t Minneapolis, Minn.
SELVIG, JAMES J.	A Albert Lea, Minn.
SEMORROW, JOHN F.	D t Montello, Wis.
SEMROW, C. F.	B t u
SERLEY, OSCAR L.	H Chippewa Falls, Wis.
SERSCH, GEORGE	F Barneveld, Wis.
SETZKORN, EDGAR H.	E 187 Davis St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
SEWARD, ROY	S Coloma, Wis.
SEYBERT, JAMES R.	D Osco, Ill.
SEYMOUR, STANLEY H.	C 623 E. Cook St., Portage, Wis.
SHADFORD, EUGENE S.	B 4606 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.
SHAEFER, CASPER C.	A t u

331st Field Artillery

SHAFFER, ERWIN L.	A	R. 21, Brandon, Wis.
SHAFFER, GEORGE J.	H	660 E. Fourth St., St. Paul, Minn.
SHAFTO, CLARENCE M.	F	Harrisburg, Neb.
SHARP, HOLLIDAY	E	R. R. 5, Richland Center, Wis.
SHARP, JAMES H.	E t	Richland Center, Wis.
SHAULIS, CHESTER W.	F	Franklin Grove, Ill.
SHEER, JOHN	B t	Lomira, Wis.
SHELLUM, SIVERT	C	Sherman, S. D.
SHERIN, LEO M.	E t	Elroy, Wis.
SHERMAN, C. C.	B t	4525 N. Western Ave., Chicago, Ill.
SHERMAN, SYLVESTER M.	R	5627 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill.
SHIELDS, JOHN A.	H	Burlington, Wis.
SHIELDS, JOSEPH B.	E t	Hillsboro, Wis.
SHIPLEY, DONHOLD H.	F	Boscobel, Wis.
SHOEMAKER, ERNEST A.	A	R. 2, Augusta, Wis.
SHOGER, HARRY M.	F t	Aurora, Ill.
SHORES, WILLIAM C.	D	1715 Second Ave., Rockford, Ill.
SHOWALTER, CLAUDE D.	F	Lancaster, Wis.
SHUPE, LEE	A t u	
SHURPIT, LEON W.	H	Montello, Wis.
SIBLEY, ROBERT A.	E	Summit, Miss.
SIEBER, FRED	F t	Arena, Wis.
SIEDSCHLAG, EMIL A.	S	R. R. 1, Fox Lake, Wis.
SIERENS, RAYMOND	F	540 Sixteenth Ave., Moline, Ill.
SIMMONS, JOHN B.	H	334 E. 5th St., Ottumwa, Ia.
SIMPSON, JOSEPH H.	E t	Richland Center, Wis.
SINGER, JOHN A.	C	Rhoda, Minn.
SINGLETON,	C t u	
SINGLETON, STANLEY R.	S	Poynette, Wis.
SLADE, FRED	E	Adrian, Minn.
SLADE, HENRY A.	E t Δ	Barnum, Wis.
SIAMA, CHARLES P	E	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
SLATTERY, JOHN	C t u	
SLETTVEDT, THEODORE	C	Plummer, Minn.
SLOBAK, JOE M.	E t	Avoca, Wis.
SLOPAK, JOHN	F t	Avoca, Wis.
SLOUGH, CHARLES P.	E t	Lone Rock, Wis.
SLYTER, JAY W.	B t	
SMITH, ALFRED G.	A	Michigan Ave., North Fond du Lac, Wis.
SMITH, ALLEN	F t	Barneveld, Wis.
SMITH, ALVIN J.	C	Portage, Wis.
SMITH, ARTHUR H.	C	R. R. 5, Davenport, Ia.
SMITH, BEN	C t u	
SMITH, BERT B.	D t	Adams, Wis.
SMITH, BURR F.	B	Grays Lake, Ill.
SMITH, CLYDE L.	A	Bowling Green, O.
SMITH, DANIEL M.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
SMITH, DAVID H.	H	Disko, Ind.
SMITH, EARL M.	H	406 Broadway, Little Rock, Ark.
SMITH, EDWIN H.	H	Ableman, Wis.
SMITH, F.	C t u	
SMITH, HOMER D.	D	Endeavor, Wis.
SMITH, JESSE R.	B t	El Paso, Ill.
SMITH, LE ROY E.	C	R. R. 2, Box 66, Poynette, Wis.
SMITH, OSSIAN P.	D	Endeavor, Wis.
SMITH, WALTER J.	A d	Fond du Lac, Wis.
SMITH, WALTER S.	E	Prairie du Chien, Wis.

331st Field Artillery

SMITH, WESLEY	A t u
SMITH, WESLEY G.	H d Brandon, Wis.
SMITH, WILLIAM	A t Oxford, Wis.
SNIDER, EDWIN M.	D t Δ Grand Marsh, Wis.
SNIDER, FREDERICK L.	F Bloomington, Wis.
SNODGRESS, WILLIAM T.	E Currie, Minn.
SNYDER, CELO L.	A t u
SODNAK, OSCAR B.	C Box 6, Haug, Minn.
SOLDNER	C t u
SOLTERMAN, JACOB	D t Montello, Wis.
SOMMERS, CLARENCE M.	E 853 Williamson St., Madison, Wis.
SOOY, GLENN M.	H 522 Oak St., Kalamazoo, Mich.
SORUM, PASKO O.	F Blanchardville, Wis.
SOWINSKI, NICK B.	A t u
SPARKS, DAVID J.	D t u
SPARKS, WILLIAM	D Hennepin, Ill.
SPENCER, CHARLES	E t Bell Center, Wis.
SPICIC, THOMAS	A t u
SPINO, ANGELO	D Δ Devil's Lake, Wis.
SPORLE, PHILIP	F t Platteville, Wis.
SPRAGUE, RALPH	C t u
SPRINGBORN, HENRY M.	D Naperville, Ill.
SPRINGER, FREDERICK E.	B t u
SPRINGSTEELE, MARTIN L.	E La Vallee, Ontario, Can.
SPROSTY, WENCLE J.	D Δ R. 1, Eastman, Wis.
STADING, WILLIAM A.	E t Milwaukee, Wis.
STADING, WILLIAM E.	D t 1425 Island Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
STAGEMAN, WALTER F.	B Burnett, Wis.
STAHNKE, EDWARD W.	F 650 Forest St., St. Paul, Minn.
STAIR, ERWIN, B.	H Brodhead, Wis.
STAMAS, PETER	H t Hartford, Wis.
STANEK, JOHN J.	F d Muscoda, Wis.
STANFORD, LEO E.	D t Chicago, Ill.
STANGE, HENRY	A t u
STANLEY, NORMAN	E t Blackstone Hotel, Chicago, Ill.
STASNY, JOSEPH	D t New Rome, Wis.
STAVIG, OTTO M.	D Alvarado, Minn.
STEBBINS,	C t u
STEBBINS, HARVEY H.	S R. R. 4, Portage, Wis.
STEEN, FRED N.	H t Arlington, Wis.
STEEN, N.	C t u
STEER, ADOLPH	B t Mayville, Wis.
STEINBACH, CHRISTIAN J.	A Columbus, Wis.
STEINDORFF, CARL E.	F t Monticello, Wis.
STEINER, CHARLES H.	E Atkinson, Ill.
STEINHORST, ARTHUR F. F.	D R. R. 4, Reedsburg, Wis.
STEINLE, JOHN P.	E Revere, Minn.
STEINMANN, ERNEST	F t Monroe, Wis.
STEINMETZ, HENRY A.	C 187 Inglehart Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
STELFUS, ARTHUR F.	A t u
STEMLER, FRED P.	F R. R. 1, Columbia, Ill.
STENERSON, GORDON L.	F t Edmund, Wis.
STENMAN, AXEL I.	H 1114 N. State St., Belvidere, Ill.
STEPHENS, WALTER J.	B t 4207 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
STERLING, NORMAN E.	H 323 E. Boyd St., Dixon, Ill.
STUEBER, ROLAND	D Prairie du Sac, Wis.
STEUTERMAN, FRANK	H 1947 Linden St., Memphis, Tenn.

STEVENS, FRANCIS E.	C	Sherrard, Ill.
STEVENSON, LESTER F.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
STEVENSON, ROBERT	E	R. R. 5, Soldiers Grove, Wis.
STEVLINGSON,	C t u	
STEVLINGSON, HAROLD J.	E t	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
STEVLINGSON, ORLANDO D.	M	Chaseburg, Wis.
STICKELMEIER, EDWARD J.	B	R. F. D. 4, Metamora, Ill.
STICKROD, RAY H.	F	Andalusia, Ill.
STIEGELMEYER, ANDREW H.	F	Bingham Lake, Minn.
STEIN, E.	C t u	
STILES, JOHN R.	B t	414 W. 44th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
STITZER, WILBUR E.	F t	Boscobel, Wis.
STODDARD, LEE A.	F	421 Iowa Ave., Aurora, Ill.
STOFFER, PAUL E.	B	German St., Mayville, Wis.
STOKLEY, WILLIAM R.	H	409 S. Elm Ave., Jackson, Mich.
STOLOSKI, STANLEY	A t u	
STCMNER, ARTHUR J.	D	R. R. 4, Kilbourn, Wis.
STONE, MERLE R.	E t	Hawarden, Ia.
STORLY, JOHN P.	E t	Crookston, Minn.
STORR, HENRY	C	Lake Park, Ia.
STOSKOPF, ALFRED C.	D	Warroad, Minn.
STRABEL, WALTER W.	D t	Chicago, Ill.
STRAKA, JOE	D	801 Washington Ave., East Grand Forks, Minn.
STREETZ, CHARLES	B t	2141 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
STROEDE, EDWIN C. W.	D	Kilbourn, Wis.
STROHMAYER, JOSEPH A.	C	1221 Woodbridge St., St. Paul, Minn.
STROPH, W. O.	C t u	
STUART, CHARLES B.	E	Halsey, Stuart & Co., The Rookery Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
STUMBO, ERNEST	E	Wyoming, Ill.
STUMPF, HARRY A.	D	Menasha, Wis.
STYAD, FRANK	A t u	
SUGHROUE, CHARLES A.	H	Stockton, Ill.
SULLIVAN,	C t u	
SULLIVAN, GEORGE R.	A	Saxon, Wis.
SULLIVAN, JAMES	E	5120 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
SULLIVAN, JOHN L.	F t	Arena, Wis.
SUNNEY, JOSEPH	F d	Bridgeport, Wis.
SUTER, THOMAS S.	F	1610 Lamborn Ave., Superior, Wis.
SVEOM. AUSTIN	A	Stoughton, Wis.
SVOBODNY, MIKE A.	E	2448-34th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
SWAN, BERNARD R.	A	Berlin, Wis.
SWAN, ELLIS A.	E	Washburn, Wis.
SWANCUTT, IVAN L.	E t	Viola, Wis.
SWANDT, W. M.	B t u	
SWANSON	C t u	
SWANSON, CARL O.	B	720 Empire St., Ishpeming, Mich.
SWANSON, EDWIN J.	S	6004 Cummings Ave., Superior, Wis.
SWANSON, PER V.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
SWANSON, ROBERT A.	B	805 Seventh St. N. E., Little Falls, Minn.
SWANTES, A. A.	B t	Juneau, Wis.
SWANTON, ELIAS	B	R. F. D. 25, Oconomowoc, Wis.
SWANTON, HARVEY T.	B	R. F. D. 1, Rubicon, Wis.
SWARTOUT, ADDISON	B	R. F. D. 4, Fertile, Minn.
SWEARINGEN, PAUL V.	H	34 E. Springfield Ave., Champaign, Ill.

331st Field Artillery

SWEENEY,	C t u	
SWEENEY, FRANCIS J.	H	Portage, Wis.
SWEENEY, ARTHUR H.	D	Endeavor, Wis.
SWENSON, MARTIN	B	R. F. D. 1, Eland, Wis.
SWIFT, THEODORE P.	D	1550 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
SYMONS, LUMAN J.	F t	Dodgeville, Wis.
SYVRUD, JOHN T.	F	Mt. Horeb, Wis.
SZEP, JOSEPH	A t u	
SZVAGZDIS, GEORGE	F	564 W. Fourth St., St. Charles, Ill.
TAYLOR, HUGH A.	F	1606 Broadway, Superior, Wis.
TAYLOR, JAY S.	F	Bagley, Wis.
TAYLOR, JOSEPH E.	D	73 West Van Buren St., c/o Lake Carriers Assn., Chicago, Ill.
TEATS, CAMIEL	D	R. R. 7, Geneseo, Ill.
TEGNER, HELGE	H	P. O. Box 1572-303 Seventh St., Rockford, Ill.
TIERLINCH, RAYMOND	D t	Box 64, Atkinson, Ill.
TENNEY, HORATIO A.	F t	Livingston, Wis.
TERRY, IVAN B.	D t	Reedsburg, Wis.
TESAR, FRANK A.	H	Wauzeka, Wis.
TEUSCHER, GODFREY	F t	Monroe, Wis.
Tew, LEON N.	A t u	
TEWS, A. A.	C t u	
THALACKER, ALBIN C.	D	Westfield, Wis.
THIEL, ARTHUR H.	A	174 Griffith St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
THIEL, WILLIAM F.	E	R. R. 5, Kewanee, Ill.
THIELE, HERBERT	E	410 E. 10th St., Indianapolis, Ind.
THIES, GEORGE E.	D	Pepin, Wis.
THOMAS, ARTHUR R.	F t	Dodgeville, Wis.
THOMAS, GEORGE M.	B	Washburn, Wis.
THOMAS, LOUIS N.	E t	Varna, Ill.
THOMAS, W. J.	B t u	
THOMAS, WILLIAM	H d	Beaver Dam, Wis.
THOMPSON,	C t u	
THOMPSON, ALVIN T.	A	Amherst Junction, Wis.
THOMPSON, CLEMENT F.	F	105 Ellen St., Platteville, Wis.
THOMPSON, DELOS	E	Burns, Wyo.
THOMPSON, EDWARD J.	A t u	
THOMPSON, H. R.	D t	Beaver Dam, Wis.
THOMPSON, HARTLEY	D t	Elroy, Wis.
THOMPSON, HARTLEY J.	H t	Reedsburg, Wis.
THOMPSON, HENRY	A	Greenwood, Wis.
THOMPSON, HIRAM C.	D t	Reedsburg, Wis.
THOMPSON, HOWARD A.	C	Elroy, Wis.
THOMPSON, JOHN L.	D Δ	R. R. 3, Hector, Minn.
THOMPSON, VERNE W.	D t u	
THOMS, ROBERT A.	A	Lake Zurich, Ill.
THONE, ANDREW E.	E	411-12th Ave. E., Ashland, Wis.
THORN, BENJAMIN N.	C	273 N. Main St., Hartford, Wis.
THORSTAD, OSCAR L.	D t u	
THRAPP, GLENN E.	H t	Avilla, Ind.
THRASHER, JES W.	H	Thawville, Ill.
THUNE, OLE G.	C	R. R. 3, Thief River Falls, Minn.
TIEDEMAN, IRA C.	E	De Soto, Wis.
TIEDEMANN, PETER T.	D	Mannheim, Ill.
TIETGE, HENRY E.	C	740-14th St., Rock Island, Ill.
TILLMAN, FRANK A.	E	R. R. 2, Eagle Lake, Minn.

331st Field Artillery

TIMM, ALBERT W.	S	516 Plum St., Reedsburg, Wis.
TIPPER, EDWARD O.	C	Odanah, Wis.
TISDALE, GLENN W.	R	611 W. 158 St., New York City, N. Y.
TISTHAMMER, ELIAS	E t	Ferryville, Wis.
TOBOLSKI, JOSEPH	S	1212 W. Grace St., So. Bend, Ind.
TOEPPER, RAYMOND	D t	Chicago, Ill.
TOLLEFRUDS, MERWIN B.	A	Orfordville, Wis.
TOLTZIEN, HERMAN G.	E	Stueben, Wis.
TOMZCAK, B. E.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
TONKIN, THOMAS E.	F t	Mineral Point, Wis.
TOOHEY, MARTIN I.	F	Sparta, Wis.
TOPPING, WILLIAM H.	C	Chippewa Falls, Wis.
TORMEY, JAMES E.	E t	Boaz, Wis.
TORSTENSON, RALPH D.	C	Box 14, Trail, Minn.
TORZEWSKI, CONSTANTION C.	D t	Reedsburg, Wis.
TOURVILLE, ALFRED	S	911 Summitt St., Hancock, Mich.
TOWERS, W. J.	C t u	
TOWNE, ELTON R.	A	Waupun, Wis.
TOWNE, FLOYD F.	A	Waupun, Wis.
TOWNE, FRANCIS H.	D t	Adams, Wis.
TOWNE, ROY S.	A t u	
TOWNE, WESLEY W.	M	Richland Center, Wis.
TRACHSLER, BERN	D t u	
TRACHSSLER, VERNE W.	S	Delton, Wis.
TRACY, LEO H.	C	406 Cass St., Portage, Wis.
TRAPPE, JOHN R.	A	La Farge, Wis.
TRAXLER, JOSEPH P.	D	R. 10, Menomonie, Wis.
TREPANIA, GLENWOOD E.	C	Hayward, Wis.
TRIBLER, BARNEY G.	B	c/o C. Anderson, 1657 Juneway Terrace, Rogers Park, Ill.
TRIPP, LLOYD L.	H	Elroy, Wis.
TRONNIER, EDWARD A.	D	Prescott, Wis.
TRUDELL, JOHN D.	H	Grand Rapids, Wis.
TUCKER, FRANK	F t Δ	Fennimore, Wis.
TUCKER, WALTER	D t	Chicago, Ill.
TUCKER, WARREN E.	S	Fennimore, Wis.
TUCKER, WILLIAM J.	E t	Stueben, Wis.
TUMA, FRANK	H	Montgomery, Minn.
TUNAK, JOHN H.	B	R. F. D. 6, Oconomowoc, Wis.
TURNMEYER, GEORGE E.	H	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
TUTTLE, EARL	H	Peterson, Ia.
TYLER, ALBERT H.	F t Δ	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
TYLER, MUREL L.	S	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
TYSON, F.	B t	Watertown, Wis.
UEBLER, ADOLPH T.	E	Wenona, Ill.
ULLRICH, ADOLPH E.	H	Campbellsport, Wis.
ULSRUD, MAURICE	E t	Hollandale, Wis.
ULSRUDE, CLARENCE J.	F t	Blanchardville, Wis.
UMLAND, E.	B t	Beaver Dam, Wis.
UNTERHOLZNER, EDWARD O.	D Δ	Prairie du Sac, Wis.
UPPSTAD, TARJEI	D t u	
UPTAGRAFFT, ALLIE J.	D	Nelson, Minn.
URBANSKI, STEVEN	A	1213 Fifth St., LaSalle, Ill.
VACCO, PETER	C	1305 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.
VAN AIRSDALE, EARL H.	D	Saxeville, Wis.
VAN BOXTAL, JOHANNAS A.	B	Star Farm 2, Cortland, N. Y.
VAN DE BERG, HARRY	B	R. F. D. 23, Waupun, Wis.

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VAN DUSEN, WILLARD R.	C	R. R. 3, Oconomowoc, Wis.
VAN DUYN, JOHN W.	H	233 Hinkley Ave., Rockford, Ill.
VAN EVERY, THOMAS H.	D	506 Chamber of Commerce, Minneapolis, Minn.
VAN KEUREN, HARRY E.	A Δ u	
VANTASSEL, PAUL M.	S	R. R. 7, Black River Falls, Wis.
VAN WONTERGHEM, CONSTANCE	E t	1811-15th St. Place, Moline, Ill.
VAN WONTERGHEM, FRANK	E	1811-15th St. Place, Moline, Ill.
VAN WORMER, ARCHIE E.	D t	La Valle, Wis.
VAUGHN, CLARENCE R.	E	La Rose, Ill.
VEGGE, GILBERT	C	227 Cedar Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.
VENSEL, STEPHEN	M	Mount Braddock, Pa.
VERCAUTEREN, ACHIEL	D t	1107-19th Ave., Moline, Ill.
VERCAUTEREN, CAMIEL	D t	1107-19th Ave., Moline, Ill.
VERPAELE, EDWARD	D	Anniwan, Ill.
VERSNEL, JOHN C.	B t	211 Crawford St., Boone, Ia.
VESPERMAN, WALTER	F t	Lancaster, Wis.
VIAN, CHARLES A.	S t	Sparta, Wis.
VICTS, R. J.	C t u	
VIKEN, BJORGULV	D	R. 1, East Grand Forks, Minn.
VIKTOROWSKI, FRANK	D	Friendship, Wis.
VINCENT, RICHARD G.	H	759 E. Buchtel Ave., Akron, O.
VCGFL, ALEERT B. J.	D	R. R. 1, Reedsburg, Wis.
VOGEL, CARL C.	M	Elroy, Wis.
VOGLER, JOHN A.	C	R. R. 4, Box 14, Geneseo, Ill.
VCHS, LUTHER M. R.	B	204 E. Beacon Ave., New London, Wis.
VOIGT, ERWIN A.	C	R. R. 5, Hartford, Wis.
VOIGT, W. F.	C t u	
VOLK, JOHN	A	1616 S. Throop St., Chicago, Ill.
VOLKMAN	C t u	
VOLKMAN, ARTHUR A.	B	220 Park Ave., Beaver Dam, Wis.
VOLZ, FRANK	D t	Reedsburg, Wis.
VOLZ, HENRY	E t	Mauston, Wis.
VOSS, ARTHUR L.	S	608 Cameron St., Eau Claire, Wis.
VOSS, EDWIN W.	F	Monroe, Wis.
VOWLES, CECIL J.	H t	Tower City, N. D.
VRANY, FRANK	A	1807 S. Throop St., Chicago, Ill.
WACHOLTZ, EDWARD A.	D t u	
WADDELL, ROY G.	C	Columbus, Wis.
WAGLEY, ERNEST N.	A	Orfordville, Wis.
WAGNER, ALBERT F.	A t u	
WAGNER, ALVIN H.	S	R. R. 1, Theresa, Wis.
WAGNER, FRANK B.	B	Grand Marsh, Wis.
WAGNER, GEORGE	H d	Juneau, Wis.
WAGNER, JOSEPH F.	F	Shermerville, Ill.
WAGNER, NICK	A	806 Chestnut St., Burlington, Wis.
WAGNER, PAUL G.	C	545 W. Main St., Sparta, Wis.
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WAGNER, THOMAS V.	D	Westfield, Wis.
WAHLBACK, WILFRED E.	D	Star Route, Red Lake Falls, Minn.
WALKER, ROBERT T.	F	201 Garfield Ave., Hinsdale, Ill.
WALL, EMMET E.	F	Highland, Wis.
WALL, IRVING F.	F	Highland, Wis.
WALLACE, ISAAC, L.	E t	Cuba, Wis.
WALLEN, SIGURD B.	A	Taylor, Wis.
WALLIN, HERBERT D.	E t	Bell Center, Wis.
WALMER, DELMAR E.	A	1210 W. 28th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

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WALZER, GEORGE W.	D	Geneseo, Ill.
WARCZAK, EDWARD A. J.	C	3203 Wall St., Chicago, Ill.
WARD, CHARLES S.	D	514 W. Harrison St., Belvidere, Ill.
WASHBURN	C t u	
WASHBURN, CECIL J.	M t	904 N. 5th St., Vandalia, Ill.
WASHBURN, WALTER B.	H t	Portage, Wis.
WATERWORTH, WALTER T.	H	Columbus, Wis.
WATSON, C. E.	C t u	
WATTLEWORTH, JOHN C.	H t	811 E. 157th St., Cleveland, O.
WAUGHAN, PATRICK	H t u	
WEATHERBY, WILLIAM M.	E	R. R. 1, Box 136, Holland, Minn.
WEBBER, HARRY E.	F t	Cassville, Wis.
WEBBER, M.	C t u	
WEBER, LOUIS	A t u	
WEBER, NICHOLAS P.	F	Stewartville, Minn.
WEBER, ROMAIN O.	H	86 E. Merrill St., Fond du Lac, Wis.
WEBSTER, EARL A.	D t	Baraboo, Wis.
WEBSTER, HARRY F.	C	1346 Girard St., Akron, O.
WEBSTER, LEON U.	D t	Baraboo, Wis.
WEBSTER, LEON W.	H	La Valle, Wis.
WEBSTER, MAURICE	H t	Chicago, Ill.
WEBSTER, MAXWELL	F	Montfort, Wis.
WEBSTER, RONALD	D t	1509 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
WEE, OLUF	E	Soldiers Grove, Wis.
WEED, CHARLES W.	F	Wyalusing, Wis.
WEEKS, ERNEST W.	H	233 Berlin St., Berlin, Wis.
WEEKS, OSCAR	B	R. F. D. 6, Menominee, Wis.
WEENINK, DELMAR L.	A d u	
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WEHRMANN, ROBERT	D	Prescott, Wis.
WEIKMAN, EDWARD CO.	A	1445 Greenleaf Ave., Chicago, Ill.
WEISHEIT, ERNEST H.	F t	Lancaster, Wis.
WEISHOFF, HARRY W.	A	Rosendale, Wis.
WEISJOHN, ALBERT H.	D t	Richford, Wis.
WEISS, H. A.	B t	Horicon, Wis.
WELCH, DAVID G.	D t	Thief River Falls, Minn.
WELLNITZ, A.	B t	Chicago, Ill.
WELLS, DOUGLAS P.	D	3753 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Ill.
WELSH, VERNON M.	F t	1142 North Broad, Galesburg, Ill.
WENDELBOERN, CHESTER J.	C	234 S. 6th Ave., West Bend, Wis.
WENDT, ARTHUR H.	A t u	
WENDT, LEONARD L.	D t	R. 1, West Bloomfield, Wis.
WENGEL	C t u	
WENZ, GLEN B.	D	R. 2, Welch, Minn.
WENZL, MICKE J.	E	Marshfield, Wis.
WEPKING, ALFRED C.	F t	Highland, Wis.
WEPPLER, OSCAR L.	E	R. R. 6, Marietta, O.
WERNER, WALTER A.	D t	Adams, Wis.
WERNZ, LEO	M	West Union, Ill.
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WEST, LESLIE C.	E	1401-4th St. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
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WESTEAD, EWALD	D t	Logansville, Wis.
WESTERBO, SOREN	E	R. R. 2, Correll, Minn.

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WESTERVELD, CHARLIE G.	A	R. 1, Waupun, Wis.
WESTHUIS, ANDY	A Δ u	
WESTON, WILLIAM B.	R	119 Olive St., Peoria, Ill.
WHAELON, VINCENT L.	A t u	
WHITCOMB, LEO E.	D	Adams, Wis.
WHITE, ANDREW T.	A t u	
WHITE, CHARLES E.	E t	Seneca, Wis.
WHITE, CHARLES H.	H	Rewey, Wis.
WHITE, JAMES	B t	Beloit, Wis.
WHITE, JOSEPH	E d	Mt. Sterling, Wis.
WHITESIDES, CYRIL J.	B	1863 Eight Ave., East Moline, Ill.
WHITFORD, HARRY M.	F d	Mineral Point, Wis.
WHITNEY, CARL D.	E	Mount Pleasant, Ia.
WHITNEY, LEONARD H.	D	Downers Grove, Ill.
WHOOLEY, JAMES	A t u	
WHOOTEY, MICHAEL F.	A t u	
WHYTE, JAMES	D t	Grand Marsh, Wis.
WIERSCHOLOWSKI, EDWIN S.	D t	812 Madison St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
WIERSEMA, RICHARD	A t	Chicago, Ill.
WIK, JOSEPH F.	A t	Chicago, Ill.
WILL, C.	B t u	
WILL, HERMAN A.	C	R. R. 2, Cambridge, Ill.
WILLIAMS, JOHN A.	A	2814 Pleasant Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
WILLIAMS, JULIUS	D t u	
WILLIAMS, LEWIS L.	D t	Big Flats, Wis.
WILLIAMS, ROWLAND	B	Fox Lake, Wis.
WILLIAMS, RUSSELL	D t	Baraboo, Wis.
WILLIAMS, VERNE O.	D t u	
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM	H t	Plainfield, Wis.
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM	D t	Big Flats, Wis.
WILSNACK, FRED H.	A d u	
WILSON, FRANK	E t	St. James, Minn.
WILSON, PERRY S.	C	Parnell, Mo.
WINARSKI, BERNARD	A t u	
WINCHESTER, RICHARD	C	1525-6th St., Rock Island, Ill.
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WINKLER, PETER A.	B t	R. F. D. 35, Peoria, Ill.
WINQUIST, SAMUEL V.	E t	194 Houston St., Batavia, Ill.
WINSTON, FREDERICK S.	D	1827 Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
WINSTROM, ERNEST H.	C	401 North 6th St., Lake City, Minn.
WITTIG, A. C.	C t u	
WITTIG, A. M.	C t u	
WOELBERG, CHARLES	B t	Chester, Wis.
WOELFLE, LAWRENCE J.	B	Secor, Ill.
WOERNER, GUSTAVE	F	Lancaster, Wis.
WOHLRABE, FRED R.	E d	Richland Center, Wis.
WOLF, HARLAN	C	R. R. 1, Hoopole, Ill.
WOLFF, FRANCIS H.	E	Twin Bluffs, Wis.
WOLFROM, LOUIS JR.	F	1432 E. Third St., Duluth, Minn.
WOLLERT, H. J.	B t u	
WOLNER, ELMER G.	E	R. R. 2, Box 32, St. James, Minn.
WOLTERS, MATHIAS A.	H	Melrose, Minn.
WOLTERS, THEODORE H.	C	Kilbourn, Wis.

WONN, HARRY	H t	Avoca, Wis.
WOOD, ATLEY R.	E t	Blue River, Wis.
WOOLSTONE, ARTHUR L.	O	Poynette, Wis.
WORMET, JOHN F.	D	Friendship, Wis.
WRIGHT, FRANK M.	E t	R. R. 2, Jeffers, Minn.
WRIGHT, JESSE R.	D t u	
WUEST, JOHN J.	A t u	
WURTZ, EDWARD G.	D t u	
WYSONG, HARRY P.	F t	Superior, Wis.
YAEGER, HEINRICH	H	20 Central Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
YAEGER, WALTER D.	D	c/o J. A. Yaeger, Sanborn, Minn.
YAHR,	C t u	
YANSKE, FRED	E t	Avoca, Wis.
YEADON, CARL	F	Woodman, Wis.
YORK, FRANCIS L.	D	Strong's Prairie, Wis.
YOUNG, WALTER H.	C	415-18th St., Rock Island, Ill.
ZAGORAS, NICK B.	A d	Fond du Lac, Wis.
ZANT, CARL	D t	Superior, Wis.
ZARN, EMIL C.	E t	R. R. 6, St. James, Minn.
ZAVERDINOS, DENNIS	B	210 S. Spring St., Beaver Dam, Wis.
ZEIMER, A. G.	B t	Watertown, Wis.
ZEINKE, WALTER	C t u	
ZELENSKI, BEN J.	A	842 Milwaukee St., Menasha, Wis.
ZELIATH, GUNNAR	A	3713-40th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.
ZELINSKI	C t u	
ZELINSKI, WALTER J.	H	Hartford, Wis.
ZEMAN, EDWARD G.	E t	Prairie du Chien, Wis.
ZETO, PAUL	A t u	
ZIEGELBOWER, W.	C t u	
ZIEGENHAGEN, WILLIAM F.	D t	Kilbourn, Wis.
ZIESEMER, FRANK A.	A	R. 10, Eldorado, Wis.
ZILKE, FRED A.	A d u	
ZIMMER, EMORY	B t	University Pl., Beaver Dam, Wis.
ZIMMERMAN,	C t u	
ZIMMERMAN, EMIL A.	A t u	
ZIMMERMAN, JOSEPH	B	R. F. D. 2, Shobonier, Ill.
ZIMMERMAN, WALTER C.	A d u	
ZINKE, CARL A. H.	S	R. R. 1, Portage, Wis.
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ZURAWSKI, STANLEY T.	B	R. F. D. 6, Stevens Point, Wis.

331st Field Artillery

FELLOW THREE-THIRTY-FIRSTS —
HERE'S **FINIS** TO HOSSES AND
REVEILLE AN' STEW 'N THE ETAT
'N SQUADS RIGHT N' THE LAPLAND 'N
ENGLISH REST CAMPS 'N THE DUCA
D'AOSTA 'N MACARONI 'N EVERYTHING!
AN' IF WE **NEVER** MEET UP WITH 'EM AGIN

THAT WILL BE

**SOON
E-NUF!**

I THANK YOU



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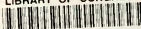
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